THE NAPANE

Vol. XXXIX] No. 49 —JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE, ONT., CANADA—FRID.

WINTER FURS . . .



YOU WILL FIND HERE A LARGER AND BETTER ASSORTMENT THAN YOU WILL FI IN MOST CITY STORES. ... ...

COLLARETTES AND CAPERINES.

New Black Coney, Shoulders of Astrachan $4.50 to $4.75.

New Black Oppcsum, Black Satin Lining 4 Coney Tails $4.75.

New Black Coney 4 Tails, $5.05.

New American Sable, High Collar, long front 6 tails $20.00.

New Alaska Sable. High Collar, long front, 8 large tails, choice shins $32.00

New Electric Seal, Long stole front, 6 tails $12.50.

New Electric Seal, Large size, long front, 10 large tails $17.50.

New Electric Seal with 5 inch band of Grebe $15.00.

New Electric Seal Collar, with cape of Grebe and long Grebe front, 5 tails, Lined with Pink Satin $8.50.

New Black Opposum, 6 large Tails $8.50.

New Eleatric Seal, wide band of American Sable, 6 large tails $17.50.

New Black Persian Lamb Collar with wide band of Electric Seal, 6 large Sable Tails $25.00.

New Alaska Sable, heavy satin lining, 6 large tails $20.00.

New Grey Lamb, large size, $15.00.

New Black Astrachan, Large size, 4 Coney Tails $8.50.

MEN'S LADIES' & CHILDRENS' GAUNTL

Men's Coon Gauntlets with Buck Palms $6.50.

Men's Swamp Wallably Gauntlets, with Buck Palms $

Children's Gauntlets, Imitation Grey Lamb, Kid f Eider down lining 50c.

Black Curl, Kid facing, Eider down lining 75c.

Ladies' Gauntlets, Grey Curl, leather facings, Eider lining. 75c.

Ladies' Gauntlets, Grey and Black Curl, Leather fa Eider down lining 90c.

Ladies' Gauntlets, Sealette, Heavy Nap lining, leathe ings $1.25.

Ladies' and Misses Gauntlets, Grey Lamb, choice $5.00.

Ladies' Coon Gauntlets, Sound lining in hand, cuff with satin, $5.00.

Ladies' Black Astrachan, Corduroy lining, $5.00.

Ladies' Black Opposum Gauntlets $4.00.

Ladies' Electric Seal, cuff lined satin, hand lined white curl $5.00.

Ladies' Black Persian Lamb $10.00.

MENS' FUR COATS.

Russian Reindeer $12.00.

Wombat or Australian Bear $16.50, 19.50, and 25.00

Wallaby $21.00 and $25.00.

Alsatian Dog $17.00.

Russian Coon $21.00.

Natural Coon $35.00, 42.50, and 50.00.

OUR STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

This store makes a specialty of staple goods of every description. Being very ladge buyers we are able to offer extra inducements in the reliable qualities of the goods and in the very low prices at which we sell them.

FLANNELETTES—Over 10,000 yards of Flannelettes to make your choice from at 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 12½c and 15c per yard.

WRAPPERETTES—All the latest designs and shades at 7½c, 8½c, 9c, 10c, 12½c and 15c per yard.

GREY FLANNELS—Every piece guaranteed good value at 5c, 8c,

AM-I-SILKS AND SATEENS

We are sole agents in Napanee for the celebrated Am-I-Silk. have it in Black, Cream, White, Cardinal, Tan The price is only 2 yd.

We have a splendid line of Sateens in canary, pale green, pink, orange, cream, navy, light blue, grenat mauve, scarlet, cardin black. The price is only 12½c per yd.

NEW CORSETS.

We pay special attention to our Corset Department and carry the largest stocks in this part of the country. We show this week th

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GREY FLANNELS—Every piece guaranteed good value at 5c, 8c, 11½c, 19c, 25c, 30c, 35c per yard.

CREAM FLANNELS—Unshrinkable Cream Saxony Flannels at 25c and 40c per yard.

NAVY FLANNELS at 15c, 18c, 21½c, 25c, 35c and 40c yard.

CANTON FLANNELS—Navy, Brown, Grey and Bright Blue at 10c per yard. White and Cream at 6c, 7½c, 8c, 10c, 12½c 15c per yard.

CTP TOWELLING in Blue and red checks at 5c, 7½c 10c, 12½c yd.

ROLLER TOWELLING at 4c, 5c, 7½c, 9c. 10c, 12½c, 14½c, and 15c per yard.

TICKINGS at 10c, 12½c, 13½c, 14c, 15c 16½c, 17½c, 18c, 19c, 20c 22½c, 25 30c per yard.

TABLE LINENS—Imported direct from J. N. Richardson Sons & Owden, of Belfast, Ireland, at 25c, 32½c, 37½ 44c, 48c, 60c, 60c, 79c, 98 and $1.25 per yard.

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NEW CORSETS.

We pay special attention to our Corset Department and carry the largest stocks in this part of the country. We show this week th est shape in Corsets called the erect form with a straight front. We them in three qualities, viz: 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 per pair. Ask the at our Corsel Department to show them to you.

NEW CASHMERE FLANNELS

We are showing this week the very latest idea in Cashmere nels for Ladies Waists. They come in Navy, Black and Scarlet g with white and Scarlet polka dots. The price is 50c per yard.

JAPANESE SILKS

Japanese Silks are particularly useful at this season of the y fancy work. We have an immense range of colors. 20 inch wi 25c per yard in cream, pink, royal, navy, light blue, yellow, c cherry, old rose, amethyst, mauve, nile, tuscan and scarlet.

27 inch widths at 50c per yard in white, cream, emeral cardinal, garnet, gramime, pink, buttercup, orange, heliotrope, purp navy and black.

The People's Store. **THE ROBINSON COMPANY** Napanee's Largest St

TEA-TEA-TEA

BIGGEST VALUE YET. SIX POUNDS EXTRA CHOICEST SPRING LEAF JAPAN TEA for $1.00 GOOD VALUE AT 25c PER POUND

WM. COXALL,

NOTICE

I hereby give notice that I intend to transfer my tavern license, for my premises at Camden East, to William J. Thompson, of Ernestown.

Dated at Camden East this 19th day of November, 1900.

HESTER McCARTHY,
49-bp

GOOD----

GROCERIES

ALWAYS FRESH.

S. CASEY DENISON,

Telephone 101. Centre street.

NEW HACK LINE

TO MEET ALL BOATS AND ALL TRAINS.

MR. G. H. WILLIAMS begs to inform the public that he has commenced and will maintain a new line as above, and solicits your patronage.

ALL BAGGAGE CAREFULLY DELIVERED.

Orders left at the Livery Stable promptly attended to.

'PHONE 99.

Office and Stables, Dundas Street, East.

37-3 m

APPLES WANTED!

—AT—

SYMINGTON'S EVAPORATOR,

Foot of Robert Street,
Highest price paid for good sound fruit

44tf THOS. SYMINGTON.

Strictly High Grade.
The Best in the Market.

THE CELEBRATED

Karn and Rubenstein PIANOS.

F. W. HART, Agent,

Dundas St., East. NAPANEE.

Closes Mills are grinding every day with water and will continne to do so while it lasts. JAS. A. CLOSE.

YARKER.

Our hunters have returned, having secured fourteen deer.

The wife of John Boyden has presented him with a daughter.

Mr. W. M. Cambridge has purchased a fine phonograph.

A fine deer strayed through here towards Camden East, where we learn it was shot.

The new kiln for drying rims is completed and works very satisfactorily.

Mr. C. Woodnouse has moved to the arcade.

A birthday party surprised Miss Jessie Winter on Monday evening last, and a very pleasant time was spent by all present.

Mr. Frank Vanluven has purchased the Woodmuchet saw mill, formerly owned by John R. Scott, Esq.

J. Loveless, one of the oldest men in this vicinity, died last Friday, aged 94 years.

The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "all run down." Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co, Ltd.

STRATHCONA.

M. Maston has purchased the beautiful home of J. Milligan, on Palace road, near Napanee. He is selling his stock and implements at private sale. We are sorry to lose Mr. Maston's family from this place.

Robert Galena, Algonquin, Nipissing, is here to see his sister, Mrs. C. McCall, seriously ill for three weeks with typhoid fever. Her friends have hopes of her recovery.

Mrs. Durkins is confined to her room by illness. Miss Irwin, Stoco, her sister, is with her.

Mrs. Byron Rose, very ill, is able to be up again.

R. Rook has returned from T and Smithfield.

Mr. Allison is home after a h trip in the back country.

A number of hands have bee off at the cement works, one kilns being closed down.

Young Darlington, so sever jured in the cement works, is i ing.

A large number from here a the bishop's reception at the par last Thursday.

Mrs. A. Canton, of Montreal, visit to her parents, Mr. and M C. Lloyd.

The conservative candidate for enture, Mr. B. Belanger, is dead congestion of the lungs. During campaign he contracted a sever which caused his death.

Marks Pizzariello who has bee employ of Mr. Kouber at the marble has severed his connection wi concern and will open a fruit stor building formerly used by Mr. Jas as a butcher shop.

Charles Deyo, a brakesman K. & P., was injured at Sharbot Monday. While engaged in m coupling between two cars heavily with scantling, the timber slid on surface as the engine shunted aga car, pinioning his left hand betw ends of the scantling and the br He will be laid up for some time

Plan will be open at J. J. Perry store, on Monday, Dec. 3rd, for subs and on Tuesday, Dec. 4th to the pu the "Sherlock Male Quartette," appears in the Opera House here day Dec. 10th. The quartette accompanied by the talented pian Lilian Hall. The Toronto "S Night" says:—Variety was lent to gramme through the admirable si the Sherlock Male Quartette, an o tion which has made great str popular favor during the past few m

NEE EXPRESS.

$1 per Year in advance: $1.50 if not so paid.

NADA—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1900

R AND
WILL FIND
... ...

ENS' GAUNTLETS
Palms $6.50.
ts with Buck Palms $3.50.
Grey Lamb, Kid facing,
wn lining 75c.
ther facings, Eider down
ck Curl, Leather facing,
y Nap lining, leather fac-
Grey Lamb, choice curl
ning in hand, cuff lined
y lining, $5.00.
s $4.00.
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Don't Listen to Yarns!

Bricks are the same price, they have been for years, viz:
$6.00 per M. for building bricks.
80c. per hundred, Chimney tops.
1 cent per foot for good drain tile.
A large stock on hand.

GEO. WHITTINGTON,
52tf Brick and Tile maker, Napanee.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Frank Roberts has removed to the Market square, over the store lately occupied by S. R. Percy.

Messrs. Zion and J. S. Ham have removed their offices to a suite of rooms in the Grange block, over the drug store.

Mrs. J. N. Lucas and daughter, Gladys, who have been spending the past few months visiting friends in Napanee, leave this week for their home in New York.

Our townsman, Mr. John Walsh, has purchased W. T. Crouch's residence on John street, and will reside there in the future.

Mrs. A. Alexander has returned home after spending a month with her parents at Morrisburg. Her father, who has been seriously ill for some time, is steadily improving.

Mrs. F. F. Miller and two children have returned from a two weeks' visit with friends in Montreal.

Miss Maggie McGoun, who has been very ill, is improving.

Mr. Skelsey, late clerk at the Campbell House, has secured a situation at the Frontenac Hotel, Kingston, and assumed his duties there on Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Maracle left on Tuesday last for the Kingston General Hospital, where he will undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Don. Taylor, of Tweed, was in town Sunday.

Mr. J. Rudd Perry is home from the Klondyke.

Miss Essie Moffatt, of Picton, is spending a few days in town.

Our former townsman, Mr. C. C. James, deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, will represent Ontario at the Pan-American Exposition to be held in Buffalo in 1901.

Mr. D. A. Nesbitt, of Newburgh, was in town on Saturday last.

Mr. W. A. Roblin, of Belleville, is the new clerk at the Campbell House.

Mrs. (Dr.) Leonard was in Belleville a few days last week at the bedside of her uncle, the late Capt. Joseph Parker.

Mrs. Jno. Baker, of Picton, spent a few days in town last week the guest of Mrs. McCoy, Piety Hill.

Mr. Chas. Frizzell, of the Post Office staff, is slowly recovering from his recent severe illness. He expects to resume his position in the office about December 1st.

Dr. Leonard was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of the late Joseph Parker in Belleville on Sunday last.

The Rev. J. E. Moore, of Newburgh, will D. V. preach Missionary Sermons on the Selby circuit on Sunday next (Nov. 25th). At Empey Hill 10.30 a.m.; Mt. Pleasant, 2.30 p.m.; Selby, 7 a.m. Collections and subscriptions in behalf of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church.

Dr. Oscar Daley, of Kingston, spent Sunday with friends in Napanee.

Mr. Robert Shaw, of Kingston, was calling on friends in our town on Tuesday.

COAL AND WOOD

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES,
DOORS, SASH, MOULDINGS, Etc.
WINDSOR SALT & PORTLAND CEMENT.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,

JUST ARRIVED.

New Raisins, Currants, cleaned and uncleaned.

Go to J. F. SMITH'S and get your groceries, as they are fresh and good.

New Raisins and Currants Just Arrived.

J. F. SMITH.

TOWN COUNCIL.

Council Chamber.
Nov. 19th, 1900.

The council met in regular session on Monday evening.

The Mayor being absent, Coun. Lowry, on motion, took the chair.

The following members were present: Couns. Carson, Lapum and Madole.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and confirmed.

Coun. Ruttan entered.

A communication from W. S. Scott, Toronto, offering to sell the plant of the late John R. Scott Electric Light Co. to the town at about one-third actual cost, was referred to the Fire, Water and Light committee to report.

A communication from U. M. Wilson asking the council to make a donation toward a purse for Pte. Laird was laid on the table until next session of council. The council intends upon the arrival of Edward Harrison from South Africa to tender him a reception and at the same time include Pte. Laird.

A communication from T. B. German asking the council to pay an account of $1.50, owing the estate of James Frisken for repairs to hose carts, etc. Referred to Fire, Water and Light committee with power to act.

A communication from W. S. Herrington re the town's share of cost of building a granolithic walk around Mr. J. A. Shibley's property. The communication asked that the amount be paid over to Mrs. C. B. Perry to be expended by her for charitable purposes. Laid on table till next meeting.

FALL ASSIZES.

Next Tuesday, Nov. 27th the fall assizes will be held at the court house here Hon. Chancellor Boyd presiding. There is one criminal case to go before the Grand Jury, Queen vs Freeman. Following is a list of cases:—

JURY CASES.

STEVENS vs DALY—Action for damages for illegal seizure of property. G. F. Ruttan for plaintiff; T. B. German for defendant.

NON JURY CASES.

KELLAR vs. BRYDEN—Action for damages arising out of an agreement to purchase certain lands in Kaladar. John English for plaintiff; Deroche & Madden for defendant.

GRIEVE vs. FITZPATRICK—Action for the specific performance of an agreement. John English for plaintiff; W. S. Herrington, Q.C., for defendant.

DIED AT HIS POST.

Corp. Filson, of Amherst Island, Killed in Battle at Belfast, S. A.

The news of the death of Corp. E. A. Filson, of Amherst Island, at the Battle of Belfast on Nov. 6th, in which the Canadian Mounted Rifles took part came as a terrible surprise and has cast a gloom over the whole of Amherst Island where deceased has always lived and where he was one of the most promising young residents. The people of the island thought so much of him and his voluntary offering as a member of the Canadian Mounted Rifles that they presented him with nearly $300, the largest purse any enlisting Canadian soldier received.

Corp. E. A. Filson was a son of Mrs. Mary Filson, Amherst Island. The young

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IELS

atest idea in Cashmere Flan-
y, Black and Scarlet grounds
ce is 50c per yard.

at this season of the year for
of colors. 20 inch widths at
, light blue, yellow, cardinal
an and scarlet.
white, cream, emerald, nile
orange, heliotrope, purple, sky

Napanee's Largest Store.

Rook has returned from Trenton
mithfield.

Allison is home after a hunting
the back country.

umber of hands have been laid
the cement works, one of the
being closed down.

ng Darlington, so severely in-
in the cement works, is improv-

rge number from here attended
shop's reception at the parsonage
hursday.

. A. Canton, of Montreal, paid a
o her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B.
yd.

conservative candidate for Bonav-
, Mr. B. Belanger, is dead, from
tion of the lungs. During the late
ign he contracted a severe cold,
caused his death.

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of Mr. Kouber at the marble works,
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Dr. Oscar Daley, of Kingston, spent Sunday with friends in Napanee.

Mr. Robert Shaw, of Kingston, was calling on friends in our town on Tuesday,

R. Metzler, cheese manufacturer, of Odessa, was in town on Thursday.

Miss Harriet E. Clark left for Collins Bay last Monday to visit friends.

Charles D. Wagar and wife, of Enterprise, was calling on friends in Napanee on Tuesday.

Fred W. Shibley, of Providence, passed through Napanee last Tuesday on his way to Belleville and Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Henry, of Toronto, arrived in Napanee on Thursday.

Frank Allison, of Deseronto, was in town last week.

Elias Wood, of Newburgh, was in town last week.

Miss Lena Davis, Palace Road, spent Sunday in Napanee with her friend, Grace Harrison.

Mrs. John Barker, of Picton, was visiting friends in Napanee last week.

Mr. W. S. Woodcock and family, Palace Road, removed to Boston last week.

Dr. Sutherland, of Toronto, preached two missionary sermons in the Eastern Methodist church last Sunday.

Mr. John Gibbard has sold his brick house on Centre street to Mr. Milligan.

Mr. Richard Murphy sold his farm in Sheffield, 200 acres, to Patrick Furlong for $2,500.

Donald McHenry arrived home last week from Toronto, where he had been undergoing an operation on his knee.

J. A. Neilson, of Detroit, is home on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Neilson.

Mrs Geo. A. Cliff has purchased the fancy goods store of the late Miss Connor.

BIRTHS.

CONNIHAN—At Deseronto, on Thursday, Nov. 15th, 1900, the wife of Mr. Jeremiah Connihan, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

DAFOE—YOUNGS—At the parsonage, Roblin, on Monday, Nov. 19th, 1900, by the Rev. H. S. Spence, B. D., Walter Dafoe to Ordacy A., daughter of John Youngs, both of the Township of Richmond.

SMALLWOOD — DELINE — At Roblin, on Monday, Nov. 19th, 1900, by the Rev. H. S. Spence, B.D., Daniel Smallwood, of Hungerford, to Annie, daughter of Thos. Deline, of Richmond.

DEATHS.

BARTLETT—At his residence, Robert Street, on Monday, Nov. 19th, 1900, Chas. E. Bartlett, aged 42 years, 4 months and 26 days.

FILSON—Killed, at the battle of Belfast, S. A., on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, 1900, Corp. E. A. Filson, of Amherst Island, aged 22 years.

The Paris Exposition has closed.

The sidewalk on Dundas street at the west end of the Campbell House is not only disgraceful, but in a dangerous condition and should be repaired at once.

On Tuesday Mr. J. S. Hulett took a fine photo of the pupils attending model school. Twenty-one pupils and the teacher Mr. Edwards.

The Dominion elections have diverted attention from civic affairs. It is about time that those who will take part in the civic elections should lay their programme before the ratepayers.

South Africa to tender him a reception and at the same time include Pte. Laird.

A communication from T. B. German asking the council to pay an account of $1.50, owing the estate of James Frisken for repairs to hose carts, etc. Referred to Fire, Water and Light committee with power to act.

A communication from W. S. Herrington re the town's share of cost of building a granolithic walk around Mr. J. A. Shibley's property. The communication asked that the amount be paid over to Mrs. C. B. Perry to be expended by her for charitable purposes. Laid on table till next meeting.

A communication from Rev. Stearne Tighe asking for a renewal of the annual grant of the council to the Kingston General Hospital. On motion the usual amount, $50, was granted.

On motion of Ruttan and Lapum the grant of $100 to the Mechanics' Institute was ordered to be paid to the officers of that institution.

Mr. Fred Hayes, of Deseronto, complained that he was assessed for a dog when he had none. On motion the communication was filed.

A communication from Mrs. Ellen A. McNeill, complaining that when the waterworks had been laid it had ruined the drain of the Campbell House, and asked the council to reimburse her for the trouble and expense of putting said drain in proper working order. Referred to Street committee to report.

Dr. Leonard entered.

Mr. J. Milligan was heard in reference to his being charged for snow shovelling around the old English church rectory property in Salem. The trouble was amicably adjusted.

The Street committee's report, showing an expenditure of $147.37, was received and adopted.

A by-law to provide for the borrowing of money for the purchase of the waterworks was introduced, received its first reading and was referred to the Finance committee to report at the next meeting.

A by-law re the exemption from taxes of the Dominion Rock Drill and Foundry Co. was introduced, received its first reading, and was also referred to Finance committee to report.

The following accounts were ordered paid: P. M. McCabe, police, $1.25; Napanee Electric Light and Waterworks Co., waterworks, $782.50; John Herring & Sons, 61c.; E. B. Perry, nightwatchman, $13.50; Municipal World, $1.59; J. Storms, 86c.; S. W. Pringle, $1.00.

The following accounts were referred: I. J. Lockwood, $4.01, Printing and By-law committee W. Chipman re waterworks, $200, Finance committee to report; R. Mill, $4.68, Finance committee to report; C. Vanalstine, 50c., John C. Huffman, 50c., Fire, Water and Light committee with power to act.

The treasurer was granted a voucher for $1549.61.

Council adjourned.

Mrs. Laidley, of Odessa, is seeking to recover $500 damages from the council of the Township of Ernestown, for injuries received through a defective sidewalk.

The Methodist ministers of Chicago will appeal to President McKinley against the burning of negroes by mobs. There has been about 2,000 persons killed in this manner during the past ten years.

Our optical department is still to the front with the latest methods of eye testing by the most competent optician in town. Testing free whether you buy or not. A. F. Chinneck at F. Chinneck's Jewelry Store.

Corp. Filson, of Amherst Island, Killed in Battle at Belfast, S. A.

The news of the death of Corp. E. A. Filson, of Amherst Island, at the Battle of Belfast on Nov. 6th, in which the Canadian Mounted Rifles took part came as a terrible surprise and has cast a gloom over the whole of Amherst Island where deceased has always lived and where he was one of the most promising young residents. The people of the island thought so much of him and his voluntary offering as a member of the Canadian Mounted Rifles that they presented him with nearly $300, the largest purse any enlisting Canadian soldier received.

Corp. E. A. Filson was a son of Mrs. Mary Filson, Amherst Island. The young man had always lived with his mother, two sisters and two brothers, on the island, except for a year which he spent out west.

His father was the late Robert Filson a former Reeve of Amherst Island, and quarter master of the 47th Battallion. He was a very manly young fellow, 22 years of age, and his height was 6 feet 2 inches.

He had never served in the ranks, but when the contingents were being sent he was eager to go. He went to Kingston first, and then to Toronto, where he enlisted in "A" squadron, mounted rifles. He was the twenty-sixth man to be accepted in that corps. He was a fine looking and attractive soldier.

He belonged to the I. O. O. F., "Bay View" lodge, which is paying his dues during his absence.

Deceased was one of those whose lives were insured by the county council, previous to their departure for South Africa.

A meeting of the residents of Amherst Island was held on Monday morning in the town hall at Stella, to express sorrow at the death of Corporal Filson, and to tender sympathy to his bereaved relatives. It was decided to erect in his memory a mural tablet in St. Paul's church, Stella, of which he was an honored member and manager. Resolutions of sympathy were passed.

The delicate task of breaking the news of Corp. Filson's death to his mother and relatives was undertaken by Rev. James Cumberland. He visited them on Saturday night and conveyed the sad intelligence. The unexpected news of the young man's death was a heavy blow to the bereaved family. They had hoped, as he had survived the dangers of war so far that he would return safely home. But such was not the will of the God of battles.

There is a likelihood of four candidates being in the field for the mayoralty of Kingston for 1901.

Mr. D. W. Spencer wishes to inform his many friends that he does not intend to remove from Napanee, as stated in last week's Beaver.

A. S. Kimmerly has a full stock of new raisins, currants, peels. Sugars have taken a drop, better value now. Try that 40c. tea I am selling at 25c. Dr. William's Pink Pills 3 boxes for $1. I pay highest prices for fox, mink, coon, bear and fisher skins. Bran and shorts always on hand.

During the heavy gale that swept over Ontario on Wednesday a great deal of damage was done. Two men were killed at Ottawa by the falling of old walls, left standing since the big fire. Miles of fences have been blown down, trees uprooted, and many fires have been reported. It was the fiercest gale that has visited this section in years.

The D. & L. EMULSION

CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING of BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which has troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.

50c. and $1 per Bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

So Gerald, pitying the young man's sorrow in his kindly heart, went back to his musty law papers, and Signor Jilted-in-Love looked out of the window in sulky silence. Yet not sulky, poor lad, for his heart was aching with the thought of his future life being passed without Carmela, having, with the fine, chivalrous feelings of youth, vowed he'd marry no other lady.

Soon Julian Roper arrived, and was welcomed with heartfelt joy by both gentlemen, who sprang with alacrity to their feet to greet him. He entered quiet and impressive as ever, but his sharp blue eyes took in at a glance the haggard looks of the Australian.

"You've been fretting, Mr. Monteith," he said, looking keenly at him.

"Bah! don't mind me," said Ronald, peevishly; "I'm a little jaded with London gayety. Tell us all you have learned."

"I have not much to tell," said Roper, smoothly. "You read my letter?"

"Yes, we read your letter," echoed Foster, quickly; "that Mrs. Dexter said Mrs. Verschoyle had not been out of the house. Monteith saw Vassalla, who corroborated the fact, and showed me a letter from Mrs. Verschoyle, which proved Mrs. Dexter's statement to be true; but——"

"Go on," said Roper, calmly, "I like but's—there is always a chance of another step being made when 'but' comes into the question. What did you do after seeing Vassalla?" addressing himself to the Australian.

"I saw Miss Cotoner," burst out Monteith.

"Humph!" — there was a world of meaning in Roper's voice, "and she said——"

"That Mrs. Verschoyle had been on board."

"I thought so."

"And afterward denied it."

"Indeed!" Roper's eyebrows went up. "At whose instigation."

"Vassalla's," broke in Foster, hastily, before Ronald could speak.

"I thought so," said the detective, calmly.

"Why did you think so?" asked Monteith, impatiently.

"In the first place," remarked Roper, complacently, "I had the honor of coming home in the same boat with Mrs. Verschoyle; secondly, I made her acquaintance as Signor Clement, and she liked me very much. I had frequent conversations with her, and told her I was a friend of Vassalla's."

"But you don't know him," said Ronald.

"All's fair in love, war, and—detective work," observed Roper, quietly; "I told Mrs. Verschoyle—who I knew, from Mrs. Dexter's diary, was in love with Vassalla—that the Marchese wanted to marry Carmela Cotoner, her sister."

"That's true enough," said Foster; "he's engaged to her now," whereat Ronald winced."

"The result was I aroused her jealously, and she swore that she would prevent the match. Then I told her that Vassalla was in love with Carmela, and that he had followed her on board the Neptune

frequent conversations with her, and told her I was a friend of Vassalla's."

"But you don't know him," said Ronald.

"All's fair in love, war, and—detective work," observed Roper, quietly; "I told Mrs. Verschoyle—who I knew, from Mrs. Dexter's diary, was in love with Vassalla—that the Marchese wanted to marry Carmela Cotoner, her sister."

"That's true enough," said Foster; "he's engaged to her now," whereat Ronald winced."

"The result was I aroused her jealously, and she swore that she would prevent the marriage."

"But how?' from Ronald, eagerly; fain to cling like a drowning man to a straw.

"That's what I could not find out," said Roper, thoughtfully; "she said she could stop the marriage, and Vassalla would have to obey her. Now, what logical inference do you draw from this?'

"That Vassalla committed the murder!" said Ronald, hastily.

"Not necessarily," replied Roper, dryly; "but this, that if Vassalla knew she was on board that night, he also knew she committed the murder, and would therefore have a power over her; but her determination to stop the marriage shows that she must have some power over him; so that either she is innocent, or he committed the murder himself, and she can force him by fear of exposure to do what she wants."

"And which of these theories do you think is right?" asked Foster.

"I am doubtful," said the detective, becoming a little agitated; "but I—I have a third theory."

"Yes?' said Ronald, in a quiet tone, looking strangely at the detective.

Roper arose to his feet, and took a walk up and down the room for a minute, then turned to the young men, who were puzzled by his curious manner.

"Of course, it's only a theory," said

"It's true," groaned Ronald; "my God, it's true!" and he fell heavily into his chair again.

And what is your opinion?" asked Foster.

"My theory," corrected Roper, "is this; I think Miss Cotoner saw her old lover on the boat, and committed the murder, trusting to the presence of her sister on board to shield her from the consequences of her crime. I also believe that Vassalla knows she is guilty, and has threatened to tell unless she marry him."

"Yes, but what about Mrs. Verschoyle?"

"Oh! I think she knows that Carmela's guilty, and threatens to expose her, if she will not refuse to marry Vassalla."

"It all seems clear enough," said Foster, thoughtfully.

"Yes, but it's a d———d lie, for all that," said Ronald, springing to his feet, and oh, how haggard and worn his young face looked! "Look here, you fellows: I love Miss Cotoner, and I don't believe she's guilty. I think that cursed Vassalla is at the bottom of it all. I'm going to Marlow, where Carmela is, and there I'll act a part. I'll see her, speak to her, and find out everything, but I must have your promise not to move in the matter, till I will tell you."

"We cannot promise," said Roper.

"Whose servant are you?" asked Ronald, fiercely; "will you do what I tell you?"

"The law——" began Roper.

"Hang the law, and you too," burst out Ronald; "if Carmela is guilty, you can't arrest her on the evidence you have, but she's innocent—innocent! d'ye hear? I'll stake my head on it. Give me a month to clear her, and if I don't do it by then, the law can take its course."

"Agreed," said Roper.

"For my part," said Foster, "I don't care if the case stops now."

"I only want a month," cried Ron-

boating parties.

There was a piano in one corner, with piles of new music, principally, it must be confessed, of the comic opera and music-hall orders, and over the piano a fox's head and brush, trophies of Miss Bell's prowess in the hunting field. Off this snuggery was the saddle-room, which the young men, and indeed not a few of the ladies, used to vote "awfully jolly," in the expressive slang of to-day.

There were plenty of bedrooms, low-pitched and quaint, wide staircases with unexpected turnings and twistings, and an oak-panelled dining-room wherein Sir Mark's guests used to wax noisy at meals; but the favorite room of the house was undoubtedly the smoking-room, and in it on this bright July morning all the guests staying at Bellfield were waiting, ready to start for the Marlow Regatta.

And a very jovial party they were. Pat Ryan, having returned from the Emerald Isle, was talking his usual nonsense to pretty Kate Lester, who was stopping at Bellfield with her uncle, a gentleman who passed most of his time asleep. He had declined to go to the regatta, and was already lying in one of the low basket-chairs pretending to read the Times.

Bell was standing by Carmela, who looked pale and white as she listened to Mr. Chester's chatter, giving that brilliant youth the mistaken idea that he had made an impression. Sir Mark was moving about, from one to the other, with his grave smile, and two young ladies, arrayed in white serge dresses, with jaunty straw hats, were flirting desperately with a young Oxonian called Wellthirp, but familiarly known as Bubbles, from his effervescent flow of spirits.

"We'd better start, I'm thinking," observed Mr. Ryan to the company; "it's a mighty bad thing wasting all this beautiful morning."

"You won't come, uncle?" asked Kate, going over to her avuncular relative.

"Not to-day, my dear, I'm a little tired."

"Begad, he's the seven sleepers rolled into one," said Pat to Miss Lester, as they stepped out into the sunshine. "Come, Miss Lester, I'll race you for a pair of gloves."

"Against what?" asked Kate, as he helped her through the gate.

"A kiss," said Pat, whereupon Kate blushed, and vowed she wouldn't run; so Pat set off, like a deer, by himself along the narrow path which led through the cornfield to the village of Hurley.

"How sad you are looking, Carmela," said Sir Mark, as he walked soberly along beside Miss Cotoner.

"She wants Mr. Monteith," said Bell, mischievously.

"Nonsense," retorted Carmela, while a flush came over her pale face.

"Then she'll soon be gratified," laughed Sir Mark; "for Mr. Monteith will be at the regatta to-day."

Carmela clenched her teeth. He would be at the regatta, and how would he meet her after all that had passed? The last time she saw him she was free, but now he would see her as the affianced wife of another.

which he had done, he planned a panel, put it in the door, and p it so skilfully that no one cou tect any difference.

Whoever writes the history South African Campaign can ce not afford to omit the record o Dundonald, who was forty-ei October 26th. He has attained as an inventor, and was actu South Africa for the purpose of ing after the interests of a gun he had invented when he volun for the front, and was in comma detachment which did a good satisfactory work. Lord Dund grandfather was known as Lord rane, and won considerable gl destroying Napoleon's fleet i Basque Roads early in the ce One of the most famous exploits history of the Navy, indeed, is co ed with this hero, who attacl Spanish ship of war carrying two guns and over 300 men little vessel of fifty-four me fourteen small guns, and actual tured it.

PENSIONS OF MONARCH

Uganda is a British possessio is administered entirely by officials, under the control of th eign office, but in name, at lea kabuka is still the ruler of the try. The king is only quite a present, and, so soon as he atta majority on the completion of h year, he will have his allowa increased to £1,500 a year, no allowance on which to maintai dignity of a reigning monarch.

In addition to this annual p the king of Uganda has receive the British government a grant square miles as a private "gar surely one of the most extensiv dens to be found anywhere i world. This system of grantin to the leading natives has bee largely adopted by the Briti Uganda, and all the king's fami gether with the principal chiefs various tribes, have received tra country ranging from sixteen t square miles, for their own part use.

In connection with this annu lowance to the king of Uganda interesting to note the fact at the present time the British ury is providing pensions for s other dusky monarchs and thei tives. Among these are the sul Zanziber, one or two rulers of Indian native states, the ex-Ki Benin, and ex-King Prempeh, o anti, in addition to relatives of awayo, of Zululand; Theba Burmah, and the late lamented gula, of Matabeleland.

SIBERIAN RIVERS WELL LIG

One of the most remarkable fe of the Russian navigation of Si rivers consists in the thoroug in which each verst of the nav 3,000 or more is lighted. There ways a lamppost in sight, and are painted white or red, so as easily discernible during the day must necessitate the employm at least 1,000 lightkeepers, wh patrol and sound the river's within their respective beats. isolated woodpile must also ha guardians, who live nearby in hut or two.

The Home Treatment For Coughs and Colds.

Few indeed are the family circles from whence there has not been taken some member as the result of neglected coughs and colds. The prudemt mother is constantly on guard lest her little ones fall prey to croup, bronchitis, or colds. She knows that if colds are promptly cured there is certain protection against consumption, pneumonia and other lung troubles.

Hosts of mothers have learned to trust implicitly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to promptly loosen the tight chest coughs, to allay the inflammation, to clear the air passages and thoroughly cure the cold. Their confidence in this grand prescription of Dr. Chase has never been shaken, because it has never failed to prove beneficial. It is of such unusual merit as to have attained to by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

A HACKING COUGH

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton Street, Toronto, states;—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it "honey" and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

BRONCHITIS.

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states;—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine,

Mother's favorite remedy for Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size containing about three times as much, 60cts. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

he would wait and see. Their must come sooner or later, not now?

arty went through the quaint of Hurley, past the Old Bell h its antique gables and wide s—through the remains of monastery, which was one of est in England, and along by ell Place with its old walls icturesque, red roof, under he conspirators of 1688 met to their plot for driving James n his kingdom.

the bridge they went, and he river crowded with boats, ith men in flannels, and pretty yachting costumes, all waitthe lock to be opened. Sir boats were below Hurley Lock, all went down, only pausing nt to look into the lock, filled oats, and presenting a blaze of A number of young fellows aning on the great arms of the te, chattering idle nonsense to itty girls in the boats below.

To be Continued.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

ng Chang, the Chinese statesof humble origin. His father ignorant wood-chopper and his spent her girlhood as a ser-

the German Emperor goes he arrays himself in such gorss that the game ought to be o fall before so magnificent a or. His hunting costume was d by himself, and he is said to uch taken with it that he omits rtunity of wearing it. It con- a bluish-grey tunic, with a oak of the same material, both ts having green facings and paulettes. The Emperor has his waist a broad belt of green from which hangs a huge g-knife, the handle mounted e Imperial crown in gold. He ery high lacquered boots, gold nd a Tyrolese hat of grey felt, ith green and adorned with an us plume of feathers, which at every step.

Prince Consort made a rule ch of his sons should learn seful trade, and the Prince of ons consequently took lessons, when a boy, in shoemaking. He on the idea to his sons, and the York became a very fair car-

Once he found this accomnt useful to him. The Duke of e locked him out of a room he xious to enter, and Prince put his foot through a panel door. Afterwards, afraid of into trouble for the mischief e had done, he planed another out it in the door, and painted dfully that no one could dey difference.

ver writes the history of the African Campaign can certainly ord to omit the record of Lord ald, who was forty-eight on 29th. He has attained fame ventor, and was actually in Africa for the purpose of looker the interests of a gun which invented when he volunteered front, and was in command of a ent which did a good deal of

FOSSILS OF THE DINOSAUR.

IT INHABITED THE EASTERN SLOPES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

It Was Hatched From an Egg Two and One Half Feet in Length—Probably Owes Its Extinction to Egg Eating Mammals.

The skeletons of the huge horned dinosaurs found embedded in rocks of the upper cretaceous age on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains at several points in British Columbia, Wyoming, Colorado and Montana represent absolutely the most striking, grotesque, bizarre and wonderful reptiles known to have ever existed.

The name dinosaur is from the Greek deinos, terrible, and sauros, lizard—hence terrible lizards, they being more nearly like lizards than any other living animals. The group contains a hundred or more species, representing a number of genera and families and varying in size from slender animals only a few feet in length to those sixty or seventy feet in length, the latter representing the hugest four footed animals known. There was also great variation in habit of life, some being placid plant eaters and others the most formidable flesh eaters which have ever existed.

The first of these horned dinosaurs was found as early as 1872, by Professor Cope, and named by him Agathaumus. The locality from which this fossil was obtained was in Wyoming. Parts of skeletons of several other related forms from Montana and Colorado were found about the same time, and named monoclonius and polyonax.

The largest known skull is seven and a half feet in length, and as quarried out in a large sandstone block and made ready for shipment from among deep desert canyons on the western side of the Black Hills, many miles from a railroad, weighed more than six thousand pounds. It was secured by the well known collector J. B. Hatcher.

Nothing further need be said that will better convey an idea of the physical difficulties overcome in securing these magnificent fossils. But it is of more than passing interest to note that, to the inestimable advantage of exact science, this work was done by skilled hands, and not by those who in the nature of things could only do what is called "potato digging;" that is, securing fossil bones in fragments—the only and inevitable result where the attempt is made by those lacking skill and previous training. Fortunate it is for all that the days of "potato digging" have passed away forever. The museums which now attempt to secure fossils send out only their own trained men—those capable of securing the best results, and of improving to the utmost the high educational value of such work.

So, instead of loose, fragmentary material from unknown localities, entire fossils are obtained without injury. Also, the localities from which they come are photographed, and what is of the utmost importance, a clear record of the position of all parts found is kept. In so far as possible to five feet in length and a foot or more in height as first hatched. To imagine a half dozen of them, if so many escaped the perils of hatching time, on some sunshiny grassy slope by lake or stream is to bring to the most prosaic mind keenest regret for the sights and stories of which human eyes and ears have been deprived by biologic laws more rigid and inexorable by far than those of the Medes and Persians, "which alter not."

Although these dinosaurs have the smallest brains proportionately of any known animals whatever, they unquestionably represented a virile stock, keenly alive to its surroundings and eager for combat with others of its kind.

He, however, who stands with hat off before the magnificent skull of Triceratops in the museum, and surveys it with care, will finally decide that the expression, in spite of enormous strength, is rather a peaceful than a ferocious one. The voracious gape of the crocodile is absent. The vicious leer of the alligator is not there. There is quiet repose, if not conscious strength.

The real cause for the disappearance of such wonderfully mailed and protected animals must remain conjectural. But there is a strong probability that their extinction, as in the case of many other members of the dinosaurian line, was due to the destruction of their eggs by small gnawing and sharp toothed mammals, which appeared in considerable and increasing numbers about the middle of the mesozoic age. Of course, material changes in the nature or distribution of the plants upon which they depended for food would unquestionably have quickly put such highly specialized animals as the horned dinosaurs to very great straits. Nor is it likely that they could have successfully migrated.

One or the other of these causes, the destruction of their young or the failure of their food supply after they had become bulky and could not readily secure food except under the favorable conditions which first made their singular development and specialization possible, must have brought their race to a close.

MARRYING IN GERMANo.

Elopements are never heard of in Germany, and yet there is no such thing as getting married there without the consent of the parents. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed.

No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he takes to calling on several occasions in rather close succession it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them. In Ger-

GLEAMS OF HUMOR.

Mistress: "The master found fault with your cooking to-day, Jane Cook: I don't take notice of 'im, mum; it's his nature to find fault. Ain't he always finding fault with you?

Is that performer familiar with your music? was asked of a composer at the concert. He must be, replied the composer, who was writhing; he takes such liberties with it.

Postman delivering letter, the address of which was hardly readable: Your name's obliterated. Party: Deed, it's nothing of the sort; it's O'Brien.

A poet says: For thee I'd cast the world aside. It is to be hoped that he will do nothing of the kind. The world might go bumping up against some of the other planets, and frighten timid persons into fits.

She tearfully: Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return to you everything you have ever given me. He cheerily: Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses! They are married now.

He certainly was not handsome, but he had a loving heart. He bought his adored one a birthday present of a pug that broke the record in point of ugliness. The gift went right to the heart of the maiden. Oh, thank you, James—thank you! she gushed. It's just like you—so it is!

Father: What do you mean by kissing my daughter? I don't like it. Young Staylate: Don't you? Well, I do!

Mother, putting the boy out of the pantry: How many times will I have to tell you to keep away from that preserve jar? Small Boy, sobbing: No more, mamma; they're all gone.

This age demands men who have convictions, shouted the impassioned orator. Where shall we find them? In prison! replied the man in the gallery.

Little Clara was out with her mother, taking dinner at a neighbour's house, and the hostess, in an attempt to be entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. The little miss shocked those gathered at the table by looking suspiciously at the chicken pie and exclaiming, I'd rather have cake.

What is an anecdote, Johnny? asked the teacher. A short, funny tale, answered the little fellow. That's right, said the teacher. Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the black-board containing the word. Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote this:—A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote.

Will someone please chase the cow down this way? said the funny boarded, who wanted some milk for his oatmeal. Here, Jane, said the landlady, in a tone that was meant to be crushing, take the cow down there where the calf is bawling.

Counsel to witness: Are you closely acquainted with the prisoner? Witness: Certainly; we once worked together in a bank. Counsel: And when was that? Witness: About three o'clock one morning last spring, when none of the bank officials were present. Counsel asked no further questions.

A BUSINESS GUAGE.

"It's very curious how talk ebbs and flows over the wire," said a New

put it in the door, and painted skilfully that no one could de- ay difference.

ever writes the history of the African Campaign acn certainly lord to omit the record of Lord nald, who was forty-eight on r 29th. He has attained fame nventor, and was actually in Africa for the purpose of look- er the interests of a gun which I invented when he volunteered front, and was in command of a ment which did a good deal of ctory work. Lord Dundonald's ather was known as Lord Coch- and won considerable glory by ring Napoleon's fleet in the Roads early in the century. the most famous exploits in the of the Navy, indeed, is connect- h this hero, who attacked a a ship of war carrying thirty- ns and over 300 men with a vessel of fifty-four men and n small guns, and actually cap- t.

ENSIONS OF MONARCHS.

nda is a British possession, and inistered entirely by British s, under the control of the for- fice, but in name, at least, the is still the ruler of the coun- The king is only quite a boy at , and, so soon as he attains his y on the completion of his 18th e will have his allowance in- ed to £1,500 a year, no mighty ace on which to maintain the of a reigning monarch.

dition to this annual pension g of Uganda has received from tish government a grant of 350 miles as a private "garden"— one of the most extensive gar- be found anywhere in the This system of granting land leading natives has been very adopted by the British in a, and all the king's family, to- with the principal chiefs of the tribes, have received tracts of y ranging from sixteen to fifty miles, for their own particular

nnection with this annual al- e to the king of Uganda it is ting to note the fact that present time the British treas- providing pensions for several lusky monarchs and their refu- Among these are the sultan of er, one or two rulers of minor native states, the ex-King of and ex-King Prempeh, of Ash- addition to relatives of Cet- of Zululand; Thebaw, of a, and the late lamented Loben- f Matabeleland.

IAN RIVERS WELL LIGHTED.

of the most remarkable features Russian navigation of Siberian consists in the thorough way ch each verst of the navigable more is lighted. There is al- lamppost in sight, and these nted white or red, so as to be liscernible during the day. This necessitate the employment of t 1,000 lightkeepers, who also and sound the river's depth their respective beats. Each woodpile must also have its ns, who live nearby in a log two.

which now attempt to secure fossils send out only their own trained men —those capable of securing the best results, and of improving to the utmost the high educational value of such work.

So, instead of loose, fragmentary material from unknown localities, entire fossils are obtained without injury. Also, the localities from which they come are photographed, and what is of the utmost importance, a clear record of the position of all parts found is kept. In so far as possible, adjacent parts are kept together in unbroken blocks, often weighing several tons, as carefully jacketed and removed from the fossil quarry and shipped hundreds or thousands of miles to the museums, where they are prepared for exhibition by skilled preparateurs.

Necessarily the number or men engaged in getting these ultimate results can never be large, but they represent picked men, college and university trained, who know how to work with hand and brain and heart.

The appearance and habits of Triceratops and the other horned dinosaurs as seen in life are scarcely to be regarded as a sealed book.

Their skeletons now known in entire detail, it is, by making a careful study, possible to go back in imagination to the cretaceous hillsides and the forests, lakes and streams where these magnificent creatures lived and fed. In the first place the climate was a very mild one, as is abundantly testified to by the accompanying fossil plants which had already given the cretaceous forests a close resemblance to those of to-day.

Though it is, of course, quite impossible thus far to say what presumably cane like and nutritious plants these forests may have afforded that enabled the horned dinosaurs to wax so great, it may be assumed that rolling hillsides not too rocky nor abundantly wooded, but plentifully watered, would afford them the best habitat. They may be imagined, as is the wont of bulky animals free from enemies, as feeding slowly and peacefully among cane patches or in the forests, while low down in the lakes and where the streams ran slowly were the spoonbilled dinosaurs feeding upon various aquatic plants, much as ducks do in ponds, though the spoonbill very likely found fearful enemies in certain of the carnivorous dinosaurs of this same period, which, lurking in nearby thickets made his life a more watchful one than that of his horned cousin of the hillside.

Many significant details cluster around the fact that these animals were great egg laying reptiles. Herein lies a fundamental difference from such an animal as the rhinoceros, a typical mammal, to which there is a very vague resemblance, due solely to the fact that this animal is also a plant eater, heavy, quadrupedal and horned.

The young Triceratops must have been hatched from a tough skinned egg from two to two and one-half feet in length, laid in the sand of easterly sloping hillsides, and must have been clean, shiny, bright colored and attractive animals from three

her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed.

No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he takes to calling on several occasions in rather close succession it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them. In Germany the man must be at least 18 years of age before he can make a proposal, but when it is made and accepted the proposal is speedily followed, by the betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride, as she is then called, gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared.

What is known as the "pay wedding" is popular in Germany. The bride receives the guests with a basin set before her, and into this each visitor entering the reception room drops either some jewelry a silver spoon or a piece of money. In some parts of the country the expenses of the marriage feast are met by each guest paying for what he or she may eat or drink. It would strike us as a very curious reception, but the visitors pay high prices, and the happy couple make a handsome profit out of their wedding, as many as 300 visitors often being present at such festivities.

A NEW OUTDOOR GAME.

A new game, not unlike our old-time prisoner's base, but differing sufficiently to afford fresh amusement, is now popular with German boys. In Germany they call it Mutzenraub," but the best name here for it would be "Cap Thief." Two lines are drawn or staked off upon the ground sixty-five paces apart. At a distance of twenty-five paces from one and forty paces from the other, a stake is driven, upon which a cap is hung. One boy is selected to act as umpire while the others, the more the merrier, choose sides and line up facing one another from the outer marks. Those nearest the stakes are the thieves or robbers, and those farthest are police. At a signal from the umpire one thief makes a dash for the cap on the stake and one policeman advances at full speed to capture him. The former has to advance twenty-five paces to the stake, seize the cap and return with it behind his own line. The latter has forty paces to make before reaching the stake, but as he has not to stop and turn, they are about evenly matched. If the policeman succeeds in placing his hand on the shoulder of the thief, before the latter has crossed his own line, he takes him back a prisoner and it counts one for the police. If he fails, he drops out of the game and the thieves score one. After all have tried, the side having the greatest number of points wins the game.

A girl may get the reputation of not knowing enough to come in out of the rain when, as a matter of fact, she simply has a new rainy-day skirt.

ing, take the cow down there where the calf is bawling.

Counsel to witness: Are you closely acquainted with the prisoner? Witness: Certainly; we once worked together in a bank. Counsel: And when was that? Witness: About three o'clock one morning last spring, when none of the bank officials were present. Counsel asked no further questions.

A BUSINESS GUAGE.

"It's very curious how talk ebbs and flows over the wire," said a New Orleans telephone girl. "Low tide is at 1.30 in the morning. Around about that time several minutes will sometimes elapse when nobody in this whole big city is using the 'phone. When you come to think about it that is something very remarkable. Between 1 and 2 o'clock the calls will average from 160 to 180, rarely more; but, for some reason I was never able to understand, business always picks up between 2 and 3—in fact, it nearly doubles. Then, for equally mysterious reasons there is another lull, and the hour between 3 and 4 is almost as quiet as between 1 and 2. I have often tried to figure out some theory for those two curious fluctuations, but have never even hit upon one that was even plausible.

"After 4 o'clock, however, there is a steady and continuous increase in the stream of talk. We girls who have been in the exchange a good while get to know exactly how the city wakes up. The market men lead the procession, and then follow the different tradespeople and clerks and office employees, according to the necessities of their various callings. All of them use the 'phone more or less, and it is very curious and interesting to watch the gradations by which the community settles down to its day's work. By 9 o'clock the rush of traffic has become something tremendous, and it grows by leaps and bounds until it reaches a climax at 10. From 9 to 10 the calls will often exceed 4,000. Then there is a slight falling off, becoming more marked as the day advances, and between 4 and 5 nine-tenths of the business 'phones have subsided. Curiously enough, the residence phones at that juncture suddenly take up the tale, and their heaviest business is between 4 and 6. I suppose the business folks are through then with the main cares of the day, and have a little leisure for long-distance gossip. Throughout the early evening hours don't vary much one way or the other, and, with 9 o'clock, they begin to dwindle steadily down to 10, which, as I said before, is extreme low-water mark.

"How many calls can a girl attend to in an hour? Well, I have had connections for 300 times between 9 and 10, exclusive of the numbers reported as busy.'"

DEGREE OF CLOSENESS.

Borrowit—You've got a double. I saw a fellow down town to-day that I was sure was you. I even struck him for a loan before I discovered my mistake.

Pinchit—Must have been a very close likeness.

Borrowit—No, he was quite the opposite of close. That's how I knew it wasn't you.

The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

"Marry him ? why did I marry him ? Oh, well," said she, with a little light laugh, "that's just it, you see. I wish I could tell you. I do really. But the fact is, I don't know myself."

She stopped, as if she had said all there was to be said, and dropped another lump of sugar into the little delicate eggshell cup before her.

"Money is a power," remarked her cousin sententiously.

"And he is possessed of it ? Yes ——" she paused again and then looked up with one of her brilliant smiles. "There is something in that, I dare say," she said airily.

"I must always think, that anything so unsuited as——"

"As he is to me ? That's so, certainly," interrupted Mrs. Dundas complacently.

"As you are to him, I was going to say," went on her cousin, with a calm glance.

"Were you ? You should show more speed." She smiled again, and turned her lovely face full upon Constantia. That the girl regarded her with distrust and suspicion she knew but the knowledge cost her nothing. A good many people regarded her in the same light. There was amusement to be got out of it always, and sometimes a little revenge, which to women is often sweet. "And so you think Mr. Dundas too good for me?" she said, leaning forward and fixing her great velvety eyes on Constantia.

"That does not matter—and I did not say so. What really surprises us all is, that you did not marry Lord Varley."

"Lord Varley !" Mrs. Dundas for quite half-a-minute regarded Constantia with a settled attention, over the head of the Maltese terrier lying upon her lap. Having satisfied herself, she went on. "Oh !" she said, with the air of one who has solved some troublesome puzzle. "I hardly understood you. He was not Lord Varley then—when I knew him, you must remember. We parted"—she paused—"because—chiefly, I think, because of what the vulgar would term jealousy. On his part, you will understand. He was always a trifle difficult, that poor, Frederic ! There was a wretched little Italian prince, and there were his presents—chocolats in elaborate boxes—or were they pearls ? One forgets. At all events, after them came the deluge—for Frederic. You put me through my paces so I feel bound to recollect if it were pearls or sweetmeats. But really it tries me ; it is so long ago."

"Let us say pearls," said Constantia, dryly.

"By all means, if you think it fits more neatly, and gives better cause for the rupture. A rupture it was with a vengeance. He has a vile temper, that dear Frederic. But, fortunately mine is good. I bore admirably with his ravings and reproaches, that were all about nothing, when one comes to look into it. I expect I am well out of it, though I really do think, if it had not been for that German Count, I should be Lady Varley now."

"The Italian prince, you mean."

"Ah, true. It's quite all the same thing. Certainly it was some one."

She lay back in her chair again, and looked out of the window. The sunset was glorious, and some of its crimson rays entered the room and fell—as if in love with her—around her chair. It was as old-fashioned an affair as comfort of the and her acceptance or refusal of his decree the point on which his life might hang. Yolande obeyed him."

"Which all means that she married Varley, not caring for him."

"At all events, she married Varley, not caring for any other man."

"That is a point gained, certainly. What an interesting little cousin you are, Constantia ; you tell one so many things. How can I sufficiently reward you for dropping in upon me to-day and dissipating my dolours, and giving me your company at my five o'clock gossip ?"

"I was glad to come and see you," said Constantia, who by nature, was honest, "for one thing, because you are my cousin ; for another, because you were known to me during all my earlier life. You had dropped out of it, of course ; your long residence abroad made a gulf between us ; but we have passed that now, and I hope we shall renew the old relations."

"You are immensely too good," said Mrs. Dundas, who was evidently more amused than she cared to show "As I shall live here for some months to come, I want you to post me up about my neighbors."

"Well, there is Mrs.——"

"Oh, never mind the women, tell me about the men."

"If you want the very latest comer there is Mr. Shronge, of Inchirone."

"What ! He here to ? The world, small as it is, is full of surprises. We met him abroad—not Mr. Dundas ; Uncle Timothy and I. He was quite a pet of Uncle Tim's, but I am bound to confess he did not affect me much."

"Where is your Uncle Timothy now ?" asked Constantia, remembering with a sudden rush of friendly thought the kind, gray-headed old man who was her cousin's guardian, and who, if only a vague memory to her, was yet a gentle one.

"Dead," said Mrs. Dundas, pleasantly.

"Dead ! We never heard it !" Perhaps Constantia was more shocked by the callousness of her cousin's tone than by the intelligence itself. "Dead !" she said again.

"Why, yes. Quite a long time now—three months if a minute. I thought you must have heard of it even in these benighted regions. Why, he died before my marriage. Indeed," with a little smile, "I shouldn't wonder if his departing this life in the hot waste he did (heart disease they told me it was, afterwards) had not a good deal to do with my present arrangements."

"You mean——?" questioned Constantia, who had shrunk rather away from her.

"That my uncle, when he died, left me without a sou wherewith to bless myself—or dress myself, which was a much more important matter, as the law forbids us to go about unclothed, but is light on the matter of prayer. You are evidently one who must get to the root of the subject, so I explain to you. I was destitute, in a foreign land." She paused as though struck by this remark, and then broke into a charming laugh. "It sounds like one of those printed charitable appeals, doesn't it ?" she said ; "that makes one laugh, but in reality it was unpleasant. To find oneself utterly stranded is inconvenient. Feeling this, I looked around me. I had dismissed Frederic—that is, Lord Varley. Counts and marquises innumto her. She was flawless, however, in color and skin. There was only one mistake about her, and that was her name. She hadn't a manner in the world."

"I am beginning to think that that is of little consequence."

"Very good, very good, indeed," cried Mrs. Dundas, clapping her hands. "Tell you what, she'd have been nowhere if you had been beside her !"

"And how about you ?" asked Constantia sarcastically ; "were you no enemy within the camp ?"

"Well, I guess I ran her pretty hard," confessed Mrs. Dundas, with such a careful imitation of the nasal tone that Constantia was assured belonged to Miss Manners, that she gave way a little, and smiled.

"That's right," said her cousin ; now that we've jumped that fence, sit down and tell me all about it."

CHAPTER II.

"About what ?" asked Constantia. "The county, of course. You began, you grew angry, then silent. I still wait to hear who else adorns this portion of the Emerald Isle on which a cruel fate has cast me."

"It was your home once." Miss McGillicuddy had reseated herself, and was now making friends with a macaroon. She was still young enough to like cakes of all kinds, and macaroons, as a rule, her household didn't run to. "The Moores still vegetate within the old Manor, and the vicar is godlier and mouldier than he was. There was never anyone like him, I think."

"There is a good deal of consolation to be got out of that bit of information," said Mrs. Dundas meekly. "Well, go on."

"Garrett Barrett has inherited his uncle's property after all—though that terrible old Englishman always declared he shouldn't—and is now living at Belleisle."

"Ah ! Garrett Barrett, I remember him also—just a little. He was charming, eh ? A genuine Irishman—amusing always. He can't be all, however ; there must be somebody besides your blanket man and this splendid specimen of the early Irish."

"The Harrington's are always at Cairn."

"I know. Mrs. Harrington as English as ever ?"

"A trifle more so ; it grows on her as she gets older. She now quite shudders when the word Ireland is mentioned, and dreams out loud, impossible dreams of flying to some unknown shore."

"Does she still keep on wondering why she married her husband ?"

"Yes, she wonders still ; almost as hard as you do."

"For a youthful maiden, you have an admirably sharp tongue. But you have at least proved yourself human ; you have erred, my pretty Constantia. I think I told you exactly why I married Mr. Dundas."

"Yet at first you gave me the idea that——"

"Never mind the 'at first' of anything. Allow for the shock of receiving so blunt a question without a kindly forerunner to give one a warning, and time with which to answer it with becoming solemnity." She delivered her rebuke with the most careful artlessness.

Constantia colored. "Blunt"—yes, she had been blunt. And yet it was hardly her nature to be so. Her sudden contact with this lovely, red-haired cousin, after all the years of silence between them, had set her teeth on edge somehow, and taken all the softness out of her, and thrown out all the coolness. The Donna she knew now, could never have been the Donna (as far, at least, as she was concerned) in whom she had so firmly believed in her childish days. Was it a touch of artificiality in the lovely woman or



"TICKETS PLEASE!"

This railway, about which was some dispute, is the prope an English company. For a t was occupied partly by the Ger partly by the Japanese, and f

Household.

JELLY MAKING.

While jelly can be made fro fruits some contain a much g proportion of pectin than Pectin is the element that and it resembles both starch gelatine. There is consid more pectin in the peel and fruits than in the softer portio this is why it is better not t them. The best fruits for jelli currants, crabapples and q Barberries and blackberries make excellent jelly. But fruits need more careful ha to get satisfactory results. D pick fruit for making jelly just a rain because the extra water be evaporated by boiling, and long boiling changes the cha of the pectin and the jelly wi both poor in quality and colo

Do not expect to make goo with a tin-kettle, iron-spoon, sugar and over-ripe fruit. Ha enamel porcelain-lined or e stewing kettle and silver or w spoons. Pick or buy fruit t just ripe and use granulated When jelly glasses with covers but 25 cents a dozen it seems necessary to put nice jelly in cups and bowls, but if eve small outlay cannot be afford the jelly into small dishes or es and not into large jars. T time way of putting sugar and dy and paper dipped in the wh an egg over the top of jelly g is unnecessary trouble ; a c of paraffine is much better. a paraffine comes in cakes for purpose. Melt a piece in a saucepan and pour a thin c over the jelly ; it will harde

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"The Italian prince, you mean."

"Ah, true. It's quite all the same thing. Certainly it was some one."

She lay back in her chair again, and looked out of the window. The sunset was glorious, and some of its crimson rays entered the room and fell—as if in love with her—around her chair. It was as old-fashioned an affair as comfort of the most modern order would permit, and it suited her to perfection as she lounged in it, in all the easy insolence of beauty that admitted of no question.

She was a tall woman, but so exquisitely formed as to make her height forgotten. Her lithe figure was yet full, and she tapered toward all her points. Her hands, her head, her feet—all were small. Her mouth interfered a little with the heavenly picture. It was large, riante, and yet, when one looked at it, a trifle—just a trifle—cruel. Yet it was good natured, too. That she felt little, would endure little throughout her earthly pilgrimage was written in clear letters upon her unruffled brow.

She laid her delicate, much-beringed hand upon her beautiful bosom now, and coughed faintly. This broke the spell of silence. Perhaps she had broken it purposely, with a view to asking another question or two of her guest and cousin; but if so, Constantia thwarted her, albeit unconsciously.

"You have told me nothing yet of Mr. Dundas," she said.

"Why should I? You have met him—doubtless judged, and favorably too." There is not an atom of rancor about this speech. "You remember you gave him the palm when comparing him to me? Let us, therefore, skip the old boy and go on to something more interesting. About the country, for example," she said.

"That might be an old story to you. It is the same to-day as it was years ago, when you lived there, but for a few paltry changes."

"Those paltry changes mean all the rest. Tell me of them."

"There is Lady Varley."

"Ah! What of her, beyond the fact that her wings have been already provided?"

"I don't think she is altogether happy in her marriage," said Constantia, who was too young to grasp the meaning of the side lights.

"What! Not with the irresistible Frederic? His temper was not considered his strong point in the old days, you will recollect. If she is now indifferent to him———By-the-bye, it is a trifle too soon to be on bad terms, eh?"

"Bad terms does not express it. There is something vulgar about that. I only said that—I—thought she was not happy. I am sorry I said even that," exclaimed the girl anxiously; "but you I can trust, Donna—I suppose?"

"Suppose it by all means." Mrs. Dundas smiled blandly, and threw a biscuit to the forgiven terrier with an unerring aim. "But they have been married—how long?"

"Two years. There was some arrangement between the families—some money matters—that made it almost a necessity that they should be married. The old man was paralytic. They said another stroke would kill him. He was especially anxious about the match because Yolande was alone in the world, and Frederic was her nearest relative, and the estates adjoined. I can understand such a fear as that. The old man on the verge of the grave, bless myself—or dress myself, which was a much more important matter, as the law forbids us to go about unclothed, but is light on the matter of prayer. You are evidently one who must get to the root of the subject, so I explain to you. I was destitute, in a foreign land." She paused as though struck by this remark, and then broke into a charming laugh. "It sounds like one of those printed charitable appeals, doesn't it?" she said; "that makes one laugh, but in reality it was unpleasant. To find oneself utterly stranded is inconvenient. Feeling this, I looked around me. I had dismissed Frederic—that is, Lord Varley. Counts and marquises innumerable were at my feet, but where was the money that would have helped to make life sweet with them? Nowhere.

She made a little graceful gesture with both her hands that suggested to the onlooker a puff from a southerly wind.

"Upon the whole matrimonial horizon, so far as I could see, there was only John Dundas. He was twenty years older than I, and hardly my beau-ideal of what a husband should be; but he adored me, so I gave in to circumstances and married him."

"I dare say you might have done worse."

"Far worse! He is immensely rich, and thoroughly believes in me."

"Why should he not?"

"Why, indeed! Sweet cousin, your words are ever full of wisdom. I am so glad you come to see me to-day. You are positively exhilarating; and when one has been in a house for only twenty four hours, one naturally feels depressed. But not with you, my pretty cross-examiner. A truce to frivolity, however! Let me be the examiner now. What more of the country side? Mr. Stronge you have mentioned. What brings him here?"

"He, or his father, purchased property here some years ago."

"Rash man, whichever it was."

"He is not the sort of person to whom we have been accustomed," said Constantia. "There is something very brusque about him—a roughness, a lack of repose———"

"A lac of rupees," put in Mrs. Dundas gayly. "That should square everything. Innumerable lacs are his. There, don't look at me so indignantly, I quite understand. Repose of manner is certainly to be desired, but a fortune is better still. Take it my dear girl, if you can."

"I think I shall take my departure, at all events," said Constantia, rising to her feet, which were exquisitely formed, if rather roughly shod.

"You would leave me—desert me? What brutality!" cried Mrs. Dundas in an agonizing tone. She rustled out of the deep recesses of her chair with the activity of a mischievous kitten, and seized hold of her cousin. "You shan't go!" she declared. "Make up your mind to that. And as to your dreaming that you are offended with me, put that out of your charming head altogether. It is a charming head, I assure you, Constantia, in spite of the murderous frown that is at present darkening your brow. You have a head and face that would have reduced Miss Manners—the last American importation, the latest success in pork, the beauty of our Rome season—to despair! Indeed you are rather like her."

"I don't fancy, then, that I should be one of Miss Manners' admirers."

"Of course not," wilfully misunderstanding the angry modesty of the reply; "you and she would have been rival beauties and at daggers drawn. I meant only a compliment in comparing you to her, though I certainly think the compliment was warning, and time with which to answer it with becoming solemnity." She delivered her rebuke with the most careful artlessness.

Constantia colored. "Blunt"—yes, she had been blunt. And yet it was hardly her nature to be so. Her sudden contact with this lovely, red-haired cousin, after all the years of silence between them, had set her teeth on edge somehow, and taken all the softness out of her, and thrown out all the coolness. The Donna she knew now, could never have been the Donna (as far, at least, as she was concerned) in whom she had so firmly believed in her childish days. Was it a touch of artificiality in the lovely woman or the some-time mockery in the large eyes? The quick drooping of the long lashes to conceal those tell-tale orbs, or the almost imperceptible curving of the perfect lips when such and such things were said? She could not tell. Donna was evidently kindly, laughter loving, ready to to condone; bon camarade doubtless, and with a generous air; but was there no subtlety, no unscrupulous will beneath the merry mask?

For all that rudeness was an inexcusable thing, and acknowledgement of it necessary.

To be Continued.

HE COULDN'T.

Oh, Mr. Spooneigh, pray rise. It is not right that you should kneel at my feet. Rise, I beg of you! implored the fair lady.

But he didn't rise. His Irish did, though, and he replied, solemnly:

I'm afraid—er—Miss Grace—I'm afraid I'm kneeling on your—er—that is, you dropped your chewing gum, and, oh, Miss Grace, I'm stuck on you!

THOUGHTLESS WOMAN.

Mr. Krusty—Well, it's too late now Why didn't you come to my office when you were down town to-day and tell me all this?

Mrs. Krusty—Why, I didn't think to stop at your office.

Mr. Krusty—That's just like you. If you'd only stop to think occasionally perhaps you would have thought to stop.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Mr. Pepprey—For goodness sake! What's to prevent us going on a vacation?

Mrs. Pepprey—Well, there's the parrot. We can't take it along——"

Mr. Pepprey—But Mrs. Nexdore says she'll be glad to keep it for us.

Mrs. Pepprey—I suppose so. She thinks it will tell her some of our family secrets.

CHICKEN-HEARTED HENNERY

Coward! said Mrs. Blithers contemptuously to her husband, who cowered under the bedclothes because he thought he heard burglars downstairs. You are the most chicken-hearted man I ever saw!

Please, chattered Henry as he peeped cautiously out, please don't call me 'Hennery.'

Why, Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. How could you take little Ethel's half of the apple away from her? 'Cause, ma, I ain't forgot what you told me—to always take sister's part.

Mrs. Bingo—You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me to give you but one piece. Willie Slimson—That's all very well, but I don't know where the pantry is here.

Although Britain buys 200 millions' worth of food in the year, she sells abroad 15 millions' worth.

stewing kettle and silver or we spoons. Pick or buy fruit th just ripe and use granulated s When jelly glasses with covers but 25 cents a dozen it seems necessary to put nice jelly in cups and bowls, but if even small outlay cannot be afforde the jelly into small dishes or es and not into large jars. Th time way of putting sugar and dy and paper dipped in the wh an egg over the top of jelly g is unnecessary trouble; a co of paraffine is much better an paraffine comes in cakes for purpose. Melt a piece in a saucepan and pour a thin co over the jelly; it will harden the sides of the glass and mal air-tight seal.

Jelly glasses and covers shou sterilized by setting them in a of cold water, and letting the ter come gradually to the bo point. Lay a cloth folded se times into a shallow pan of ho ter, drain and set the hot, cloth; it is also v o place ver teaspoon in a glass while it, as the silver absorbs the which might crack the glass. the spoon into boiling water b putting it into the glass.

To make a jelly bag, fold tw posite corners of a piece of c and wool flannel three-quarters yard long. Sew in the form c cornucopia, round at the end. the seam to make it more se Bind the top with tape and with two or three heavy loops which it may be hung.

For currant jelly pick over currants but do not pick them the stems; if needed wash and them; then put into a prese kettle. Mash and cook slowly the juice seems to be extracted ing the skins white. Put int jelly bag and strain. Measure clear strained juice and allow equal measure of granulated s Put the juice back into the and the sugar on to a plate heat it in the oven, but do n it melt or caramelize. Let the boil five minutes, add the suga boil five minutes more. Skim oughly and carefully, that non the scum or cloudy portions into the clear liquid. Fill the es; keep in the sun or a dry for 24 hours then cover with fine and put on the tin cover.

For blackberry jelly follow same rule; raspberries should b der ripe in order to jelly well.

For barberry jelly be sure tha fruit has not been touched by Allow one half cup of water to quarts of barberries, because are so dry; then follow the g rule.

For grape jelly the wild gra much better than the choice cul ed kind. Pick, wash and drai grapes, put into the preserving tle without water; then heat t boiling point; mash with a w potato masher and boil one-ha hour before draining. Green jelly requires one-quarter mo gar than ripe grapes. Pic grapes when fully grown and beginning to turn.

Cut apples into quarters and out specks, stem and blossom. into a preserving kettle and cold water so that it can ju seen among the pieces. Cook s until soft, but take care not t it burn; drain through a jelly Boil the juice 15 minutes, the an equal measure of heated s To have apple jelly of first q do not squeeze the strainer ba all, but use the clear juice fo first grade of jelly, then squeez bag gently and make a second which will not be quite as clea will be good enough for cake fil tarts and many other uses.

Be sure that quinces have been touched by frost; rub then in eigths without peeling or c



"TICKETS PLEASE!" A CHINESE COLLECTOR TAKING TICKETS ON THE PEKIN SHANHAIKUAN RAILWAY.

is railway, about which there some dispute, is the property of English company. For a time it occupied partly by the Germans, ly by the Japanese, and for the rest by the Russians. Now that military control is no longer necessary, it has, however, been handed over to the British. The varied nationalities who use it may here be seen. An Australian bluejacket is in the foreground, while British, Russian, German, French and native Indian officers were all in this one car at the time the sketch was made.

Household.

JELLY MAKING.

ıile jelly can be made from all .s some contain a much greater portion of pectin than others. in is the element that jellies it resembles both starch and tine. There is considerable e pectin in the peel and core of .s than in the softer portion and is why it is better not to peel ı. The best fruits for jellies are ants, crabapples and quinces. berries and blackberries also e excellent jelly. But other .s need more careful handling et satisfactory results. Do not fruit for making jelly just after in because the extra water must vaporated by boiling, and too boiling changes the character he pectin and the jelly will be poor in quality and color.

not expect to make good jelly a tin-kettle, iron-spoon, brown ır and over-ripe fruit. Have an nel porcelain-lined or earthen ing kettle and silver or wooden ons. Pick or buy fruit that is ripe and use granulated sugar. n jelly glasses with covers cost 25 cents a dozen it seems unssary to put nice jelly in old and bowls, but if even this ll outlay cannot be afforded put jelly into small dishes or glassnd not into large jars. The old way of putting sugar and brand paper dipped in the white of egg over the top of jelly glasses nnecessary trouble; a coating araffine is much better and the affine comes in cakes for the ose. Melt a piece in a small epan and pour a thin coating the jelly; it will harden on add water to cover and cook until soft, which will take a longer time than for most fruits. Strain and follow the general rule. Another and an old-fashioned way is to pare and core and slice the quinces thinly. Make preserve from the slices and use the parings and cores for jelly.

Crabapple jelly is made like apple jelly, but the little apples need not be cut. Be careful not to overcook this jelly, as it may become too thick and leathery.

Plum jelly requires a little less sugar than currant or apple jelly.

A good combination jelly is made from one-half each of apples and barberry juice. Currants and raspberries are also combined well.

Finally, remember that in all preserving, canning and jelly making it is the sterilization more than the sugar that protects from fermentation. Our foremothers made their preserves "pound for pound," but kept them in unsealed jars. The large amount of sugar failed to keep the preserves from "working." Their remedy was to scald the preserved fruit and this was in reality sterilizing it, but as it was put back into the same jars the cure was but temporary.

CHILDREN'S MANNERS.

As children are imitative beings, and as home influence is atmospheric, the best table manners among the younger ones will, all things being equal, be found where the children are in constant association with fastidious and refined fathers and mothers. How to handle fork and spoon, how to take soup, how to help one's self with grace, what to do, and what not to do, little by little will be learned in the best school of manners in the world—the refined home—by children whose advantage it is to live there. The mother will not pass over awkardness or blunder in etiquette; she will gently and tactfully call the

GAMBLING ON KING'S LIFE.

Englishmen Are Now Taking Out Insurance Policies.

Insurance on the King's coronation has already commenced in London. As might be expected it is more active at Lloyd's than with the regular insurance offices. According to a Lloyd's broker, who has been dealing in the line, nine guineas have been paid for every £100 issued on the King's life till the close of the coronation ceremonies.

"But," he adds, "if the whole of the festivities are to be insured against any possible mishap the charge will more probably be 30 guineas for every £100. For a £10,000 insurance it means that the insurer must pay £3,150 straight away out of his profits. But pray, remember the innumerable and heavy risks we are taking of the festivities not coming off as intended."

"It is just that element," said an insurance expert to an interviewer, "that is not much fancied by the insurance offices. There are, of course, large insurances already on the life of the King both direct and taken out to protect the holders of a lease on a term of lives. One of the lives in these leases is often the King's, and the lessee, if he is wise, insures the King's life in order that he may be compensated by the insurance for the loss of the lease on the King's death. Anyone may insure another's life if he has an interest in it—that is, in ordinary language, if he can show that the death of the King or any other person will inflict upon him a loss, but only to the extent of his possible loss.

"Now, all such insurance is based upon the great law of averages, upon actuaries' tables. But at Lloyd's there is a gambling element; isolated risks are taken upon which there are no ascertained data. If A wants to insure against his wife having twins, or against the defeat of Shamrock II

LOST THEIR MEMORIES.

PEOPLE WHO FORGOT EVERYTHING THEY KNEW.

Overwork Has Completely Wiped Out the Memories of Some People.

One of the most-talked-of people in Britain to-day is a young girl whose past life is lost to her. Without any apparent reason, her memory utterly vanished a short time ago, and she can remember neither her family, with which she lives, her name, nor anything that she ever did.

These wonderful memory losers are not so uncommon, and one of the weirdest cases was that of Mr. Quincey, a few years ago. A middle-aged gentleman was found

AIMLESSLY WANDERING ABOUT

Wimbledon Common, dressed in a silk hat and frock suit, wet to the skin, for it had been raining heavily all night. Though quite sane and clear-headed, he could not tell who he was or where he lived, and could not even recollect that there was such a thing as a police station, which might help him. A letter was found in his pocket—he had not thought of that—addressed to him by his son; but after reading it slowly he could not remember any such person as the writer—had never heard the name.

He was taken home, and was embarrassed when received by his family, none of whom he knew, though he had left them the day before quite in possession of all his faculties. He did not know what he had meant to do. He was well-off, cheerful and contented, never had overworked, and was a clever tennis player—and this last was the only thing he found he could do, except read and write, since the adventure.

He soon got used to his family and became much attached to them, and also became an accomplished golfer, as many people know; but to the day of his death, a little while ago, he remembered nothing before that rainy night, and practically began life again at

THE AGE OF FORTY-ONE

In several cases overwork has wholly wiped out the memories of clever people—for, whatever the cause, it is seldom a stupid man or woman that falls victim. And it will leave the brain just as fit as ever for the future, though blotting out the past, as in the case of John Andrews, the inventor of the Truefitt circular-saw, the Andrews valve, and a dozen other clever works that bear his name all over England.

One day, when his family was away a batch of letters came to his house at Campden Hill, complaining of important appointments he had not kept. Next day a deluge of telegrams, and then a string of callers. Andrews was found locked in his study.

He had shut himself in, with a spirit lamp to cook his own food, as he did sometimes when tackling a big problem, and slept on a couch when tired out. This time he was found merely sitting and smoking. He had forgotten all his appointments, could remember none of the callers who came for him, and stared blankly at his own family. When asked if he would take his dinner in the dining-room, he replied: "What dining-room?" He did not know his way about his own house, and knew no more about London than if he had never seen it. Not

ONE OF HIS INVENTIONS

remained in his memory. Doctors could do nothing for him; and, though it was afterwards a puzzle to him that he had a wife and family, he was greatly attached to them. He

ng kettle and silver or wooden
is. Pick or buy fruit that is
ripe and use granulated sugar.
jelly glasses with covers cost
5 cents a dozen it seems un-
sary to put nice jelly in old
and bowls, but if even this
outlay cannot be afforded put
elly into small dishes or glass-
d not into large jars. The old
way of putting sugar and bran-
id paper dipped in the white of
g over the top of jelly glasses
nnecessary trouble; a coating
raffine is much better and the
fine comes in cakes for the
se. Melt a piece in a small
pan and pour a thin coating
the jelly; it will harden on
ides of the glass and make an
ght seal.

y glasses and covers should be
ized by setting them in a pan
ld water, and letting the wa-
ome gradually to the boiling
. Lay a cloth folded several
into a shallow pan of hot wa-
drain and set on the hot, wet
; it is also well to place a sil-
easpoon in a glass while filling
s the silver absorbs the heat
might crack the glass. Dip
poon into boiling water before
ng it into the glass.

make a jelly bag, fold two op-
e corners of a piece of cotton
vool flannel three-quarters of a
long. Sew in the form of a
copia, round at the end. Fell
eam to make it more secure.
the top with tape and finish
two or three heavy loops by
it may be hung.

currant jelly pick over the
nts but do not pick them from
tems; if needed wash and drain
then put into a preserving
. Mash and cook slowly until
nice seems to be extracted leav-
he skins white. Put into the
bag and strain. Measure the
strained juice and allow an
measure of granulated sugar.
the juice back into the kettle
he sugar on to a plate and
it in the oven, but do not let
lt or caramelize. Let the juice
ive minutes, add the sugar and
ive minutes more. Skim thor-
y and carefully, that none of
cum or cloudy portions falls
the clear liquid. Fill the glass-
ep in the sun or a dry place
4 hours then cover with paraf-
nd put on the tin cover.

blackberry jelly follow the
rule; raspberries should be un-
ipe in order to jelly well.

barberry jelly be sure that the
has not been touched by frost.
r one- half cup of water to four
s of barberries, because they
o dry; then follow the general

grape jelly the wild grape is
better than the choice cultivat-
nd. Pick, wash and drain the
s, put into the preserving ket-
ithout water; then heat to the
ng point; mash with a wooden
o masher and boil one-half an
before draining. Green grape
requires one-quarter more su-
than ripe grapes. Pick the
s when fully grown and just
ning to turn.

apples into quarters and take
specks, stem and blossom. Put
a preserving kettle and add
water so that it can just be
among the pieces. Cook slowly
soft, but take care not to let
rn; drain through a jelly bag.
the juice 15 minutes, then add
qual measure of heated sugar.
ave apple jelly of first quality
ot squeeze the strainer bag at
ut use the clear juice for the
grade of jelly, then squeeze the
gently and make a second grade
will not be quite as clear, but
be good enough for cake fillings,
and many other uses.

sure that quinces have not
touched by frost; rub them, cut
ths without peeling or coring,

CHILDREN'S MANNERS.

As children are imitative beings, and as home influence is atmospheric, the best table manners among the younger ones will, all things being equal, be found where the children are in constant association with fastidious and refined fathers and mothers. How to handle fork and spoon, how to take soup, how to help one's self with grace, what to do, and what not to do, little by little will be learned in the best school of manners in the world—the refined home—by children whose advantage it is to live there. The mother will not pass over awkardness or blunder in etiquette; she will gently and tactfully call the child's attention to the mistake, never wounding her child by a public reproof, nor embarrassing the rest of the family and sympathetic guests by nagging and fault-finding in their presence. Children have rights, and one of their rights is to be reproved and corrected in private. If attention is given to small details from the beginning few children will arrive at the age of seven or eight without having acquired ease and familiarity in the use and practice of the accepted conventionalities of the table.

FLOOR COVERINGS.

Mats or rugs are the best floor covering, because they are not tacked down and can be lifted easily. The floor should have close joints and an oil finish. Open joints in the floors are receptacles for dirt, and they cannot be cleaned out. The dust on the closely jointed oil surface can easily be removed with a damp mop, and no dust will rise to vitiate the air or settle on the furnishings. The damp mop is also of service in cleaning an impervious floor, such as oil-cloth, linoleum, oiled wood, rubber, flagstones, marble, tile, etc. Linoleum is a thoroughly hygienic floor covering, and especially desirable for kitchens, pantries, dining rooms, bath rooms and halls and passages, particularly if there are children around. The best thing with which to sweep a carpet is a modern carpet sweeper of approved make. This picks up most of the dirt, throws it into a receiving chamber inside the sweeper, and reduces the amount of floating dust to a minimum. Especially objectionable is the "despicable feather duster," which simply scatters the dust to other places of lodgment instead of removing it.

THE POPE'S BIG MAIL.

Gets About 23,000 Letters and Papers a Day.

A Berlin newspaper publishes some curious details respecting the letter-bags of the principal European sovereigns. The Pope holds the first place, as he receives every day from 22,000 to 23,000 letters and newspapers. King Edward VII. comes next, with 3,000 newspapers and 1,000 letters. The Czar and the German Emperor receive each from 600 to 700 letters, appeals, etc.; the King of Italy, 500; Queen Wilhelmina from 100 to 150.

The Pope, says the same authority, employs no fewer than thirty-five secretaries. Emperor William writes a great deal himself, and since Queen Victoria's death he has used black-bordered paper. In ordinary times he uses large sheets of light blue or dark grey paper.

The telegraphs of Great Britain were transferred to Government on February 5th, 1870. The Post Office now controls 280,000 miles of telegraph wire.

Tenants occupy 21 million acres of England, owners 3,700,000. In Scotland owners occupy but 604,000 acres against 4¼ million occupied by tenants.

In these leases is often the King's, and the lessee, if he is wise, insures the King's life in order that he may be compensated by the insurance for the loss of the lease on the King's death. Anyone may insure another's life if he has an interest in it—that is, in ordinary language, if he can show that the death of the King or any other person will inflict upon him a loss, but only to the extent of his possible loss.

"Now, all such insurance is based upon the great law of averages, upon actuaries' tables. But at Lloyd's there is a gambling element; isolated risks are taken upon which there are no ascertained data. If A wants to insure against his wife having twins, or against the defeat of Shamrock II in the cup races, he can get the risk taken at Lloyd's; but there are no facts on which it can be calculated. On the other hand, the King's life is a good life from an insurance point of view, and you are dealing with something definite.

"The public, too, should remember that at Lloyd's they have no security for the payment of insurance, other than marine risks, but the solvency and the honor of the underwriter. The £5,000 deposit which a member of Lloyd's makes is only to cover marine risks, and cannot be applied to cover these excrescences which of late have sprung up at Lloyd's."

MOST POPULAR NAMES.

List of Those Which Are Usually Given Children.

Some romantic parents love to christen their infants with high-falutin' names. Religious parents search the Scriptures before the baptismal ceremony. Parents in search of a fortune will label their luckless babes with the surname of the expected testator. But, nevertheless, the list of common English surnames is a very small one. Out of every hundred fathers and mothers of male children some eighty-four limit their choice to fifteen familiar names.

The favorite name is undoubtedly William. In all ranks of society—in the peerage as in the workhouse—William is the commonest of all Christian names.

Stop the first thousand men you meet in the street. No fewer than 170 are Williams. A long way behind come the Johns, closely followed by the Georges. Of every thousand men ninety-four are called John and ninety-two George.

The next commonest name is Thomas, which has seventy-four owners, while James claims seventy-two. Henry and Harry between them are seventy in number. Of these about one in four have received the name of Harry at the baptismal font. Following them come Frederick with fifty-seven, Charles with forty-eight, Alfred with forty-five, and Albert some way behind with thirty-one. The popularity of Albert has arisen entirely from the personal popularity of our late Queen's beloved consort. It was practically unknown in England before Queen Victoria's marriage.

The good old Saxon appellation of Edward is given to five and twenty out of every thousand citizens, Arthur and Robert having each twenty-three, while of the remainder of those thousand men you have accosted in the street seventeen are called Joseph and fifteen Herbert. So we have accounted for no fewer than 856 out of every thousand Englishmen, and they divide between them only fifteen out of the many hundreds, nay thousands of names from which their parents are at liberty to choose.

Of the remaining 144 of our representative thousand a few, such as Richard, Percy or Ernest are claimed severally by two or three men, but all the rest are the sole and exclusive property of one in a thousand."

big problem, and slept on a couch when tired out. This time he was found merely sitting and smoking. He had forgotten all his appointments, could remember none of the callers who came for him, and stared blankly at his own family. When asked if he would take his dinner in the dining-room, he replied: "What dining-room?" He did not know his way about his own house, and knew no more about London than if he had never seen it. Not

ONE OF HIS INVENTIONS

remained in his memory. Doctors could do nothing for him; and, though it was afterwards a puzzle to him that he had a wife and family, he was greatly attached to them. He picked up the thread of his work, however, and turned out another useful invention—the Andrews steam-gauge—before his death in the Diamond Jubilee year.

Still more complete, and odder, because there was no "clue" in it, was the loss of Dr. Graham Hearne's memory, the great throat specialist and bacteria expert. He had successfully treated over 4,000 people in his time, and three years ago—in July, 1898—he went for one of his customary long tramps round London for exercise, returning, as usual, tired out. Next morning he awoke to wonder who he was and what his business might be. Here, again, his entire family and circle of friends conveyed no memory to him; but he remembered one thing in the blank page of his past life—his dog, and its name, Poppy. They were great friends. Yet, though his brother had given him Poppy, the brother himself was a complete stranger to the doctor's mind since that night. Of his medical knowledge,

WHICH WAS ENORMOUS,

he remembered nothing, and hardly seemed to know a vein from a nerve. But he took up a study entirely new to him—architecture—and mastered it in the most wonderful way within a year. He was good company, kindly, and sane in every way, and was the only case of the kind in which everything eventually returned, for just twenty-four months after his lost memory returned to him rapidly. Within six months he knew all and everybody he had forgotten, dropped architecture, and took up medicine again. He died only three months ago, as sound in brain as he had ever been.

It was one of these memory freaks that was the cause of the run on Gresford & Co.'s bank in Lombard Street, London. A gentleman was found in a train that ran into Queen Street Station, Glasgow, who seemed to know nothing about his ticket, nor any other matter of importance. The ticket was found in his pocket, but he could not say who he was, where he came from, or where he wanted to go to. He had ample money. It was presently discovered, after as much trouble as though he had been an

UNIDENTIFIED "BODY"

that he was Mr. Gresford, the popular chairman of Gresford & Co.'s bank. Now this news got into the papers, and it gave rise to a rumor that there was something very wrong with the bank. The result was the "run" on Gresford's, in which crowds of anxious people gathered, drawing out many thousands in a few hours.

The bank, of course, was as sound as a rock, and there seemed no sort of reason for the strange loss of memory of the chairman, who was always cheery and contented and had no worries of any sort. The strangest thing was that he remembered about half the members of his family but had no recollection of the other half; and as for the bank and its affairs, they were a closed book to him. Two years later, however, he regained part of his memory; but that memorable journey north never found its place in his mind.

THIN HAIR



Lots of people have thin hair. Perhaps their parents had thin hair; perhaps their children have thin hair. But this does not make it necessary for them to have thin hair.

One thing you may rely upon—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

makes the hair healthy and vigorous; makes it grow thick and long. It cures dandruff also.

It always restores color to gray hair,—all the dark, rich color of early life. There is no longer need of your looking old before your time.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"As a remedy for restoring color to the hair I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor is no equal. I has always given perfect satisfaction in every case."

Mrs. A. M. STREHL,
Aug. 18, 1899. Hammondsport, N.Y.

Write the Doctor.

If you will send you a book on The Hair and Scalp free, upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor write to the Doctor about it.

Address,
DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

FISHING IN THE BAY.

Complaints have been made to us again and again as to the poor fishing for anglers in all the Bay of Quinte. A correspondent of the Kingston News mentions the large use of nets. We advocate the entire preservation of the Bay of Quinte and all the bays and inlets for anglers use only. All other kinds of fishing save rod and line and trolling should be prohibited. The money spent by visitors would more than compensate the fishermen. We append the extract from the News:

Unless some steps are taken by the inspector who domiciles at Bath to stop the use of nets in the vicinity of The Brothers, those fishing grounds will not be worth visiting inside of a year or two. One day this week I fished all over the well known spots in that neighborhood and didn't get one bite. Others had a similar experience. I had a talk with a farmer along the main shore about the matter and one who appears to know what he was talking about, told me that there must be three hundred miles of nets in use in The Brothers district, and that in the near future black bass will be as scarce as salmon are at Salmon Island. If this statement be true, and I've every reason to believe that it is, the inspector in question should get a move on, else there will soon be no need of an officer, for the reason that there will be no fish left to preserve. Perhaps some good would result if the government were to take notice of the matter.

EXPRESSIONS.

Commandant Revilliers has surrendered at Warm Baths. It will be remembered that one of the Boers captured at Reitz was having a bath at the time. The Boers are evidently out of their element when they are in baths.

An Irish judge sitting in Four Courts, Dublin, in summing up a case in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter, began: "Gentlemen of the jury, everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."—Star.

The robbery of the Selby Smelting Works in California to the extent of $340,000 in gold opens a new field of activity for the enterprising burglar. Hitherto gold has been sought for in the vaults of banks with considerable success, but that branch of the business is nearly worked out, for bankers have become very expert in protecting their treasures. Smelters must now be on the alert. Such a haul as has been made at Vallejo will produce many imitations.—Mail.

King Edward's title, which is now being brought up-to-date, is the result of a gradual evolution spreading over a thousand years and more of English history. The early Saxon chieftain was known as the Faldorman in his civil capacity. When the title of King was assumed, it was claimed for the King that he was descended from Woden. Athelstan and his successors were designated Rex, Imperator, Casere, and Basileus, but with William the Conqueror came "the Kings of the English." John was the first to style himself Rex Angliae. Until Henry VIII, the English Kings were known as the Lords of Ireland. The Pope conferred upon Henry VIII, the title of Defender of the Faith. James I

900 DROPS

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS / CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar +
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES – 35 CENTS

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WRAPPE

OF EVERY

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles on
is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone
you anything else on the plea or promise
is "just as good" and "will answer ev
pose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Japanese Express

THE Mail and Empire was very funny some little while ago in some remarks anent the supposed absence of Mr. Mulock from the inauguration ceremonies of the New Australian Commonwealth. On Tuesday however in big capitals it says:

"HE REALLY WAS THERE"

Ottawa, Aug. 12—Official evidence is at last forthcoming to the effect that Mr. Mulock was really in Australia. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has received from the Premier of the Commonwealth a letter in which it is stated that "The presence of Mr. Mulock was largely appreciated, and his representation of your Dominion enhanced the importance of the most historic event in the history of Australia."

THE Conservative press generally persist in the statement that the Ross

NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To Correspondents.—Persons sending in items from the surrounding district must sign their names to correspondence as a sign of good faith, not for publication. Any correspondence received without the name attached will not be published.

MILLHAVEN.

A number of our villagers boarded the steamer North King for a trip down the river on Friday last. They report an enjoyable time.

Mrs. A. Keys, Lethbridge, Alberta, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Clement, for a few weeks.

H. Marshall and wife, of Stella, spent Sunday at George Fleming's.

Mrs. D. C. Forward is visiting friends in Kingston.

Mrs. Ricky, visiting friends in the village, has returned to Barriefield.

The Messrs Peake have returned home after visiting at C. Forward's.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department A. W. G The Institute, 780, Eight Avenue New York, U. S. A. 24-1-1y.

LAPUM'S WEST.

Thrashing has commenced here and the grain crop is somewhat lighter than last year.

We were visited last week with the

A number of our young me
Monday for Manitoba. Man
hearts are left behind.

Dr. J. E. Mabee spent a c
days in Stirling this week.

Miss Quinn, of Kingston
guest of Miss Laura Davy.

J. Cairns, who was hurt sc
ago by a horse running awa
Catherin's, arrived home on
of this week.

Mrs. W. M. Clark, Albert Se
under the doctor's care.

The social at the Methodist
age on Monday night of this w
a decided success.

Mr. J. A. Timmerman is
home on Saturday after s
about four weeks visiting fr
Toronto, Buffalo, Montreal an
places.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert D
daughter, Kathleen, of Ro
N. Y., are visiting friends
vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Snider and
are camping for a couple of w
Nicholson's point.

Sidney Clark, mail contrac
purchased a new team to repl
one recently lost, and is prep
anything that requires horse po

Mrs. William Dougherty a
Carl are visiting friends at Mor

Miss Myrtle Morrison an
Floss Bennett spent a couple
last week with friends at P
Bay.

that Mr. Mulock was really in Australia. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has received from the Premier of the Commonwealth a letter in which it is stated that "The presence of Mr. Mulock was largely appreciated, and his representation of your Dominion enhanced the importance of the most historic event in the history of Australia."

THE Conservative press generally persist in the statement that the Ross government is divided against itself. There is probably some divergence of opinion among the members, as is natural and proper there should be among Liberals, and as there generally has been, and we may say there always will be. The Liberal party are not bound to think just exactly alike on any subject. There is an old saying that in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom. How would that be if the multitude all thought alike. The difference of opinion in the Ross government, if any there be, does but add to its strength and effectiveness. There has been an outcry in Canada, time and time again, against one man government. So if the Ross government do not all think exactly alike we avoid the one man evil, and judging by the statesmanship of recent date, the wise railway aid, the safeguarded concessions made to Clergue and others, the Ross government as a whole is a success. The wisdom displayed could hardly be expected to emanate from one man, but the different opinions, when thrashed out and welded together, are making for Ontario a most remarkable record. It is still the one province out of debt, and with the Ross government given another term of office, will keep out of debt.

Victims of Catarrh, Prejudiced

Tried snuffs, they failed. Ointments and washes failed. Said there was no cure. Knew there wasn't because he had tried them all. This is how prejudice acts. There is however a balm in Gilead, a sovereign remedy for Catarrh, not dangerous because it acts quickly, not unpleasant because it is sure to cure. Its name is Catarrhozone. It destroys germs, it othes, it heals. As certain as death to cure, as pleasant as sunshine to use. That's Catarrhozone. Your money back if it is not so. 25c. and $1.00

ROBERT LIGHT

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Lumber, Doors, Sash, Blinds and Mouldings.

Bee Hives and Sections

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Orders Solicited.

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history. The early Saxon chieftain was known as the Ealdorman in his civil capacity. When the title of King was assumed, it was claimed for the King that he was descended from Woden. Athelstan and his successors were designated Rex, Imperator, Casere, and Basileus, but with William the Conqueror came "the Kings of the English," John was the first to style himself Rex Angliae. Until Henry VIII, the English Kings were known as the Lords of Ireland. The Pope conferred upon Henry VIII, the title of Defender of the Faith. James 1. added France to the list of kingdoms, and long after France was lost the title was retained. It was renounced at the signing of the Treaty of Amiens in 1802. Queen Victoria became Empress of India on May 1st, 1876, and her successor has now, in addition to these various titles, the Kingship of the British dominions beyond the seas. The title of Britain's King is clearly a growing affair.—Mail.

The Ontario medical council has aroused the antagonism of the people of Stratford by a remarkable prosecution. The Beacon reports that a man was fined $25 and costs, at the instance of the combine, because by the rubbing of several people with a lubricant, a form of massage, he had improved them physically. The operation, according to the Beacon, was misjudged "the practice of surgery." Hence the fine, and the purpose to appeal the case and have the iniquity of the law efficiently illustrated.

The Ontario Medical Council exists for a specific purpose, namely, to see that all who are engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery are qualified persons. The council has to do with the examination and licensing of the candidates, and varies the tests as it likes, and has been lengthening out the course of study for the purpose, apparently, to make it the harder to enter and add to the competitions of the professions. When any one is found to transgress the law he is pounced upon and unmercifully punished, and so that the field may be cleared of all quackery detectives are employed and prosecutions resorted to.

The great objection to the council is its remarkable power. It is clothed with this by the Legislature, which delegates to another body functions it should hold itself. In other words, the control of the business which has been committed to the medical men should be retained by the government, as the representatives of the people, and the question as to who should or should not practice medicine lie with a board whose members are not in the practice of medicine and so not open to the charge of administering the law for direct and personal reasons. Sooner or later the province must assume the work of the Ontario medical council, and the sooner the better.—Whig.

The time

to fight consumption, with Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, is long in advance. If it threatens, you can resist; and you may overcome it. Don't be afraid; be brave. But tackle it; don't waste time.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT.
SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, TORONTO.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department A. W. G The Institute, 780, Eight Avenue New York, U. S. A. 24-1-1y.

LAPUM'S WEST.

Thrashing has commenced here and the grain crop is somewhat lighter than last year.

We were visited last week with the heaviest hail-storm seen in this district in many years, which did considerable damage to farm crops and window glass.

A number from here took in the I. O. O. F. excursion to Watertown on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. A. McLean has been visiting at Mr. Levi Brown's, prior to her leaving for her home near Oxbow, N. W. T.

Mrs. Richards, of Picton, is visiting her sister Mrs. H. E. Bush of this place.

Mr. Geo. Beardmore, of Colebrook, spent Sunday here renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown, of Wilton, spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Col. Clyde.

WILTON.

Thursday's heavy hail storm did considerable damage here, breaking a few windows, knocking off fruit, etc., the hail stones often as large as butter nuts. One man in this vicinity took advantage of the fall to make ice cream.

A private picnic was enjoyed at Sydenham on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Erwell Miller was on Tuesday evening presented with a handsome set of silver knives and forks in remembrance of her faithful services as organist in the Methodist Sunday School.

Stuart Simmons, Detroit, returned to his home on Tuesday, Mrs. Simmons remaining for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson and little son, Leon, Newton Falls, Adirondacks, who spent a week at his father's, James Thompson, returned home on Tuesday. Mrs. James Thompson accompanied them.

Misses Edith Lake, Mabel Emerson, Bertha and Stella Neilson, joined by friends from Kingston, Napanee and Belleville, making a party of ten, have returned from the Pan-American, expressing themselves thoroughly pleased with their outing.

Mrs. Jordan, Misses Maggie and Lena Jordan, Campbellford, are visiting friends in Wilton.

Mrs. and Miss Beatrice Lambert, Mrs. Priestly and Miss Walsh, Kingston, are visiting at Rev. D. C. Dey's.

ODESSA.

The farmers in this section are nearly through harvesting and the rattle of the steam thrasher is heard once more.

On Wednesday evening, of last week Miss Jennie Davy, eldest daughter of H. S. Davy, J. P., was married to J. W. Milne, of Toronto. After the marriage ceremony they took the mid-night train for points east. They arrived back on Monday night of this week.

Mr. B. Derbyshire spent a day in Belleville, this week, having been called there by the death of his brother-in-law.

Mrs. Sidney Clark who has been confined to her room for the past week suffering from an abscess is still in a critical condition.

N. Y., are visiting friends vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Snider ar are camping for a couple of Nicholson's point.

Sidney Clark, mail contra purchased a new team to re one recently lost, and is pre anything that requires horse

Mrs. William Dougherty Carl are visiting friends at Mo

Miss Myrtle Morrison a Floss Bennett spent a coupl last week with friends at Bay.

W. G. Laidley, of Embro, ing his parents, Mr. and M Laidley.

$25.000 Our Grand $

Ornithological Co

Something entirely new and i Read what you are to do. You ma dols. Our contest is to see who can largest list of names (or kinds) of birds following list of letters:

WDOOOCCKQULIAPRTA
ESPNIELVEBRDIMWAI

We will recognise as a bird anythi ing to the feathered tribe, whether it Crow, Singer or any other kind. Yo any letter as many times to make a appears in the list of letters above; fo Woodcock, Plover, Snow Bird, etc. persons who can make a list of 25 different names of birds, we will give FREE a beautiful Prize value 1,000 do

BIG PRIZES AWARDED DA

When you have made out your list f line on the bottom of this advt. and with a Stamped Addressed envelope, your country will do, then if you are a prize you can if you desire to get th becoming a subscriber to *The Woman* We shall award a prize to every per sends the name of 25 Birds, and our be as follows: For the best list, rece day, a Gold Watch; for the second bes each day a beautiful Imported Tea Se seven next best solutions each day, Sakih Diamond and Ruby Ring; for best solution, a Gold Piece; and for correct solutions, Prizes of Good Valu Prizes will be forwarded daily, yo have to wait a long time in uncertain you know the result. There is no c lottery in our plan, it makes no whether we get your solution late the day. All you need is to mail this us, and on the day it reaches us, if yo the best, **you shall have the Gold** or if second the beautiful Tea Set, a We guarantee that we will award yo There is absolutely no opportunity f tion on our part—we cannot afford want to get 1,000,000 well satisfied sub and for that reason we don't want yo any money until you know exactly w you have gained by answering the puz soon after 4 p.m. each day as poss examiners will judge the lists to th their ability, and will designate the pri will write you at once notifying you w has been awarded you, then if you are you can send your subscription *Woman's World* and your prize w return of mail carriage paid. To a p narrow ideas it seems impossible that y be able to make such a gigantic offer have the money, brains, and reputa now exactly what we are doing, and legitimately gain a million subscriber grand idea we know that this million pleased subscribers can be induced t mend *The Woman's World* to all thereby building up our circulation stil We are willing to spend 25,000 dols. in test in building up a big subscription when this money is spent we reserve to publish a notification that the co been discontinued. Don't delay unti late. The contest will continue until 1st, 1902.

We give A Bonus Prize of 250dols. dent of all others to the person who the list gotten up in the best and har manner. Our Committee will decide a prizes daily, but the special 250dols, p be awarded in March 1902. Any bir found in the dictionaries accepted.

Who We Are

The "Woman's World" is a th reliable concern, we are known to d as we advertise. As to our reliability to any Advertising Agent or business London or New York.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *County* .....

N.B.—Be careful and prepay your lett we receive underpaid letters. Addr

The "Woman's World," Bre London, W. England.

SEE
IAT THE
SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—
H. Fletcher.
IS ON THE
RAPPER
OF EVERY
OTTLE OF
STORIA

put up in one-size bottles only. It
a bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell
g else on the plea or promise that it
good" and "will answer every pur-
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

aber of our young men left on
for Manitoba. Many lonely
re left behind.
. E. Mabee spent a couple of
Stirling this week.
Quinn, of Kingston, is the
Miss Laura Davy.
rns, who was hurt some time
a horse running away at St.
's, arrived home on Tuesday
week.
W. M. Clark, Albert Section, is
e doctor's care.
cial at the Methodist parson-
Monday night of this week was
d success.
. A. Timmerman is expected
on Saturday after spending
ur weeks visiting friends in
Buffalo, Montreal and other

nd Mrs. Herbert Day and
r, Kathleen, of Rochester,
are visiting friends in this

d Mrs. N. F. Snider and family
oing for a couple of weeks at
n's point.
Clark, mail contractor, has
d a new team to replace the
tly lost, and is prepared for
g that requires horse power.
William Dougherty and son
visiting friends at Morrisburg.
Myrtle Morrison and Miss
nnett spent a couple of days
k with friends at Parrott's

OVERTON.

We are now having abundance of rain which will much improve late potatoes and roots.

A terrible hail-storm passed over this place on Wednesday, breaking windows and greatly damaging grain, fruit and gardens, some of the hail-stones are said to have measured four inches in circumference.

Our new minister, Rev. Mr. Neville made a number of calls in our neighborhood last week.

Several from here attended Quarterly Service on Sunday, at Roblin.

Messrs. Anderson and Paul have again started out with their steam thrasher.

Master Charlie Armstrong was to the doctor on Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Fairbairn, sr., is poorly again.

Mr. W. Fox remains about as usual.

Mrs. Elias Thompson left for Manitoba on Monday for a visit.

Our school will re-open on Monday next.

Mr. and Mrs Thomas Hughes, Marlbank, spent a short time visiting friends here last week.

Mrs. Wm. French spent Wednesday with Mrs. Fox.

Mr. and Miss Hinch, of Hinch, at Mr. N. Coburn's, one evening last week.

Mr. John Richmond, sr., of Windover, spent Saturday with his daughter, Mrs. L. Fox.

The Cause of Dyspeptic Pains.

They arise from the formation of gas owing to improper digestion. A very prompt and efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline. It relieves the distention instantly, and by its stimulating action on the stomach, aids digestion. Nerviline cures dyspeptic pains by removing the cause. Nerviline is also highly recommended for cramps, colic, summer complaint and inflammation. Sold in large 25c. bottles everywhere.

DENBIGH.

(Arrived too late for last week's issue.)

The weather has at last moderated some and we have been favoured by more agreeable weather and some pleasant showers.

Hay has turned out a very good crop, but most of the grain has suffered from the excessive heat and long continued drouth. Late sown grain, pastures, potatoes and root crops however will improve considerably yet. Harvest hands are very scarce here this season and wages rather high.

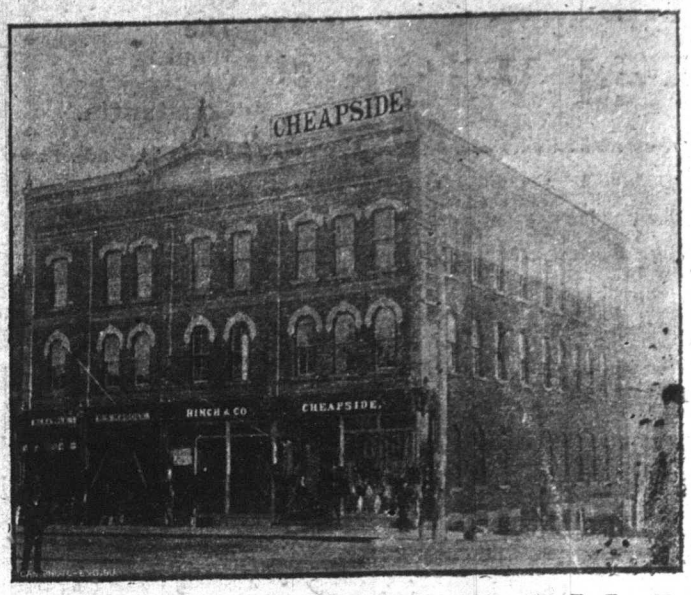
Mr. E. Petzold has his new roller mill now completed and gives good satisfaction to his customers. The flour produced is equal in quality to the flour turned out in the Renfrew Mills.

Mrs. Louisa Dunn, of Deseronto, and her son Harold are paying a visit to their numerous friends and relatives here.

Miss Jennie Lane and her sister Estella, of Ottawa, are enjoying a months holiday at their old home, "The Denbigh House."

Mr. Thos. Byfield, photographer, of Ottawa, has established his portable art gallery at our village. He intended at first to remain only two weeks, but has tarried now a month and may remain a couple of weeks more. His daughter, Miss Ada Byfield, of New York also joined him for a week, but had to return to resume her position as a professional nurse in a large hospital.

Mrs. James Lane is away to Dakota to visit her sons and eldest daughter



THE LAST DAY!

OF THE STOCK SALE

...TO-MORROW...

Special Selling of Silks.

Japanese Silks 20c, Taffetas 51c, Black Silks at 20 per cent. reduction.

All our Trimmed Hats!

go in one lot.
Your pick for $1.50.
Hats worth up to $5.00 in the lot.

A great many clearing lots will go out Saturday. Come and get your share.

Everything is new here and up-to-date.

Saturday the last day, open till 10 o'clock p. m.

NEXT WEEK!

NEW GOODS.

Forty packages ready to open Monday and next week. The best of its kind and the latest will be found here—among them, new Dress Goods—new Silks—new Suits—new Jackets.

You know our way—look around all you like—buy when you are ready.

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William Dougherty and son visiting friends at Morrisburg.

Myrtle Morrison and Miss mett spent a couple of days k with friends at Parrott's

Laidley, of Embro, is visit- parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.

0 Our Grand $25.000

hological Contest.

g entirely new and interesting. you are to do. You may get 1,000 contest is to see who can make the of names (or kinds) of birds from the st of letters :

CCKQULIAPRTARIDG

ELVEBRDIMWADOHTL

ecognise as a bird anything belong, eathered tribe, whether it be a Hen- r or any other kind. You can use as many times to make a name as it he list of letters above ; for instance Plover, Snow Bird, etc. To any no can make a list of 25 or more mes of birds, we will give absolutely autiful Prize value 1,000 dols. or less.

RIZES AWARDED DAILY.

u have made out your list fill out the bottom of this advt. and send to us ped Addressed envelope, stamp of ry will do, then if you are awarded can if you desire to get the prize by subscriber to *The Woman's World*. ward a prize to every person who me of 25 Birds, and our gifts will s : For the best list, received each Watch ; for the second best solution beautiful Imported Tea Set ; for the best solutions each day, a Konrah ond and Ruby Ring ; for the next n, a Gold Piece ; and for all other itions, Prizes of Good Value. These be forwarded daily, you will not t a long time in uncertainty before he result. There is no element of our plan, it makes no difference get your solution late or early in ll you need is to mail this Advt. to he day it reaches us, if your list is

on shall have the Gold Watch

the beautiful Tea Set, and so on ee that we will award you a prize, solutely no opportunity for decep- r part—we cannot afford it. We 1,000,000 well satisfied subscribers, t reason we don't want you to send until you know exactly what prize ined by answering the puzzles. As 4 p.m. each day as possible, the will judge the lists to the best of , and will designate the prizes. We ou at once notifying you what prize arded you, then if you are satisfied send your subscription to *The World* and your prize will go by ail carriage paid. To a person of is it seems impossible that we should ake such a gigantic offer, but we noney, brains, and reputation, we ly what we are doing, and if we can gain a million subscribers by this we know that this million of well scribers can be induced to recom- *Woman's World* to all friends, lding up our circulation still further, ing to spend 25,000 dols. in this con- ling up a big subscription list, and noney is spent we reserve the right a notification that the contest has tinued. Don't delay until it is too ontest will continue until January

A Bonus Prize of 250dols. indepen- others to the person who sends in en up in the best and handsomest ur Committee will decide and award , but the special 250dols. prize will in March 1902. Any bird's name dictionaries accepted.

Who We Are

oman's World" is a thoroughly ncern, we are known to do exactly rtise. As to our reliability we refer rtising Agent or business man of New York.

....

....

..... County..... .....

areful and prepay your letter 5c. as ve underpaid letters. Address :—

oman's World," Brentford, London, W. England.

"The Denbigh House."

Mr. Thos. Byfield, photographer, of Ottawa, has established his portable art gallery at our village. He intended at first to remain only two weeks, but has tarried now a month and may remain a couple of weeks more. His daughter, Miss Ada Byfield, of New York also joined him for a week, but had to return to resume her position as a professional nurse in a large hospital.

Mrs. James Lane is away to Dakota to visit her sons and eldest daughter who are married and residing there.

Ed. Villieff, who had the misfortune to get badly gored by a bull a couple of weeks ago is getting along very well under Dr. Graham's careful treatment and his recovery is now confidently expected.

W. Pennock accidently slipped and fell so unfortunate on a little stump as to break one of his ribs in two places. Dr. Graham is attending to him.

For No. 1 grain grinding, flour, feed, hay wood and groceries go to J. H. Fitzpatrick. A large stock of fresh groceries always on hand, and the best 25c tea going.

J. H. Fitzpatrick,
Dafoe & Spencer'sold stand.

TAMWORTH.

Quite a number of our young men have taken advantage of the cheap rate to the North West during the past week.

Dr. Wilson's residence is now completed and is a credit to our village. He will move in this week.

Mr. J. M. Smith and family and Rev. Mr. Young have returned from camping at Beaver Lake.

Mrs. W. D. Mace has returned from the Sand-banks.

Miss Kirk is spending a few days with friends in Desoronto and Kingston.

A number of our villagers are camp- at Beaver Lake.

Miss Naomi Wagar returned from the Pan-American on Monday last.

Miss Aileen Way is visiting friends in Picton.

The hail storm on Thursday last was one of the heaviest seen in this section for forty years and much damage was done among fruit and grain. Many windows were broken in the village.

Mr. Sampson Shields is on the sick list.

Among those who took in the excursion to the Northwest were Messrs. Sidney Rose, R. Shier, J. Watters, R. Paul, R. Brown, W. Armstrong, H. Martin and others.

The new rectory is getting on very well. The stone work will be all completed this week and then the brick work will be pushed on as fast as possible. We have now seven new buildings under course of erection in this village, which looks like a boom.

The weather has been very unfavorable the past three weeks, but now it has cleared up and the farmers will soon wind-up the harvest. The thrashing machines have started out for this fall and will soon be doing their work, getting the grain ready for market.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

NEW GOODS.

Forty packages ready to open Monday and next week. The best of its kind and the latest will be found here—among them, new Dress Goods—new Silks—new Suits—new Jackets.

You know our way—look around all you like—buy when you are ready.

The Hardy Dry Goods Co.

CHEAPSIDE, NAPANEE.

TO RENT—THE CORNER STORE IN the Leonard Block, in the town of Napanee, formerly occupied by J. J. Kerr as a Dry Goods establishment. Apply to

ALFRED KNIGHT.

FOR SALE—TWO VERY DESIRABLE properties situate in the town of Napanee. Lot one is situated on the west side of Simcoe street and is suitable for market gardening. Lot 2 is situate on the north side of Mill street, and on the premises there is a large new green house, with perfect appliances for heating. Apply to Jno. Pollard, office of this paper for full particulars and terms.

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.

Physician Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon to the Kingston General Hospital.

Office—North side of Dundas Street, between West and Robert Streets, Napanee. 5:1y

H. E. PAUL, B. A., M. D., C. M., M. C. P. S.

Physician and Surgeon

Office : corner Bridge and East Streets ; opposite residence of the late Dr Grant.
Telephone—

A. S. ASHLEY,

.....DENTIST.....

40 YEARS EXPERIENCE

12 YEARS IN NAPANEE

☞ Rooms above Mowat's Dry Goods Store, Napanee.

ICE. ICE. ICE.

The time is at hand when you will require ice. I can furnish a few more customers. Call early and place your order for the season.

S. CASEY DENISON,

Telephone 101. Centre street.

Third Notices.

Every editor has received them, says a writer. The postmaster sends them to the editor, but the postmaster is not to blame. For instance there was a man named Tim Short who sent us three notices to stop his paper, he didn't want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigation of our subscription list we found Tim was short $2.50. He had never paid a cent and he stopped the paper as a matter of economy to us. A few evenings ago we stepped into a church and Tim's melodious tenor rang out clear in that soul-stirring song, "Jesus Paid It All." He might have been mistaken, but his earnestness impressed us. The next day we sent him a receipt in full, begging his pardon for not knowing that he had made an assignment of his liabilities to the Lord.—Exchange.

Threshers' supplies, batting, machine oil, babbit, at Boyle & Son's.

DR. PERRY G. GOLDSMITH, BELLEVILLE,

late clinical assistant at the Central London Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital, and the Royal London Opthalmic Hospital, Moorfield Eye Hospital, London, England, will be in Napanee at the Paisley House, in the afternoon and evening of the third Monday in each month for consultation in diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 2-6m

HERRINGTON & WARNER

Barristers, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES

Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee. 97

DEROCHE & MADDEN

Barristers,

Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.

Office—Grange Block.

Money to Loan at lower than the lowest rate.
H. M. DEROCHE, Q.C. 3:1y J. H. MADDEN

T. B. GERMAN,

Barrister and Solicitor,

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.

OFFICE : Grange Block, 60 John Street, 21-6m Napanee.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
Dundas Street, Napanee.

H. HUNTER, Prop.

This commodious hotel is centrally situate Having every convenience for the traveling and business public. Large yard and sheds for farmers.

Good table, best of wines liquor and cigars

The comfort of guests is made a first consideration.



DENTISTS

C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.
C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.

Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and graduate of Toronto University.

OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK,

☞ Visits made to Tamworth the first Monday in each month, remaining over Tuesday. Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel.

All other Monday C. D Wartman will be in Yarker

Napanee office open every day.

THE - DOMININION - BANK

CAPITAL (Paid up) $2,150,000
RESERVE FUND $2,150,000

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

DEPOSITS OF $1.00 AND UPWARDS RECEIVED.

INTEREST CREDITED THEREON HALF-YEARLY.

FARMERS SALE NOTES COLLECTED AND ADVANCES MADE THEREON.

T. S. HILL, Manager,
Napanee Branch.

SPRING CLOTHING.

WE HAVE A NICE STOCK OF SPRING CLOTHES.

Tweeds, Suitings, Worsteds and Overcoatings, to select from, and respectfully solicit a call from intending purchasers, as we will sell you the above at from 10 per cent to 20 per cent less than they can be bought elsewhere in town.

Orders for Suits or Overcoats promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

41ly **T. G. DAVIS & CO.**

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE,

Eastern Standard Time. No. 19 Taking effect June 2, 1900.

Tweed and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto.

	Stations	Miles	No.2 A.M.	No.4 P.M.	No.6 P.M.
Lve	Tweed		6 30	....	3 06
	Stoco	3	6 38	....	3 15
	Larkins	7	6 50	....	3 30
	Marlbank	13	7 10	....	3 50
	Erinsville	17	7 25	....	4 05
	Tamworth	20	7 40	2 25	4 15
	Wilson*	24	....	....	....
	Enterprise	26	8 00	2 45	4 35
	Mudlake Bridge*	28	....	....	....
	Moscow	31	8 13	2 53	4 47
	Galbraith*	33	....	....	....
Arr	Yarker	35	8 25	3 05	5 00
Lve	Yarker	35	9 00	3 05	5 25
	Camden East	39	9 10	3 18	5 40
	Thomson's Mills	40	....	....	....
	Newburgh	41	9 25	3 25	5 50
	Napanee Mills	43	9 40	3 35	6 00
Arr	Napanee	49	9 55	3 50	6 15
Lve	Napanee	49	....	....	....
	Deseronto Junction	54	....	....	6 55
Arr	Deseronto	58	....	....	7 10

Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Tweed.

	Stations.	Miles	No.1. A.M.	No.3. P.M.	No5 P.M.
Lve	Deseronto		6 45	....	....
	Deseronto Junction	4	7 00	....	....
Arr	Napanee	9	7 15	....	....
Lve	Napanee	9	7 40	12 25	4 30
	Napanee Mills	15	8 00	12 40	4 50
	Newburgh	17	8 10	12 50	5 00
	Thomson's Mills*	18	....	....	....
	Camden East	19	8 18	1 00	5 15
Arr	Yarker	23	8 30	1 13	5 25
Lve	Yarker	23	8 55	1 13	5 35
	Galbraith*	25	....	....	....
	Moscow	27	9 07	1 25	5 45
	Mudlake Bridge*	30	....	....	....
	Enterprise	32	9 20	1 40	5 57
	Wilson*	34	....	....	....
	Tamworth	38	9 40	2 00	6 20
	Erinsville	41	9 55	....	6 30
	Marlbank	45	10 10	....	6 45
	Larkins	51	10 35	....	7 01
	Stoco	55	10 50	....	7 15
Arr	Tweed	58	11 05	....	7 25

Kingston and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto.

	Stations.	Miles	No.2. A. M.	No.4. P.M.	No.6. P.M.
Lve	Kingston	0	....	....	4 00
	G. T. R. Junction	2	....	....	4 10
	Glenvale*	10	....	....	4 33
	Murvale*	14	....	....	4 45
Arr	Harrowsmith	19	....	....	5 00
Lv	Sydenham	23	8 00	....	....
	Harrowsmith	19	8 10	....	5 00
	Frontenac*	22	....	....	....
Arr	Yarker	26	8 35	....	5 15
Lve	Yarker	26	9 00	3 05	5 25
	Camden East	30	9 10	3 18	5 40
	Thomson's Mills*	31	....	....	....
	Newburgh	32	9 25	3 25	5 50
	Napanee Mills	34	9 40	3 35	6 00
Arr	Napanee	40	9 55	3 50	6 15
Lve	Napanee, West End	40	....	....	....
	Deseronto Junction	45	....	....	6 55
Arr	Deseronto	49	....	....	7 10

Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.

	Stations	Miles.	No.1 A.M.	No.3, P.M.	No.5 P.M.
Lve	Deseronto	0	6 45	....	....
	Deseronto Junction	4	7 00	....	....
Arr	Napanee	9	7 15	....	....
Lve	Napanee	9	7 40	12 25	4 30
	Napanee Mills	15	8 00	12 40	4 50
	Newburg	17	8 10	12 50	5 00
	Thomson's Mills*	18	....	....	....
	Camden East	19	8 18	1 00	5 15
Arr	Yarker	23	8 30	1 13	5 25
Lve	Yarker	23	8 45	....	5 4
	Frontenac*	27	....	....	....
Arr	Harrowsmith	30	9 00	....	6 10
	Sydenham	34	....	....	6 25
Lve	Harrowsmith	30	9 05	....	....
	Murvale*	35	9 15	....	....
	Glenvale*	39	9 25	....	....
	G. T. R. Junction	47	9 45	....	....
Arr	Kingston	49	10 00	....	....

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Manager — J. F. CHAPMAN, Asst. Gen. Freight & Pass. Agent — H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM.

The Administratrix of the estate of George Bowmaker Ramsay will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Court House, in the Town of Napanee, on Saturday, the

17th Day of August, A.D. 1901,

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the following valuable farm property:—

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, being composed of the west half of lot number two in the second concession of the said Township of Camden, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres more or less.

Upon the premises are a good frame house and barn, orchard and other improvements.

The farm is situate about two miles from the village of Strathcona, and about six miles from the Town of Napanee. The sale will be subject to the claim of William Ramsay, and to the payment of one hundred and fifty dollars to the two daughters of the said William Ramsay within one year after his death, as provided by an agreement dated the 15th October, A.D. 1896, and registered on said lands in Book 21 for the Township of Camden on the 15th day of October, A.D. 1896, as No. 8650.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed thereon by the Official Guardian.

Terms and conditions of sale made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

JOHN ENGLISH,
Solicitor for the Administratrix.

Dated at Napanee the 15th day of July, 1901.

L. O. & B. of Q. Sbt. Co., Ltd.

Pan-American—Buffalo

Strs. "North King" and "Caspian."

VISITING A TURK'S HAREM.

This Turk Has Only Nine Wives, but He Isn't Through Marrying Yet.

Mrs. M. A. Crosley of this city, wife of the pastor of the Central Universalist Church, while in Turkey recently—a country which she has visited twenty times and more—enjoyed the rare experience of being admitted to the luxurious harem of a wealthy official.

"The first thing to do," said Mrs. Crosley, "if one wishes to see the inside of a harem, is to secure a permit, or, as foreigners like to call it, an invitation. Knowing that we would be welcomed to the home of the official our whole party went there in carriages. I sent in my card by the servant at the door and it was carried to the first wife, who is really the head of the household. By and by word was sent back by the servants to admit us and we were brought into a reception room. "Our party consisted only of women, as, of course, no men are allowed to enter the harems. In some homes eunuchs are employed to take charge, but only female servants were used in this home. While we were admiring the beautiful furniture, the coverings of which were of silk, heavily embroidered, the official's wives came in to meet us. There were nine of them and they ranged from a woman apparently 50 years old to the last wife, a beautiful dark girl of 16, usual ages. The girl who is not married by the time she is 16 is looked upon with wonder. In our party were two girls, each a little over 20. The inmates of the harem discovered they were not married and were surprised beyond utterance. 'Why, how old are you? they inquired. 'And not married?' they would say when told the girl's ages. Nor could they understands how such a thing as a girl living to be 20 years old without being married could come to pass."

SHADOW-LAND.

All praise to the Giver of the glad sunshine
For the marvels He bade it do,
With this let heartfelt thanks combine
For the gift of the shadows, too.

Winter grows old and the kindly beams
We have loved for their own dear sakes,
Will smile on the mute, unconscious streams
'Till each deathlike pulse awakes.

And all of glory, and all of fame
To the brilliant orb, will accrue,
But naught be heard save words of blame
Should a shadow creep in view.

So they lurk behind rocks, and in sheltered nooks
They hide from the face of the sun,
Their terrible foe, who, with angry looks,
Would discover them every one.

Did they not shrink from his scorching breath:
When his lids are heavy with sleep,
They may stretch their limbs without dread of death
And their world wide vigils keep.

Then they gaily dance with the midnight breeze,
Or sport the long hours through,
With the coy moonbeams 'neath the whispering trees
Whose tresses are damp with dew.

The flowers, awakened, peep shyly out
As the merriment reaches its height,
And, wondering what it is all about,
They drowsily wait for the light.

When the midsummer sun has, a tyrant, grown,
And the world is weary of life,
We long for refuge to heat unknown,
For escape from earth's turmoil and strife

So away we flit to the shadowland—
We are children released from school—
And woo, with persistence, the breezes, bland,
Unabashed by our welcome, cool.

For the haughty shadows forget not the past
And our faces, to them, are new:
Henceforth, to my list of mercies, vast
I append the shadows too.

—E. E. M.

Children's Wagons in all sizes at Pollard's Bookstore.

MASHER AND THE LADY.

Amusing Bit of Diplomacy in Turning Gallantry to Practical Account.

Like all cities, Edinburgh has its mashers. They annoy the ladies often enough, but, as a rule, they are harmless fools, after all. Here is the latest little sory of a masher and a beautiful lady, told by the Scottish American.

A the Waverley Market one day a beauty arrived on foot. So did a masher. He fixed his loving eyes upon her. She paid no attention to him. He persisted and vainly endeavored to engage her in conversation. Finally she purchased two big geraniums.

"Do you live far from here?" asked the dude.

The lady made no answer at first; but after an instant's reflection, prompted by the size of the geranium

Some Reaso

Why You Should Insist on H

EUREKA HARNESS

Unequalled by any other.
Renders hard leather soft.
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS

An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness
Never burns the leather; its
Efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL

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Localities

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Imperial Oil Co

a pot under each arm, and, in this way, went off with t When they came to Great Kin she stopped, thanked the du stretched out her beautifu hands for the flower pots.

But the masher politely insi on carrying them up to her l

"The trouble is," said the live on the top floor and the elevator."

"I would not be surprised told me that you lived awa heaven. Angels live there," enthusiastic masher.

"Well, come, then," said the the golden tones in which th Sarah in "Cleopatra" addres Tony.

So up they went until they the abode of the sorcereses. the bell. Heavy footsteps we inside. The door was opene fine-looking man appeared.

"Allow me to introduce yo husband, sir," said the lad dear," she added, addressing ferior portion, "this gentlem been kind enough to carry the for me all the way from Market and up the stairs, to see."

"Good enough," said the bi Here, my man, her is a shil and get a drink."

The dude started down the a lively rate, and, as he wa down he could hear the ringi of the lady and the hoarse of the happy husband.

Where the Chickens Got the



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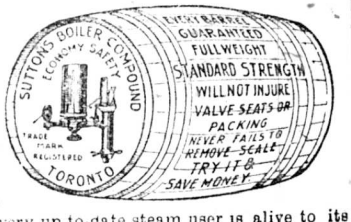
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Little Etiquette Points.

When you meet a gentleman you know on the street in company with another lady, you must bow to the gentleman you know only. The other lady should acknowledge the bow to her friend by lifting his hat.

If a man steps aside to let you pass, a bow is sufficient thanks. If he opens a door or gate you should thank him.

A large number of notes of congratulation received by a bridegroom are from ladies friends, however, considered good form for a young lady to write notes of congratulation to her men friends. Congratulations may be spoken, but written congratulations from young girls are not expected.

Notes written by a bride or bridegroom in response to good wishes should be very brief—simply expressing thanks.

If a young lady is stopping with a friend it is customary to have her name written on the cards of the lady who is chaperoning her.

Miss Clara (to Featherly, who is making an evening call)—Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to-day, and we've all been so much worried about it.

Featherly (somewhat at a loss for words of sympathetic comment)—Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara; a penny is not much.

was sent back by the servants to announce us and we were brought into a reception room. "Our party consisted only of women, as, of course, no men are allowed to enter the harems. In some homes eunuchs are employed to take charge, but only female servants were used in this home. While we were admiring the beautiful furniture, the coverings of which were of silk, heavily embroidered, the official's wives came in to meet us. There were nine of them and they ranged from a woman apparently 50 years old to the last wife, a beautiful dark girl of 16. They were dressed in the loose flowing robes of their country, the lower part of the costume consisting of wide trousers gathered at the ankle. The trousers were so full, however, as to have almost the appearance of skirts.

"Our clothes at once attracted the attenion of the women, as we were, I believe, the first party of foreigners they had ever really come in contact with, although they must have seen others as they passed through the streets in their closed carriages.

"They took off our bonnets and examined them curiously and we had to explain how all our garments were made and worn. Any piece of jewelry at once caught their attention and in return they showed us their ornaments, many of them of great value.

"Through an interpreter, a lady I had remembered to take with us, we conversed quite freely and pleasantly. It is the custom whenever foreigners call on the native women to take them presents and we had come prepared in this respect. We gave them beautiful flowers, bright colored ribbons and other gay presents we knew women would like to have, for strangely enough feminine likes in regard to pretty things seem to be the same the world over. Our gifts made them happy and they treated us with the greatest courtesy.

"It is the Turkish custom to offer every one cigarettes and of course they were pretsented to us. We all took one, for to have refused would have been a serious breach of etiquette. We were also tasked to smoke the naghlich, a kind of pipe where the smoke is drawn through a glass bowl filled with water into the mouth by means of a long rubber tube. The Turkish women divide their time between their needle work and the naghlich, or "hubble bubble,' as the English call it. We declined the treat, saying we much preferred the cigarettes, which made excellent souvenirs anyway.

"One of the wives, a beautiful Caucasian woman, could speak French fluently, and this made our visit more interesting, as several of the party could thus talk to her. She invited us to go over the house and pointed out all rooms including the dining rooms of the wives and also of the master of the house. This latter room was fixed up so that the husband might entertain a great many of his friends at once. All of the wives never gather with him in the dining room, however, as Turkish custom decrees that not more than one wife shall share the husband's meal at a time with him.

"Just as we were leaving the harem the Caucasian woman took me to one side and asked confidentially if I knew some beautiful girls who would likely suit her husband as he desired another wife. I told her I had seen so few Turkish women I could not make a selection and that I feared no American girl would wish to become the tenth wife. This answer, although intended as a jest, was taken seriously by the wife, who was not able to understand this aversion to being chosen so late.

"Girls in Turkey are married very young—between 12 and 15 being the latest little story of a masher and a beautiful lady, told by the Scottish American.

A the Waverley Market one day a beauty arrived on foot. So did a masher. He fixed his loving eyes upon her. She paid no attention to him. He persisted and vainly endeavored to engage her in conversation. Finally she purchased two big geraniums.

"Do you live far from here?" asked the dude.

The lady made no answer at first; but after an instant's reflection, prompted by the size of the geranium pots and plants, and the necessity of employing a porter, she replied sweetly, "Great King street."

"Oh," exclaimed the masher, "you can't carry such a burden so far! Allow me to help you."

She smiled, but in the language of the duellists, instead of "abandoning him the choice" of pots, she pointed to both and smiled again. The masher put

TO THE DEAF.

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In these days of wonderful invention and discovery, especially in the Medical world, the greatest difficulties are being overcome, and many diseases which a few years ago were deemed absolutely incurable, are to-day cured with comparative ease. WHY SHOULD THIS NOT APPLY TO DEAFNESS? Many persons will argue, that having spent so much money upon various treatments and so-called "cures," they do not feel inclined to spend more. To these same persons we strongly appeal, and ask them to, at least, MAKE ONE MORE EFFORT TO REGAIN THE INESTIMABLE BENEFIT OF HEARING by using HARLEY'S Remedy. It does not cost much, A PACKAGE SUFFICIENT TO CURE ANY ORDINARY CASE, being mailed post free, with full directions and testimonials, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR.

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23, Stockdale Road, South Lambeth, London, England.



—From Fliegende Bla

The Deacon's Hope and Prid

"Papa," remarked the boy, t fully, "the plate the minister when the collection is t en church is a gold plate, isn't it?

The deacon absent-mindedly his head.

"And the plate they give you is nothing but wood?"

Again the deacon nodded.

"I guess they must know yo they?" asked the boy.

Here there was an interesti exciting diversion, for it is not have a boy's bump of humor de so rapidly.—Chicago Post.

WOMAN'S TRUE FRIE

The Hopeful Antique Knew Sh Chippery Bird of Paradise

ONE Day a Beauty Docto her Pink Reception Ro ing that she resembled h ographs. Her Income w lar every time she tool breath. She got it by Freckle Food and a Preparat getting rid of Moles called Mol hot Specialty was to Calcim Has-Beens and feed them a litt er and send them into the Are ing like Vassar Girls unless t happened to wash it off. It take her long to put an Exte an Eye-Brow, and she could a Blush for those who had be to Card Parties so long that t forgotten how to brush. W got after a Wild Hair the Hai threw up both Hands and qu little Folder entitled "How Everybody except those who the Same House," she had pro there was no Reason why a G should not look like 19 if sh enough Shellac and kept out light.

The Beauty Doctor had seen Derelict float in for a new

Some Reasons

hy You Should Insist on Having

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pecially prepared.
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ver burns the leather; its
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cures best service.
tches kept from breaking.

IL

old in all
calities

Manufactured by
Imperial Oil Company.

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she added, addressing her in-
portion, "this gentleman has
ind enough to carry these plants
e all the way from Waverley
t and up the stairs, too, as you

od enough," said the big fellow,
my man, her is a shilling. Go
a drink."
dude started down the stairs at
ly rate, and, as he was going
he could hear the ringing laugh
lady and the hoarse "ha, ha!"
happy husband.

Where the Chickens Got the Oats



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Armor Plate, but the Nobody's Darling that wafted in this Day established a Record. She was something like Poultry. That is, if she carried any Adipose, it did not show in her Face or Feet. And she wouldn't have torn under the Wing. She had a Bird's-Eye Maple Complexion and wore one of these Gowns that you get by meas-



uring yourself with a String and sending Two Dollars. She had about as much Contour as the Letter I. Without saying anything Disparagement of her Private Character or denying that

Torpid Liver

Is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, that is, DYSPEPSIA.

When it is,
What headache, dizziness, constipation,
What fits of despondency,
What fears of imaginary evils, conduce with the distress after eating, the sourness of the stomach, the bad taste in the mouth, and so forth, to make the life of the sufferer scarcely worth living!

Dyspepsia resulted from torpid liver in the case of Mrs. Jones, 2320 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., who was a great sufferer.

Her statement made in her 77th year is that she was completely cured of it and all its attendant aches and pains, as others have been, by a faithful use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

That acts on all the digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, and give permanent vigor and tone to the whole system.

if so if it would pay her to cater to it.

Her canvass resulted in obtaining almost a hundred customers in that one building. She furnishes a lunch consisting of two sandwiches, one of meat, the other of lettuce, cheese or sardines, a couple of liberal slices of home made cake and a glass of milk

While Prince Phyre was walking and thinking he heard the voice of the princess, and stopped to listen. Then he approached cautiously through the trees, and saw a handsome young man whom he knew to be King of Bonbonia, the very next kingdom to Flama's. Phyre was in a rage, because he knew that if his ward married Prince Bonbonia they would be able to reign over both kingdoms without the least inconvenience, and his own rule would be ended.

"I would give my head if I could turn you into a log of wood, young prince!" Phyre said to himself, shaking his fist at the two as he stood hidden among the trees. At that moment a wicked fairy stood before him and said: "Take this wand. Whatever you touch with it will turn into anything you wish. You have only to say 'Be a tree' if you want that to happen."

Phyre seized the wand and stole through the trees hardly listening as the fairy called; "But remember, you must give me your head, as you promised, if you use it." When he was near Prince Bonbonia he heard him say: "And I will marry you to-morrow and drive your cruel uncle out of the country." And Flama replied. "And we shall live happily ever after."



—From Fliegende Blaetter.

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MAN'S TRUE FRIEND.

peful Antique Knew She Was Chippery Bird of Paradise.

NE Day a Beauty Doctor sat her Pink Reception Room hop- ng that she resembled her Lith- graphs. Her Income was a dol- lar every time she took a Full She got it by selling Food and a Preparation for rid of Moles called Moline. Her ecialty was to Calcimine the ens and feed them a little Ging- send them into the Arena look- e Vassar Girls unless the Rain ed to wash it off. It did not er long to put an Extension on -Brow, and she could provide for those who had been going Panties so long that they had en how to brush. When she er a Wild Hair the Hair simply up both Hands and quit. In a 'older entitled "How to Fool ody except those who live in ne House," she had proved that vas no Reason why a Girl of 60 not look like 19 if she put on Shellac and kept out of the

Beauty Doctor had seen many a t float in for a new Coat of



uring yourself with a String and send- ing Two Dollars. She had about as much Contour as the Letter I. With- out saying anything Disparagement of her Private Character or denying that she may have been kind to her Rela- tions, it may be added that she re- sembled a Daily Hint from the Short Timber.

"I saw your Card in the Bee-Keep- ers' Bazaar, and I have decided to back in for a few Repairs," said the Visitor. "If you can build me out with a Set of Curves the same as I see in the Cigarette Pictures and cause my Hair to Bush out and hang to the Belt Line the same as it used to when I was Goddess of Liberty on a Hay-Wagon in the first Grant Cam- paign, and give me some perfumed Dope that will restore a Peaches and Cream Complexion on or before May 1st, I will do the Generous Thing by you and pay in up to Seven Dollars."

The Beauty Doctor seldom took the Count, but this was one of the Times. "My Private Secretary will take charge of your Case," she said faintly, and then she went into another Apart- ment and lay down.

The Private Secretary was the Last Resort. He had no Conscience. For two seasons he had been a Cloak Salesman. "Surely you have not come here for Treatment," he said, smiling at the Caller. "You have the Shape that they are raving about in Paree this Spring, and we could not improve your general Tint no matter how many Coats we used. The quiet and unobstrusive Elegance of your Get-Up, combined with Nature has so gener- ously parcelled out to you, makes it unnecessary to attempt any Alter- ations. All that you need to do it to retain intact your present Category of Superlative Charms. This you can manage by a careful Persual of our Book, 'How to stay Pretty.' It comes to Ten Bucks."

So the moulting Hawk had the Vol- ume wrapped up and went away tick- led, for she knew that she was a chip- pery Bird of Paradise.

New Occupation for Women.

A woman who had lived in Washing- ton for years and but lately removed to New York found herself obliged to earn money.

One day a woman who holds a po- sition in a banking house was bewail- ing her lot at lunch time.

"I am often so busy," she said, "when noon comes that I cannot leave my desk to go to some restaurant, and I am often obliged to wait for a bite until two or even three o'clock. If I could only have a lunch, say a sand- wich, a piece of cake and a glass of milk brought in to me I know I should be in better health.

"I get so faint about half-past twelve that it often brings on a headache, and by the time I get out I have lost all desire to eat."

Now, the woman put on her thinking cap and remembered having heard that a woman in Washington was going around among the government clerks serving a dainty light lunch every day between twelve and one o'clock to those who did not care to go out or who could not leave their desks.

She obtained permission from the superintendent of one of the largest buildings down town to canvass among the women employed in the offices and find out if this really was a want, and

have been, by a faithful use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

That acts on all the digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, and give permanent vigor and tone to the whole system.

if so if it would pay her to cater to it.

Her canvass resulted in obtaining almost a hundred customers in that one building. She furnishes a lunch consisting of two sandwiches, one of meat, the other of lettuce, cheese or sardines, a couple of liberal slices of home made cake and a glass of milk put in a small bottle, which is re- turned the next day.

These little lunches are nicely done up in white paper, served at twelve every day and cost fifteen cents.

PRINCESS FLAMA

Fairy Tale With a Lovely Heroine and a Wicked Guardian.

There was once a beautiful princess, with long, silky, black hair, cheeks like wild roses and teeth like pearls. The little princess loved the red of the sunset and the fire and the black of the midnight and the shining coal, so she never would wear anything but red and black.

Princess Flama was an orphan, and her guardian, Uncle Prince Phyre, was so jealous of the little maid who would take the kingdom into her possession when she became of age that he tried in many ways to get rid of her. Not that he wanted to kill her. Oh, dear, no! He did not dare to do that, be- cause she had other uncles who wanted his power and would have been glad of an excuse to put him in prison. So he contented himself with looking for a husband who would take her so far away that she would never come back to her own kingdom.

He first proposed to marry her to the lord of the Seven Isles, on the other side of the great lake, but Flama dreamed of him one night, and saw that he was old and fat and had sev- en eyes. The eyes were convenient, because they enabled him to see his seven isles at the same time, for one belonged to each, but, oh, dear, they did make him look so horrible! There were two in the forehead and two be- low the forehead, and one in each cheek and one in the chin. It really was frightful, you know, and no prin- cess of any taste could be expected to marry him.

When Flama declared that she nev- er, never would marry the lord of the Seven Isles Phyre was exceedingly an- gry, but thought he would look for some one else. This time he selected the King of Frostoria, which was so high among the mountains that the road to it was deeply covered with snow that it could be crossed only twice in the year. This would have suited Prince Phyre, but Flama dreamed that everybody in Frostoria had frozen feet, and that the king's head was made of ice. So she cried and said that she never, never would go to Frostoria, to get her death of cold, and she would go to her uncle Sparcle if Phyre tried to make her. That frightened Phyre, so with a growl he said she should have her way.

Soon after this Prince Phyre was walking one day in the forest, think- ing and thinking how he could force his ward to marry the Prince of Som- nolia, where everybody slept twenty hours a day. "For then," he thought, "they will not have any time to bother me!" But he knew that the dream angel of the princess would tell her that Somnolians had eyes all over their bodies, and were unutterably hideous. Of course, they had to have many eyes or they could not have slept so much, but that did not make them any more attractive.

a wicked fairy stood before him and said: "Take this wand. Whatever you touch with it will turn into anything you wish. You have only to say 'Be a tree' if you want that to happen."

Phyre seized the wand and stole through the trees hardly listening as the fairy called; "But remember, you must give me your head, as you prom- ised, if you use it." When he was near Prince Bonbonia he heard him say: "And I will marry you to-morrow and drive your cruel uncle out of the coun- try." And Flama replied. "And we shall live happily ever after."

At that moment Prince Phyre thrust the fairy's wand through the branches and said savagely as he touched the prince, "Be a tree," and Poor Bonbonia stood rooted to the ground and limbs and leaves began to sprout all over him, and in a moment he was just as one of the trees of the forest, with only his sighing left to remain. The princess of his humanity. She flung herself weeping at his feet, but her uncle said: "If you will not marry the king I have chosen for you I will do the same to you," and then she sprang up and defied him. Too angry to restrain himself, he struck her with the wand, saying, "Become a bird!" and Flama's red dress changed to red feathers, and all that was not red about her were the little black shoes she wore. And because the princess was so young that her dress was short and cut low in the neck it left her silk stockings and shoes all uncovered, which is why the Famingo has such a long neck and legs.

At this moment the fairy appeared and had the wand in her hand in a twinkling. "Now give me your head!" she demanded. "Nonsense," said Phyre rudely. "It is of no use to the rest of the world," she retorted. Then she struck him with her magic wand and said, "Be a worm, which has no head nor any use for one." And in- stantly Prince Phyre sank to the ground and became a worm. New York Tribune.

A Woman's Teeth.

Remember, if you wish to keep young, that the dentist is your best friend. Do not allow any of your mo- lars to get beyond the saving point if you can help it, for lost molars mean hollows in the cheeks.

CANKER.

There is a mistaken idea as to the cause of cankers in the mouth and throat. Sufferers imagine that they arise from stomach troubles, but it is nothing more or less than the result of impure blood. Nu- merous so-called remedies have been floated on the market, but experience has proven that there is only one cure, "Climax" Iron Tonic Pills. 25 cents a box at all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

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ON THE FARM.

FEEDING AND BREEDING.

The feeding of the dairy cow begins the day it is born. The little calf should be fed a ration that will keep it growing and thrifty but not one that will put on much fat. When about two weeks old begin giving a little clover hay and a little wheat bran dry; begin early to feed a large amount of roughage so as to enlarge the digestive organs. The calf should be so fed that when she becomes a cow the food she eats will be used in the production of milk rather than fat. It takes a certain amount of food to sustain life and the return we get is from the food she eats above the amount necessary to her maintenance, so it pays to feed liberally.

A balanced ration should be fed by all means. Timothy hay, corn stover and corn meal might be liberally fed and still the cows be starving, so far as milk and butter material were concerned. Food containing protein is necessary. The remainder of the ration may be raised in abundance on the farm and some of the protein foods, but a part of it must be bought in the form of cottonseed meal, gluten feed and so on. A good ration is about 40 lbs. of silage, 4 lbs. wheat bran, 2 lbs. cottonseed meal; the cottonseed meal contains about 1 lb. of protein and the bran about ½ lb. At noon good clover hay should be fed. A small teaspoonful of salt should be given with the evening meal. But suppose this ration is given and then the cows turned out and allowed to go to the creek and drink ice water and stand around a straw stack all day. No benefit would be derived, as the feed would be all consumed in heating the body. The cow must have a warm, light, well ventilated stable, a place where she may stand or lie comfortably and contented, and half the battle is won.

In choosing a breed be sure to choose a good dairy breed. After choosing a breed stick to it and breed to a pure-bred sire of the same breed and family, and then keep in the family. Don't mix breeds and then expect to produce all the good qualities and blot out all the bad, for it is uncertain business. By all means raise your own cows. Save the calves from the best cows and if they are bred right most of them will prove to be as good, if not better than their dam. The Babcock test and the scales are the best means and the only practical way of distinguishing the quality. A good plan is to weigh the milk of each cow once a week, morning and evening, and keep a record of it, and then test it three or four times a year, mixing a little from four milkings as a sample. In this way the amount of butter produced by each cow is ascertained, and it is easily determined which cows should be kept and which sold. This is the only way to get together a good dairy herd. Send your milk to some good creamery, or make a prime article yourself, build up a good market and stick to the business through thick and thin.

CISTERNS FOR THE COWS.

Cows in order to do their best and give us the greatest amount of profit must have ready access to pure drinking water at least three times a day in summer. Farmers who have no wells or springs on their land should dig a few large cisterns around their buildings and see to it that the supply of water is constantly replenished by each rain.

birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect-eating bird you kill and every egg you take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects?

Do you know that a check-rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to when going up a hill, is a cruel torture to the horse?

Do you know that the mutilation of a horse by cutting off his tail compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives?

Do you know that every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier but also better?—G. T. Angell.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

How the Boxer Leaders Put an End to Their Lives.

A Chinese paper published in Pekin has obtained the following details relative to the deaths of the high officials Chau-Chu-Chiau, Yung-Chien, and Prince Chwang, who committed suicide on command of the Emperor. It is impossible to give the full report, as the details of the actual suicides are given with true Chinese barbarity and unadorned lucidity. The whole account, however, bears the stamp of truth, and the statement of the Chinese court that the three officials had paid the penalties for their crimes, hitherto unproved, may hereby be considered as confirmed. The report runs:—

Chau-Chu-Chiau ate gold leaf, which is the distinguished method of taking one's life among the well-to-do Chinese. Death is caused, not by poisoning, as is generally assumed, but by asphyxia, as the thin gold leaves stick in the air passages. Hoping against hope, however, that the Empress would have mercy on him, he took too little, and as he still lived when the time prescribed had elapsed, he took opium and other means to effectuate his death. His religion forbade him to do this by injuring his body in any way.

Prince Chwang, who received the news of his sentence in Bu-Chof-fu, a large town in the southwest of Shansi, immediately hanged himself in a temple of the local mandarin, with whom he was living, in the presence of the Imperial Commissioner, Ko-Pau-Hwa. He used the white silk cord sent him by the Emperor, as a significant sign of the mitigated punishment.

Yung-Nien, the President of the Court of Censors, was the most cowardly. He was in prison in Singanfu, and continually upbraided Prince Ching "for leaving him in the lurch." He suffocated himself with earth before the Imperial decree, so his death was kept hidden some days till the decree was published. Prince Tuan anticipated his banishment and on receiving the sentence at Ning-sia, a town on the Mongolian frontier, whither he had fled, proceeded at once to Turkestan, lest the allies might still demand his death.

NOTHING LIKE BEING CAUTIOUS.

He walked into the chemist's shop with a hesitating step and glanced nervously at the rows of bottles, with a scared look in his pale blue eyes. After fidgeting about uncertainly for some time he at last caught the eye of the assistant and, beckoning mysteriously, led the way to a secluded corner of the shop, where the assistant was surprised by finding a trembling forefinger hooked tenaciously into one of his buttonholes and an eager face thrust suddenly almost against his.

What's the matter? asked the chemist.

I s'pose you can lay your hand on

WHY THE JUDGE RELENTED.

I.

"No! I'll be— be——"

Judge Emery, with an apprehensive glance around, pulled himself up on the verge of an indiscretion. With a sigh of relief he noted the long stretch of empty corridor.

Presently the soothing notes of a waltz from the distant ballroom partially tempered the judge's asperity.

"Confound the youngster," he muttered less angrily. "He absolutely defies me! I made him understand that nothing would ever induce me to countenance such a marriage, and yet here he has been all the evening dangling after—— Sylvia is a nice girl, of course; but she is her daughter. And to Lance's marriage with a child of Mary Lister I never will consent. What happened years ago has been neither forgotten nor forgiven. Hallo——"

He broke off suddenly on opening a door at the end of the corridor.

Instead of the big, bare racquet-court, where he anticipated a cigarette without danger of interruption, the judge found himself in a region of tropical gloom.

Dim shadows of towering palms shot upward from the dense masses of vaguely-defined foliage, and lost themselves in the gloom overhead. Here and there the dim light of a Japanese lantern glimmered faintly in the darkness, accentuating rather than dispelling the languorous gloom; whilst numerous darker shadows dotting either side of the long central isle suggested hidden nooks and cunningly constructed arbours.

"A London racquet-court transformed into a tropical forest, with special moonlight effects for lovers!" muttered the judge, smiling a little at Lady Gresham's rather bizarre ideas. "Small wonder her ladyship's affairs are the rage of London! Their accessories are certainly unique, and by no means uncomfortable," he added, seating himself in one of the arbours.

Behind him the palm closed over the entrance, almost hiding it, and for some moments the isolation and tranquility soothed the judge's previous perturbation.

But irritation returned as his son's love affair returned to him.

"Confound the youngster," he muttered. "Why couldn't he have fallen in love with some one else? Why should he fall in love at all?"

"Love!" scoffed the judge. "Love! What is it? A youthful disease that time can always heal. Lance will outgrow this folly, even as I did—the other thing."

The other thing of which he spoke belonged to other times and other manners, when the judge was a briefless junior, and the Bench a long way off indeed. Love and hope held the tiller of life in those days, and few rocks of disappointment disfigured the chart.

A quarrel, however, wrecked his dream-ship, and he and the girl with whom he was to have sailed for the wonderland drifted apart.

In the years that came after, both had married, both had children, and later on both were widowed.

The chronicle was commonplace enough, and, but for their children's love affair, the key-stone of the story would have lain for ever under the dust of the past.

"It was all dead and gone with long ago," thought the judge—"long long ago!"

Why should its dead body be dragged into the light now? At fifty, ghosts—especially those of an unsatisfied youth—are——

"Oh, Lance, do be careful! Those

"Of course not, Lance! When pieced out the story I—I just w and had a good cry."

"You—you darling!".

II.

A repetition of the sounds previ ly described ought to have shoc the judge's sense of decorum. the latter was impervious to so considerations now. He merely g ed straight in front, with a wond fully tender smile on his clear- handsome face.

"So she cared, after all," he m tered softly. "And—and keeps letters. Heaven bless her! And Why, bless my soul, I do believe actually——"

With an effort the judge contro a powerful inclination to sneeze.

"What an old idiot I am!" muttered. "At my age, to actu —— But to think she cared those years! Why, bless my soul must be quite—quite——"

"Lance, we must be careful. I sure I heard something move."

"All right, darling. I'll be a m ument of discretion. But what ab our perverse relatives? They're dently unfit to look after their happiness, so we must do it them. Sylvia."—solemnly — must do something."

"Of course—make them happy!"

"Easier said than done," rejoi Lance, ruefully.

"We'll have to think out a pla said Sylvia, confidently. "It ca done. But now we must really back. People will notice—— Lance, only one, remember—only There you deceitful boy, you h had three, when I said only——"

"I've no particular objection your retracting them if you wish —magnanimously.

"Stupid! Oh, Lance"—inco quently—"I've thought of a pl Suppose we could by some means duce them to discuss our engagem together, something would surely said, and then they would mak up, and live happy ever afterward

"Splendid! If only it could done; but——"

Their voices faded away in the tance, and only the soft splash the fountains broke the dreamy s ness.

Thoughts such as came to the ju are rare in the life of a ma lend themselves not at all to de tion.

He rose at length and drew h self upright, the weight of the appointed years rolling away f him like the memory of a dream.

Hope, the phoenix, sprang anew his heart, and as he pushed drooping palms aside, and stood the fountain, the mantle of a gone youth enveloped him once m Presently he heard a slight nois an adjoining arbour—a rustl silks; then a woman came out of shadow and stood beside him.

Some instinct in the judge recog ed her even in the gloom, and same instinct also told him she been crying.

"You—you heard what those young people said?" he stammere

"Yes" —gently—"I heard. head ached, so I came away h and they had begun to talk befo could——"

"It was most unfortunate," tinued the judge, lamentably.

"Most unfortunate."

"And there's nothing to be don suppose, but take their advice talk it over?"

"Nothing."

"And"—the judge's confidence denly returned, and he moved cl —"and I suppose it is quite about the letters, and—and o things?"

"Quite."

fountain splashed softly.

A few moments pause, whilst

"And the photograph, John— that true also?"

a good dairy herd. Send your milk to some good creamery, or make a prime article yourself, build up a good market and stick to the business through thick and thin.

CISTERNS FOR THE COWS.

Cows in order to do their best and give us the greatest amount of profit must have ready access to pure drinking water at least three times a day in summer. Farmers who have no wells or springs on their land should dig a few large cisterns around their buildings and see to it that the supply of water is constantly replenished by each rain. Cisterns will be one of the best investments they can make, for they are not only useful in summer, but in winter as well. During the cold days water freshly drawn will be drunk in pails full, whereas a few swallows would suffice if sucked through a hole in the ice.

WORK HORSES IN HOT WEATHER.

Mr. Henry P. Hills gives his management of work horses in hot weather:

The management of the horses in hot weather is of much importance to the farmers and owners of horses. I have had the care of horses for nearly fifty years and know there is much in the treatment of this valuable animal to get best results. There is much to be gained by proper feeding and watering of this useful servant. For hard work I think the best feed is a ration of oats and corn about half and half, with plenty of good hay. Horses thrive best, I think, when the oats are cut and mixed and dampened with water and a small quantity of bran added. But feeding shelled oats with some bran added is also a good plan, dampening the same. In mixing the ration a small allowance of salt should be added. In hot weather I water my horses at least six times a day, and find it pays. Before going to Rork and about eight o'clock, then before and after dinner, then again at four, and before feeding at night. The horse will look better, stand the work better, and have better health generally. For a horse to fill himself with a large quantity of water just before meals is not the right way to insure good digestion, or to avoid colic, etc.

I also find that a bucket of water after supper and before breakfast is often relished in hot weather or when feeding dry feed. During working hours the horse should have an occasional rest of a few minutes each hour when the work is very hard. At night a comfortable stall with dry bedding is essential. Very warm nights I prop the doors open and fasten with bars. A lattice door could also be used. I also find that an occasional nip of grass for a short time is beneficial and almost necessary as it is the natural food of the horse. During the hottest nights of summer when the weather is dry and the pastures short I often turn the horses out in a near-by lot or pasture for which they make known their gratitude with whinneys and nickering horse-fashion.

DO YOU KNOW.

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?

Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water by a blow on the back of the head will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?

Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects, that without the

TIOUS.

He walked into the chemist's shop with a hesitating step and glanced nervously at the rows of bottles, with a scared look in his pale blue eyes. After fidgeting about uncertainly for some time he at last caught the eye of the assistant and, beckoning mysteriously, led the way to a secluded corner of the shop, where the assistant was surprised by finding a trembling forefinger hooked tenaciously into one of his buttonholes and an eager face thrust suddenly almost against his.

What's the matter? asked the chemist.

I s'pose you can lay your hand on the morphine bottle, can't you? said the stranger in an anxious whisper.

Yes, sir. Certainly, replied the astonished salesman.

An' I reckon if you was pushed you could find the strychnine in a minute or two?

Of course.

Mebbe the arsenic hasn't got lost or mislaid clear beyond findin', if you just had to, has it?

Assuredly not.

An' the sugar of lead bottle couldn't get away from you if it tried?

No, indeed.

An' chasin' up the vitriol to its lair would be just play for you?

My dear sir, of course I am familiar with all the drugs here.

But s'posin some of the other fellers had been changin' them around just as a joke, you know?

What do you mean?

Suppose the bottles had got mixed up?

Impossible. Besides everything is plainly labelled.

An' there ain't no chance of your palmin' off prussic acid for peppermint?

Not the slightest.

Well, I've—half—a—notion — to—risk—it. Yes, you may give me five cents worth of peppermint, young man.

WILLIE'S IDEA OF IT.

When Willie came home the other night he was more convinced of the uselessness of schools than he ever was before. Asked the nature of his latest trouble, he explained that "postpone" had been one of the words in the spelling lesson of the day. The teacher had directed the pupils to write a sentence in which the special word should appear.

Along with others, Willie announced that he didn't know the meaning of the word, and so could not use it in a sentence. The teacher explained that it meant to "put off," and encouraged the youngsters to try. Willie's thoughts were on pleasanter things than school, and his made-to-order sentence was, "Boys postpone their clothes when they go in swimming."

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

My poor hungry man, if I were to give you a nickel, what would you do with it? inquired the lady with the angular smeller and the uncertain spectacles.

I'll tell yer, mum, replied the gentleman with the straggling whiskers and yearning bread pouch; I'll git a Turkish bath an' buy a ottymubble wid th' change. Where's th' ten, mum?

The North American alligator is not dangerous to man. The African and Indian alligators are, on the contrary, extremely so.

The oldest monkish order is the Basilians, having been established in A.D. 363. The next, the Benedictines, date from 529.

whom he was to have sailed for the wonderland drifted apart.

In the years that came after, both had married, both had children, and later on both were widowed.

The chronicle was commonplace enough, and, but for their children's love affair, the key-stone of the story would have lain for ever under the dust of the past.

"It was all dead and gone with long ago," thought the judge—"long long ago!"

Why should its dead body be dragged into the light now? At fifty, ghosts—especially those of an unsatisfied youth—are——

"Oh, Lance, do be careful! Those arbours! Someone——"

"I don't care, darling!"—recklessly. "I have been starving—positively starving—for a real moment with you all the evening!"

Various sounds—indescribable on paper, but eloquent enough to those concerned—followed, startling the judge out of his reverie.

As he recognized Lance's voice he started bolt upright in his chair. Anger was the first and paramount feeling—anger that Lance should openly deride his authority. To walk into a darkened conservatory, too, and vulgarly begin—vulgarly—— Why confound it, the thing was reprehensible, and not as young men and women were accustomed to behave in his young——

Then the sudden anger died away, and into his eyes came a softer light, as the memory of those days rose before him. After all young people will be——

"Darling!"

"Oh, Lance, what would the judge say if he saw us now?"

"What would Mrs. Lister say?" quoth Lance imperturbably.

"I can't understand why they should both object to our caring for each other," he went on. "There seems no reason whatever. The governor has never done an unjust thing before. But now, when I ask for a reasonable objection, he shuts his teeth and says, childishly, 'He objects because he does!'"

"How silly!"

"Confound their impertinence!" muttered the judge. "I——"

"Mother behaves in exactly the same way. She really likes my—my boy awfully, I know; but—— Oh, Lance! Only one! I am afraid of those palms! Someone—the judge, perhaps, or mother——"

"Oh, that's all right!"—reassuringly. "Listeners never hear good of themselves!"

Amongst the palms a listener wriggled impotently.

"Mother will never give her consent!"—dolefully.

"And the governor is adamant! There's a screw loose somewhere, little woman," continued Lance. Mrs. Lister and the governor are not exactly friends. They are frigidly polite when they meet; but——"

"Of course there's a reason, Lance! I've discovered it!"

"The deuce you have? Trust a woman——"

"Mother and the judge were in love with each other ever so many years ago. Lance, they were actually engaged!"

"By Jove! And——"

"They quarrelled, went away, married the wrong people, and lived unhappily ever afterwards."

"That explains——"

"What?"

"Why the governor keeps an old photograph of your mother locked away in his desk. One day, quite by accident, I saw it, and——"

"Mother keeps a bundle of letters, and when she reads them her eyes are always red afterwards. They are all signed 'John.' And, Lance, father's name was Robert."

"The governor's, of course. Darling, I don't feel a bit angry with them now, do you?"

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"It was most unfortunate," tinued the judge, lamentably.

"Most unfortunate."

"And there's nothing to be d suppose, but take their advice talk it over?"

"Nothing."

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"Quite."

fountain splashed softly.

A few moments pause, whilst

"And the photograph, John that true also?"

"Quite true. And——"

And when Sylvia and Lance their parents half an hour later were metaphorically petrified wonder. Nor was their astonis lessened when the judge calmly formed them "that he and Mrs ter, having talked matters ove decided to give them a chance ting tired of each other."

The climax arrived, however, the judge, after helping Sy mother into her carriage, delib ly bent down, and kissed her lips.

"Great Scott!" gasped Lance

But the judge said nothing stared after the carriage with derful smile on his face.—L Answers.

CABBY KNEW HIM.

A conjurer, after a perform was one evening returning to h tel in a cab, and being fond joke, he resolved to mystify When the cab stopped he alig and slipping his hand into his ket, drew out a handful of gold

Here, cabby, catch, said he, ing a sovereign to the man, still sat on the box.

Cabby caught—nothing, and coin could not be found he a his fare of "bilking" him.

Are you sure it is not in you ket? asked the conjurer. Sli his fingers therein he drew o sovereign.

Take it and be gone, he said, tossed it to the cabby, who failed to catch the elusive coin

The conjurer, thinking the had gone far enough, now held a fifty cent piece.

Here, cabby, said he, take th of silver; it will prove more stantial than the gold, I assur

Cabby, however, was almost fied with fear.

Stand back, he roared, I kno now, though your hoofs are ed with patent leathers. You buy me, Mr. Devil. And he rapidly away.

VERY USEFUL AMMUNITI

An army officer, now in Sou rica, tells an odd tale of the War in India. Lalla Moolraj w sieged by the British in Multa put up a stubborn defence. O some of his men came across a of canned provisions, left by t mer British occupants, and were then quite a novelty. supposed that the cans contain plosives of some kind, and o them to be fired at the besiege for one whole day the British was bombarded with showers pered herring, Yarmouth bl corned beef, and condensed mil

I don't care much for that Blithersley, said the proud mam Why? asked the proud mam listened to him for an hour while he told me about wh baby had said, or tried to sa just as I was to tell him abou he left me, saying he had to c train.

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THEIR FORTUNES TOLD.

FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO HAD THEIR FUTURE PREDICTED.

A Gipsy Told of Verdi's Coming Greatness—Abraham Lincoln's Fortune.

"Some day," said a wandering gipsy to the keeper of a wayside inn near Rancola, in the Duchy of Parma, "that child of yours will be among the great ones of the earth. Kings will vie with one another to do him honor, and when he dies nations will mourn."

The innkeeper guffawed loudly at the prophecy as he poured out a glass of wine for the "prophet" to drink the boy's health; but he lived long enough to see his son, Guiseppe Verdi, on the high road to the honors and fame which were showered on the great musician later, and which closed recently in a national funeral and the grief of continents.

Ten years later, a tall, gaunt, raw-boned youth, who had made a journey to New Orleans as a hired man on a flat-boat, was tempted by a fellow-workman to have his fortune told by an old woman who had a reputation for divining the future.

"You are low now," she said, after consulting the cards, "very low; but you will rise high. You will be the greatest man in all America, but I see bloodshed and—but, no! I must not tell you any more."

"Come along, Abe; that's good enough," the youth's companion said, as he dragged him away, laughing hugely at the prospect of Abe ever rising higher than a flat-boat.

But thirty years later, when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as President of the United States,

HE RECALLED THE PROPHECY,

but he could not see the end. That came later, on that tragic evening of April 14th, five years later, when the bullet of the mad actor, Booth, crashed into the President's brain.

But it is by no means always evil that these tellers of fortunes predict. It is said that more than twenty years ago, when the present beautiful Duchess of Marlborough was little more than an infant, a fortune-teller prophesied that one day she would wear a coronet and that she would become the ancestress of a line of kings. The first part of this good fortune has come true, and who can say that the latter part of it is impossible?

When Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke was a young girl, just giving promise of the grace and beauty of later years, a well-known Brighton fortune-teller told her that she would wear a Duchess's coronet, a prospect that seemed then almost impossibly remote.

And yet a casual meeting at a country railway station led to the wooing which made her Duchess of Portland.

Nearly seventy years ago a remarkable future was predicted for a young apprentice in a Troy grocery store by a stray customer. "I guess you'll smile," the strange man said, "but you remember my words. Before you die you'll have as much gold as this store would hold, more than any man has in the world today, and more than you'll know what to do with."

To the boy who was then earning a dollar a week, with small prospect of ever achieving anything more than having a store of his own, this prophecy was amusing. "When that comes," he laughingly said, "I calculate you'll never want to work again."

THE TIME DID COME

ing the gas, so that actually the gas could be dispensed free of charge and the proprietors would get rich. The gas is said to have an added element of safety, in that it gives forth

A RICH, PUNGENT ODOR,

easily detected when escaping, so that in case of pipe leakage householders can be warned of danger, just as they are now with common gas.

In demonstrating the use of the gas to some friends Mr. Stowger used two small steel tanks, weighing about fourteen pounds, 3 inches in diameter and 14 inches high, containing gas compressed 500 to 1. Mr. Strowger attached a tube to the neck of a tank and with a wrench turned on the gas, which, on being ignited, gave a brilliant light, not quite as white as acetylene, but superior to common gas. It burned with a steady glow, having at its base a beautiful bluish tint. Mr. Strowger explained that by using a burner suitable to the nature of the new gas, greater brilliancy will be obtained. This was the first exhibition of Mr. Strowger's gas under liquefaction, with very primitive appliances, but he assured those who saw it that when administered through a simple apparatus that he is now perfecting the light will be very clear and beautiful.

Mr. Strowger says that his invention will supersede the present modes of lighting in railway cars, steamboats and private residences and must eventually be adopted by the great gas corporations. It is equally adapted for use in horseless carriages instead of gasolene. The smaller lamps for wheelmen and artistic illuminations can be filled by his gas, he says, and supplies of it can be carried along by travellers campers, explorers and tourists without danger.

Mr. Strowger's new electric storage battery, which has been tested after lying dormant for seventy-two days is being further tested. It has now lain dormant for over three months, and retains all the electrical power with which it is stored.

———o———

A BUSY SPOT.

The Greatest Telegraph Office in the World.

The Central Telegraph Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand is the busiest spot in London. Day and night, Sunday and weekday throughout the year, the place is the scene of great activity, for the building is never closed.

At this one telegraph office between 125,000 and 150,000 telegrams are handled daily. The record number of messages received and despatched in one day is 195,411, which was the number reached on the day before the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. There are no fewer than 1,226 telegraph instruments and a staff of nearly 4,600 persons is employed. There are 2,470 men telegraphists, about 1,200 lady telegraphists, 880 messengers, and fifty special servants.

It is wonderful what the little clicking machines are capable of accomplishing and the variety to be found in this immense building. There are hundreds of duplex machines, which signal two messages at the same time over one wire in opposite directions. More wonderful still is the multiplex machine, by which a clerk can despatch six messages at the same time in different directions. For very rapid working the Wheatstone apparatus is called into play, whereby a speed of 350 words a minute can be obtained; indeed, the instrument has a record of 600 words a minute.

SOME WONDERFUL FEATS

REMARKABLE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDICAL MAN.

How He Took a Frog From a Man.—One Lady Says He Is a Clever Doctor.

Yes, I have had some strange patients in my time, as, indeed, every doctor of any experience must have had, said a medical man; and I have performed some wonderful feats of curing by methods, which would not be recorded in the "Lancet."

Of course, among a doctor's clients are many whose ailments exist only in their imagination, and not a few of them are positive cranks.

Only a month ago a man called to see me in a state of great distress. He assured me that he had got a "frog in his inside." He had swallowed it in a condition of infancy in a glass of impure water some months earlier, and it had grown to an enormous size. He was sure that it would be the death of him if he could not get rid of it.

In vain I pointed out that the frog existed only in his own fancy; he grew furious at the suggestion; and said that I was as incompetent and unsympathetic as all the other doctors he had consulted.

At last, to get rid of the man, I said, "Very well, you may be right after all. At any rate, come here again at this time to-morrow and we will see what can be done."

He came at the appointed time, and I told him that an operation would be necessary, to which he gladly consented. I made him lie down on a couch, administered chloroform, and when he recovered consciousness was able to show him a very large and frisky frog as the result of the operation. His delight was unbounded, and he went away blessing me for

SAVING HIS LIFE.

Of course, he had no suspicion that the frog had been specially imported for his benefit.

Another of my patients has to thank me for his preserved eyesight—at least so he is kind enough to say. He informed me that a tin-tack which he had been hammering had sprung up and lodged in his right eye, causing him infinite pain—and certainly the man's eye, from constant rubbing, was in a state of great inflammation.

I examined the eye carefully, but could find no trace of any foreign substance in it; and, as for there being a tin-tack "buried in it," the idea was preposterous. However, as I saw the man was convinced the tack was there and was making himself ill with anxiety about it, I suggested a small operation. A few minutes' preparation was all that was necessary. Fortunately one of my boys had a magnet, which I discovered, and attaching this to a battery I held it in proximity to the man's eye.

Within a few seconds my efforts were rewarded, for I was able to show my patient a very vicious-looking tin-tack (which I had taken from the drawing-room carpet), and had the satisfaction of sending him away happy, to advertise my "skill" among his friends.

One good lady, who is a small and constant annuity to me, vows that I am the "cleverest doctor in town" and has sent me

CROWDS OF PATIENTS.

She is one of those people who are always imagining they have some new ailment; indeed, I think by this time she must have almost exhausted all the "ills that flesh is heir to," and will have to begin again.

ached, so I came away here, ney had begun to talk before I —"

was most unfortunate," con- the judge, lamentably. st unfortunate."
d there's nothing to be done I se, but take their advice and t over?"
thing."
d"—the judge's confidence sud- returned, and he moved closer I I suppose it is quite true the letters, and—and other ?"
ite."
din splashed softly.
w moments pause, whilst the d the photograph, John—was rue also?"
ite true. And——"
when Sylvia and Lance met parents half an hour later they metaphorically petrified with r. Nor was their astonishment ed when the judge calmly in- d them "that he and Mrs. Lis- aving talked matters over, had d to give them a chance of get- ired of each other."
climax arrived, however, when idge, after helping Sylvia's r into her carriage, deliberate- it down, and kissed her on the

eat Scott!" gasped Lance.
the judge said nothing—only after the carriage with a won- smile on his face.—London rs.

CABBY KNEW HIM.

onjurer, after a performance, ne evening returning to his ho- a cab, and being fond of a he resolved to mystify cabby. n the cab stopped he alighted, lipping his hand into his poc- rew out a handful of gold.
, cabby, catch, said he, toss- sovereign to the man, who at on the box.
by caught—nothing, and as the could not be found he accused re of "bilking" him.
you sure it is not in your poc- asked the conjurer. Slipping igers therein he drew out a ign.
e it and be gone, he said, as he it to the cabby, who again to catch the elusive coin.
conjurer, thinking the game one far enough, now held out cent piece.
, cabby, said he, take this bit ver ; it will prove more sub- al than the gold, I assure you. by, however, was almost petri- ith fear.
nd back, he roared, I know you though your hoofs are cover- th patent leathers. You don't ne, Mr. Devil. And he drove y away.

RY USEFUL AMMUNITION.

army officer, now in South Af- tells an odd tale of the Sikh n India. Lalla Moolraj was be- l by the British in Multan and p a stubborn defence. One day of his men came across a stock ned provisions, left by the for- British occupants, and which then quite a novelty. Lalla sed that the cans contained ex- res of some kind, and ordered to be fired at the besiegers. So ne whole day the British army ombarded with showers of kip- herring, Yarmouth bloaters, d beef, and condensed milk.

on't care much for that man ersley, said the proud papa. ? asked the proud mamma. I ed to him for an hour to-day he told me about what his had said, or tried to say, and as I was to tell him about ours lt me, saying he had to catch a young apprentice in a Troy grocery store by a stray customer. "I guess you'll smile," the strange man said, "but you remember my words. Before you die you'll have as much gold as this store would hold, more than any man has in the world to-day, and more than you'll know what to do with."

To the boy who was then earning a dollar a week, with small prospect of ever achieving anything more than having a store of his own, this prophecy was amusing. "When that comes," he laughingly said, "I calculate you'll never want to work again."

THE TIME DID COME :

to-day Russell Sage is credited with a fortune of $100,000,000, growing every year ; and the "prophet" lived long enough to claim the promised share of it, which took the substantial form of an annuity of $1,000 a year.

To predict that a Yorkshire stable-boy would rise to the rank of a Court official and Minister would ordinarily be a very rash prophecy ; but it came true in the case of the stable-boy who, after being in turn jockey and valet to the Duke of Lucca, rose ultimately to the high offices of Minister of the Household and Minister of Finaace in the Duchy of Parma, and was known to the world as Baron Ward.

Among other remarkable predictions for which there is good authority are that which foretold that the Czarina of Russia would have seven daughters before bearing an heir to the Throne; and that of Dr. Charles Perrin, a palmist, who told President Faure that he would die within two years of the date of the prophecy. He actually died within eighteen months.

The Queen of Italy is said to pay frequent visits to fortune-tellers, always, however, incognita, and to have received some remarkable warnings from them. It is common knowledge that she was distinctly warned of the tragic fate that would overtake her husband, whose assassination is such a recent and painful memory; but in spite of every precaution that her love for him could devise she was unable to avert his destiny.

Notwithstanding these prophecies coming true in the above cases, there is no doubt nine-tenths of them are mere guesses and prophecies which are never fulfilled.

STROWGER'S NEW LIQUID GAS.

Can Be Compressed and Placed in a Bottle or Wheelman's Lamp.

Important scientific advances have been made by Walter Scott Strowger, of Rochester, N.Y., the inventor, in studying the nature of his new liquid gas. He has succeeded in liquefying it at pleasure and in producing it by cold chemical process. He can also compress it so that a quantity can be placed in a bottle, and by placing a pipe with a gas burner on top, the tap may be turned and a brilliant light will result, just as though the regualr gas of commerce were being used.

The history of the discovery is somewhat interesting. When Mr. Strowger first talked with Prof. S. H. Lattimore, the professor was dumbfounded and declared that it was contrary to chemical action. Mr. Strowger took the professor into his confidence and they together accomplished what the professor said could not be done, viz : compressed the gas until it liquefied without risk of accident. An important feature of the gas is that in its production there remains a residue of great value, the sale of which will cover all expenses of mak-

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When anything important occurs the Central Telegraph Office is exceedingly busy sending reports across its numerous wires. Often as many as 500,000 words are despatched in the early hours of the morning of a famous Parliamentary speech. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, in 1886, over 1,000,000 words were despatched over the wires from the head office. This is regarded at the Central Telegraph Office as a "night's" record.

Messages can be sent from this office to all parts of the world. In addition to the telegraph wires there are numerous telephones, one of the most interesting being that from London to Paris. As many as 300 persons have used it in a single day, and a charge of 8s. is made for every talk of three minutes' duration or less.

HEALING THE SMART.

An Incident of the Tact of the King of England.

Everyone who has known the King of England concludes that he is a man of tact, and in the best sense a good fellow. Sometimes his exalted position forces him to take an authoritative course which his kindliness of heart may cause him to deplore.

One night some distinguished men were at his house, and one of them, after dinner, took his place at the piano, and began to sing a vulgar song. Every eye, save that of the singer, was turned on the Prince of Wales. He made no effort to disguise his disapproval, and moved his chair slightly. A terrible silence fell upon the room, but the singer took it for attention and kept on.

The prince coughed and fidgeted, and then, as the offender continued to be oblivious, began talking. He talked more and more loudly, and the singer stopped, looked round, and grew crimson. He had been snubbed. There was no mistake about it.

There the matter might have ended, so far as the prince was concerned, but there it did not end. The guests of the evening went away and told their comrade's disgrace. The papers caught it up and made the most of it. The singer was, so far as England was concerned, socially and professionally undone.

The sequel came to the ears of the prince, and he was sorry. The man had deserved punishment, but he had not deserved ruin. So at the next entertainment where he sang the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. They sat in the front of their box, and warmly applauded a man who had been punished enough without the interference of their fellows. Then they sent for him and his wife, chatted cordially with them and did not forget to have the circumstance duly chronicled in the papers.

Nurse—I lost track of the child mum, and——" Good gracious ! Why didn't you speak to a policeman ? Nurse—I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum.

show my patient a very vicious-looking tin-tack (which I had taken from the drawing-room carpet), and had the satisfaction of sending him away happy, to advertise my "skill" among his friends.

One good lady, who is a small and constant annuity to me, vows that I am the "cleverest doctor in town" and has sent me

CROWDS OF PATIENTS.

She is one of those people who are always imagining they have some new ailment ; indeed, I think by this time she must have almost exhausted all the "ills that flesh is heir to," and will have to begin again.

Of course there is nothing whatever the matter with her, except indolence, which is the mother of all kinds of disorders, real and fanciful. Fortunately for every ailment I am able to provide a specific, which never fails to cure her within a few weeks. The curious thing is that with a slight variation in colouring and flavor, the medicines are always the same, and contain nothing more potent than a little sugar, with a tablespoonful of wine or spirit.

Some people would say that it is wrong to deceive a patient in this way ; but I cannot se? it. Such women are never happy unless they are "under the doctor's hands," and if one man won't doctor them another will. My medicines certainly do them good, if only in imagination and in this particular case do not cost my patient a tenth part of the money she spends on her pet dogs.

You did not know that it is possible to turn a man's head completely round without killing the patient, did you ? Well, it is ; for I have done it, and ought to know.

About a year ago a man called to ask me if I could do anything for him. He told me that by some means, which he could not explain, his head had got twisted completely round, so that the back of it was in front and

HIS FACE BEHIND.

This was a serious state of things, though I admit the man's appearance seemed to be quite normal. However, I was equal even to this emergency, and invited the man to call again at an appointed time, prepared to undergo an operation.

By an arrangement of mirrors the man was only able to see the back of his head, a fact, which of course, confirmed him in his hallucination. The lights were then turned out, and in the darkness I gave my patient a series of electric shocks from a powerful battery, during which my assistant gave his head a series of violent twists and wrenches, until the poor man begged us to desist.

With a final shock and twist the lights were relit, and to my patient's delight he saw his face in the very mirror where only a few minutes earlier he had seen only the back of his head. The cure was complete, and the patient is firmly convinced that during that awful period of twists and shocks (and juggling with mirrors) his head was actually twisted into its proper position again.

LOOKED LIKE HGR.

Sir, said the gentleman, angrily, as he burst into the photograph gallery, you have insulted my wife and I demand satisfaction !

Believe me, sir, said the photographer, soothingly, I am innocent of any intended offence ; what have I done ?

You will have to fight, sir, went on the man ; you took a picture for my wife and it looks like her.

A BAD OUTLOOK.

Harriet, if we don't have rain soon the corn crop will be ruined.

Oh, Harry, how dreadful ; you know we hate canned corn.

The Old Lady of China.

One of the persons most in the public eye at the present time is the Empress Dowager of China. This remarkable woman is now seventy years of age, and though many statements about her ancestry and early life are false, yet she has had a most remarkable life. She was not a slave girl as stated, or what in general is supposed to be a slave. She is the daughter of an official and being very beautiful was taken into the harem of the Emperor Hsien Feng, and became his favourite concubine. This amounts to slavery of the most real sort, even if the person is surrounded by all the environments of a palace. The wife of the Emperor had no children and when he died the present Empress Dowager proclaimed her own son, Tung Chih, Emperor. She reigned throughout his minority and when he died without issue the Empress Dowager went to the house of the brother of the late Emperor Hsien Feng and took therefrom the little son of that house who was thus the nephew of her master and husband and the cousin of her own son who had just died in the palace. This child Kwang Hsu was the next day proclaimed Emperor of China. This is the present Emperor. The Empress Dowager ruled during his minority and when several years ago he began to act for himself she suddenly seized the palace arrested five young men of the reform party who were supposed to be advising the Emperor to adopt modern and foreign methods. These five young men were at once beheaded while others fled to the United States and Canada and to Europe to escape a like fate. The Emperor was deposed and rumors were rife that he had been poisoned or otherwise done away with. The Empress Dowager was too discreet for this, however, and kept the Kwang Hsu a virtual prisoner, while the son of Prince Tuan was selected as the successor to the throne. This very simple narrative gives no idea of what it was necessary for this daring and unscrupulous woman to do in order to attain her ends. She had to deal with no mean people, and that she was able to bend the great nobles to her will shows her power of mind. Though the Emperor Kwang Hsu is apparently a man above the average she kept him in complete subjection until the time of his revolt and deposition from the throne. Her chief strength has been in the ignorance of the Chinese people and their fear and hatred of foreigners. She has been the representative of the ancient as against everything modern.

Regarding the personality of the Empress Dowager it seems hardly likely that there is any truth in the story that her mother was a European. Though seventy years of age, she is still a good artist, and is said by those familiar with the Chinese language to be a fine poet. Some thirteen years ago she solemnly presented a long poem of her own composition to the Han Lin college. Translations of those articles dealing with Chinese affairs

To get there the Empress Dowager had to climb steep mountain ranges, pass along by the openings of giant caves, many of them converted into temples and to pass through those magnificent valleys which give China its name of the Flowery Kingdom. Arrived at Siganfu the Empress saw there some of the most remarkable engineering feats of ancient times. When the founder of the Han Dynasty overthrew the son of the builder of the Great Wall he determined to remove his capital from the eastern plain in Honan to the city of "Perpetual Peace," in these secluded mountains. He changed the name of the city to "Western Peace," and after having destroyed the palaces of the conquered, he built a palace in this mountain city. The building of the palace, however, was a small matter. He found that roads would be necessary in order that taxes and tribute as well as visitors and officials might be able to reach his capital, and so he began constructing roads and bridges through and over these mountain passes and gorges, which proved to be an undertaking second only to that of building the Great Wall, accomplished only a few years before.

For years he employed not less than 100 000 workmen who dug away the mountains to fill up the valleys, and where it was impossible to fill them up, built bridges which were supported on great stone pillars, or suspended in air. Some of these suspension or "flying bridges," as they are called, by the Chinese are not less thaan 450 feet in length, 500 feet above the valley and wide enough for four horses to cross abreast, and are still standing after a period of more than 2000 years. These are some of their engineering feats—feats which were performed 2000 years before suspension bridges were known in Europe, and it was these roads and these bridges which made Siganfu easy of access through the wildest and most wonderful scenery known to China. Along these roads the conquerors built post houses and resting places, inns and caravansaries, which made traveling not only a dream of romance, but a matter of comparative comfort as well, and for 200 years he and his successors governed the empire from this city, giving a new name not only to the country, but to the people as well, the proudest literary name they bear to-day—the country and the people of the Hans.

Siganfu is a city of more than 1,000,000 inhabitants—the principal trade center between the East and the West. In it rises a great temple to Lao Tzu, the founder of the Taoist sect—one of the most famous temples in the empire. The city is the capital not only of the Han, but also of the Taing, the dynasty which embodied the greatest poetically literary period of the empire. But there are other memories of a more stable and permanent nature. Here was established the great Han Lin College, an institution which is commonly compared with the French Academy, the oldest really living institution of learning in the world to-day, unless we except the College for the Sons of the Empire in Pekin, which was prob-

LIQUID FUEL IN STEAMERS.

A Vessel Travels to London From Borneo, Using Only Oil to Fire Its Furnaces.

In October the steamship Cowrie steamed all the way from Koetei in Borneo to London, a distance of 9,235 miles, using nothing but liquid fuel. When the steamer reached London the boilers for supplying steam for the unloading machinery were fired by the same material. The oil was not burned by a thin layer of incandescent coal, as is the case in some systems, but was reduced to a spray by means of a steam jet at the furnace door where it was delivered from tanks above the boilers.

The Cowrie was formerly fired with coal and her owners say that her conversion to liquid fuel has been attended with advantageous results. Only six stokers are now required, though sixteen were necessary when coal was used. A great deal of bunker space is also saved. The consumption of oil at sea is only twenty-two tons a day while the daily consumption of coal used to be thirty-five tons, and a ton of oil occupies only thirty-four cubic feet against forty-five feet required for coal. The oil is also taken on board much more quickly than coal, and recently 300 tons were pumped into a German steamer in an hour.

The oil yielded by the Borneo oil fields is said to make an excellent fuel just as it comes from the ground, and it is beginning to be much used for this purpose by the Hamburg-American and other steamers that are engaged in the Eastern trade.

FADING AWAY.

THE CONDITION OF YOUNG GIRLS WHO ARE ANAEMIC.

This Record is of Especial Value to Parents —It is a Message from a Mother to Mothers of Growing Girls.

Among the young girls throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Hattie Althouse, of Campden, Ont. When a representative called at the Althouse homestead to make enquiries as to the particulars of the cure, he was cordially received by Mrs. Althouse, who readily consented to give a statement for publication. "Up to the age of fourteen years," said Mrs. Althouse, "my daughter Hattie had always enjoyed the best of health. Then she began to complain of weakness, and grew pale and languid. We tried several medicines, but instead of helping her, she was steadily growing worse, and we became alarmed and called in a doctor. He told us that her blood was in a very watery condition, and that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. She was under his care for several months, but still kept growing worse. She had become very pale, had no appetite, frequent headaches, and after even slight exertion her heart would palpitate violently. As time passed, she seemed to grow worse and worse, until at last, she could scarcely move about,

All Japan teas are colored.

SALAD

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncol

On the Farm.

TO PACK GRAPES.

Pick when dry. Cut the sten a sharp hooked knife; pick off fective grapes, then pack in light and strong, a foot by a f a half in size, five inches deep a box will hold about 20 po properly packed. "Set the bo table of convenient height, hav back end of the box elevated or four inches by placing so under it," says a vineyardist commence at the end next and lay the bunches in ca pressing them together gentl not hard enough to break t ries.

"When the bottom of the covered one layer deep, comm the front again, put in a seco er, placing the larger bunches low places and the smaller b on the high places, thus them as level as possible; pro this manner until the box is f ing careful to have the box s as possible when done. bunches to fill up cavities is good practice, as large bunch best.

"The boxes thus filled should lowed to stand until the stems grapes are wilted and become which will take from six to t four hours; then take a boar cover the box, placing one ha der the box and the other c cover; then set the box on end ing the cover securely in its with one hand, then shake or the grapes until they settle co ly together, which is easily plished after the stems are this will cause a cavity at t per end of the box, which sho carefully filled with grape have had stems wilted, in ord they may pack closely.

"Great care should be ta avoid rubbing the bloom o grapes, as it injures their appe and it is thought they will n so well. Care should also be to hide the stems of the fas and have the stems look even on the top. Grapes should not lowed to stand in the sunshin they are gathered."

For grape keeping, pick th carefully, when ripe and dr shallow baskets or boxes, a them in a well ventilated l chamber for two or three week some of the moisture evaporat lift the bunches by the stems a off any defective berries, and shallow boxes or drawers, on layers in each, with a layer of

been the representative of the ancient as against everything modern.

Regarding the personality of the Empress Dowager it seems hardly likely that there is any truth in the story that her mother was a European. Though seventy years of age, she is still a good artist, and is said by those familiar with the Chinese language to be a fine poet. Some thirteen years ago she solemnly presented a long poem of her own composition to the Han Lin college. Translations of those articles dealing with Chinese affairs appearing in leading European newspapers are carefully read by her, so she is quite aware of the jealousy and suspicion which animate the powers the moment the Chinese problem comes under discussion.

Very few of the millions whom she rules with an iron hand have ever seen the Empress Dowager. As regards all outward forms and ceremonies, she is intensely conservative, and it is said that she discusses high affairs of state through a door and through a curtain.

The Empress Dowager enjoys wonderful health, and nowhere is her remarkable intellect more shown than in the matter of doctors and hygiene. She early grasped the fact that European women owed their strength of body and mind to their habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Then, again, she is a great believer in the efficacy of cold water, and she has a horror of doctors and of sorcerers—indeed, she sends for one only when she requires the loan of a peculiarly deadly and potent drug.

It is believed that the Empress' own life has been attempted no fewer than eighty times, but, thanks to her wonderfully well-organized detective system, and also to the affection she inspires in her own faithful band of eunuchs, she has never been seriously injured. Very characteristic is her intense interest in all that concerns Queen Victoria. Pictures cut from London papers and representing the more notable events of the great sovereign's life have been framed and hung up in her inner chambers.

The Empress Dowager, as her name, and, indeed, early career prove, was once a very noted beauty. She has remained much interested in the art of beauty, and dresses with extraordinary magnificence. On the other hand she remains faithful to the Chinese custom of wearing no precious stones, only very finely wrought golden ornaments and splendidly carved jade. Nothing makes her more contemptuously angry than to see a Chinese woman in European dress or aping any of the ways of a "lady foreign devil."

HER TRAVELS

When the Empress fled from Siganfu the ancient capital, she was not making her first rapid escape. When the Emperor Hsien Feng was alive she fled with him and the Empress to Jehaul, north east of Pekin. This was when the Brititsh and French armies visited the capital.

The ancient capital Siganfu is 600 miles to the south-west of Pekin and surrounded by mountain ranges. Since the time of Solomon it has been either the first or second city of the Empire. It is the capital not only of the Han, but also of the Taing, the dynasty which embodied the greatest poetically literary period of the empire. But there are other memories of a more stable and permanent nature. Here was established the great Han Lin College, an institution which is commonly compared with the French Academy, the oldest really living institution of learning in the world to-day, unless we except the College for the Sons of the Empire in Pekin, which was probably established first in the same city.

For the eyes of the Empress there is here a sight calculated to excite her wrath. In this city, during the great literary period, there was erected in the year 781 A.D., a monument which preserves an inscription in praise of Christianity and the God of Heaven—the great Nestorian monument, from which she will learn that the Emperor himself at that early date established and patronized the church, which she at the close of the nineteenth century is trying to blot out of existence.

WINTER WRINKLES.

Well, Jim couldn't pass the civil service business on geography an' 'rithmetic. Too bad! What's he goin' to do now? Dunno; but I reckon he'll go back to teachin' school!

Briggs—Wonder how Stover is doing nowadays? Griggs—Oh, he must be doing finely; must be making no end of money. You know he has always been troubled more or less with rheumatism. Well, he now calls it gout.

She—Yes, it's all well enough to say now you think I'm pretty. Yesterday you said my nose turned up dreadfully. He—Well, dear, I was thinking it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.

No. I don't know what the European concert will play, observed Li Hung Chang. Then, with a knowing smile, he continued: But I should not be surprised if we furnished the Tuan.

Bacon—When you are in the city drop in and see me. Egbert—Why, I thought your office was on the eighteenth floor? So it is. And you want me to drop in; do you suppose I'll be in a balloon?

The expert counterfeiter laid the various samples of his work on the table before him and examined them with a critical eye. Then, choosing up a well-executed imitation of a $50 bill, he thought he would make his payment in cash.

Dusty Roads—I say, Weary, how did you feel when that dog came at you? Weary Waggles—I felt flattered that even he was glad to see me; but I endeavored to hide my feelings as much as I could.

These are my jewels, said the mother of the Gracchi, pointing to her children. With a soulless laugh Tertius Ballonius, the pawnbroker, refused to lend any money on them saying they would eat up the interest.

Prepared for Relatives — Husband at dinner—My! my! This is a regular banquet—worthy of a Delmonico. Finest spread I've seen in the age. What's up? Do you expect company? Wife—No, but I presume the cat does.

her, she was steadily growing worse, and we became alarmed and called in a doctor. He told us that her blood was in a very watery condition, and that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. She was under his care for several months, but still kept growing worse. She had become very pale, had no appetite, frequent headaches, and after even slight exertion her heart would palpitate violently. As time passed, she seemed to grow worse and worse, until at last she could scarcely move about, and would lie upon a sofa most of the day. At this juncture she had occasional fainting fits, and any fright, as from a sudden noise, would bring on slight attacks of hysteria. Both my husband and myself feared that she would not live more than a few months. It was while Hattie was in this condition that I read an account of a girl cured of a similar ailment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then I decided that Hattie should give them a trial, and procured three boxes; when she had used them there was an undoubted improvement in her condition, and we felt hopeful that she would regain her health. She continued using the pills, and from that on daily made progress toward complete recovery. Her appetite returned; color began to come back to her face, headaches disappeared, and in the course of a few months she was as well as ever she had been in her life. It is now more than two years since she discontinued the use of the pills, and in all that time has enjoyed the best of health, with absolutely no return of the trouble. I can scarcely say how grateful we feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and I would strongly urge mothers whose daughters may be ailing to give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and not experiment with other medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and thus reach the root of the disease. In the case of girls merging into womanhood they are almost indispensible, and their use is a guarantee of future health and strength. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this medicine and should be avoided. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LAUDABLE OBJECT.

He—Philosophy, my dear madam, is something it takes all one's life to acquire.

She—What, then, is the use in acquiring it?

The supreme satisfaction of knowing that one's whole life has been a mistake.

BLAME IT ON THE MOON.

The moon exercises a marked influence on commerce, astronomers say.

Oh, yes; whenever a man walks with a girl on moonlight nights he buys her a lot of caramels and other stuff.

and have the stems look even on the top. Grapes should not lowed to stand in the sunshi they are gathered."

For grape-keeping, pick t carefully, when ripe and d shallow baskets or boxes, them in a well ventilated chamber for two or three wee some of the moisture evapora lift the bunches by the stems off any defective berries, and shallow boxes or drawers, c layers in each, with a layer o batting between and on the t sawdust will answer as well ton, but it is more difficult to entirely from the fruit. Th in a cool chamber until da freezing, and afterward in cellar.

COUGHING SWINE.

Swine are very prone to co Very many of the ailments which do not directly affec lungs and throats, take expre coughing. It would seem th cough, which is another form grunt, is the pig's natural show that he is sick, or to rel suffering. That the cough most cases is a mere voluntar of the hog may be seen when i membered that he coughs on of worms and quinsy, of dan and dusty beds, of fever and food, of diarrhea and constipa heat and cold, of drafts and ventilation, and of nearly other thing that annoys or ses him. His cough is his si his owner that something is and an examination is needed.

When coughing becomes com a herd, look first to the co and surroundings of the swin they are found to be filthy, them. Watch their feed, to s no soured, musty, decayed eaten. If the beds be damp, dry ones. If they be subjec drafts, improve the ventila that cause of trouble is remov they seem to have fever, turn out, if possible, on dry pasture

If all these improvements roundings do not check the co in the herd, examine them ternal troubles. If they are fo be constipated, or infested worms, or suffering from co remedy is simple. As the con are improved and health is re the coughing will decrease. coughing herd is always a h which there are radical er feeding, housing or general m ment.

FARM NOTES.

Every work horse should h own collar, and not change about, as some farmers allow. would not care to wear an ill pair of boots every few days. fitting collar is often the prim of horses being balky. There question but that a properly a collar and harness enable a h perform a certain amount of with greater ease than a p justment.

It is probable that in the more root crops, such as beet

apan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncolored.

On the Farm.

TO PACK GRAPES.

k when dry. Cut the stems with rp hooked knife; pick off all de- e grapes, then pack in boxes, and strong, a foot by a foot and in size ,five inches deep. Such will hold about 20 pounds if rly packed. "Set the box on a of convenient height, having the end of the box elevated three ur inches by placing something it," says a vineyardist; "then ience at the end next to you lay the bunches in carefully, ing them together gently, but ard enough to break the ber-

hen the bottom of the box is ed one layer deep, commence at ront again, put in a second, lay- acing the larger bunches in the places and the smaller bunches ne high places, thus keeping as level as possible; proceed in nanner until the box is full, be- areful to have the box as level ossible when done. Cutting ies to fill up cavities is not a practice, as large bunches sell

e boxes thus filled should be al- to stand until the stems of the s are wilted and become pliable will take from six to twenty- hours; then take a board and the box, placing one hand un- the box and the other on the ; then set the box on end, hold- he cover securely in its place one hand, then shake or jostle rapes until they settle compact- gether, which is easily accom- d after the stems are wilted; will cause a cavity at the up- nd of the box, which should be ully filled with grapes that had stems wilted, in order that may pack closely.

eat care should be taken to rubbing the bloom off the s, as it injures their appearance, t is thought they will not keep ell. Care should also be taken de the stems of the last layer ave the stems look even or level e top. Grapes should not be al- to stand in the sunshine after are gathered."

grape keeping, pick the fruit ully, when ripe and dry, into w baskets or boxes, and put in a well ventilated loft or ber for two or three weeks to let of the moisture evaporate, then ne bunches by the stems and pick ıy defective berries, and pack in w boxes or drawers, only two s in each, with a layer of cotton ıg between and on the top. Dry nips and carrots, will be grown for stock. The difficulty has been in the labor of slicing the roots, which is necessary when feeding them to cattle, but within the past few years root-cutters have been introduced, which cut all kinds of roots into thin slices, bran and corn meal being sprinkled on the food so prepared, which makes a meal that is not only highly relished, but one that is cheap and promotive of the thrift of the animals.

It is noticed that pigs fatten very quickly on sweet potatoes, due to the large amount of sugar in the food, and sweet-potato growers utilize the small potatoes for that purpose. The beet also contains a large proportion of sugar, and should be grown for swine, as they are relished at all seasons, both cooked and raw.

Foods vary so greatly as to render it difficult for a farmer to select with a knowledge of the kinds which should be used. Only certain proportions of all foods are digestible, but the indigestible portions are valuable in the manure heap. Bran at $12 per ton is worth the price, even if applied to the crops direct, but when used as food it assists to balance the ration by supplying mineral matter, thus promoting growth of the animal, while adding greatly to the value of the manure.

Corncobs make the best fire lighters and the ashes are rich in potash. Instead of pouring kerosene on a wood fire, which is a dangerous operation dip two or three corncobs in kerosene and place them aside for use. Apply a lighted match and the cob will give off heat for quite a while, making the matter of starting a fire an easy one. In fact, however, no one should use kerosene for making a fire at all, but the use of corncobs is the safest method.

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

When you have a lot of pumpkin seeds which no other live stock will eat give them to your sheep. A flock of sheep will eat all the seed from all the pumpkins you will split and place before them. They are fond of the seeds, and they thrive on the diet.

Sheep that graze in woods do some damage, mainly to the young shoots of the trees. They nibble off nearly all the young leaves as they come above the ground. Furthermore, they trample and compact the soil considerably, thus lessening its absorbing capacity. This is a serious consideration in the forest, where the soil is never loosened by cultivation.

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney

Policies May Change, Opinions May Change, but one thing that never changes, that is the quality of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, it always remains the best.

In Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

If you have any correspond with us. We want 100 CARLOADS to supply our trade.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

INTERVALS IN AN EXCITING LIFE.

Ma, when I get big I'm goin' way off to be a pirate.

Are you, Bobby?

Yes, but don't you be scared; I'll come home at night to sleep.

ONE EXPLANATION.

I wonder why election places are called polls, said the Observant Boarder.

Sometimes there is a good deal of scratching there, explained the Cross-Eyed Boarder.

POSSIBLE.

Here, said the Observant Boarder, who had a newspaper in his hand, is a writer who asserts that odors can cause deafness.

Well, added the Cross-Eyed Boarder, musk is pretty loud.

GENUINE PATRIOTISM.

Ladies of Canada;

While statesmen and politicians argue the Zollverein and differential trade within the Empire, which they will do while jaw displaces common sense, settle this matter for yourselves.

Your brother colonists of Ceylon and India are growers of pure teas, Black and Green. Canadian and United States importers supply you with 11,000,000 pounds annually of Japan teas, yet they know Japans are artificially colored and adulterated. Let the knowledge of these facts and the sentiment of patriotic sisterhood move you to help the British planter.

British-grown Black Teas hold the Canadian market. Drinkers of Japan tea should try the Greens now coming on the market, and your dainty palates will approve them. Yes, we hear your grocer's excuses; but insist. Ladies can always get what they want. Remember how you ran your husband to—well, do they still think it Paradise? They certainly will if you give them Ceylon and India green tea. Blue Ribbon and Salada packets are now obtainable.

Colonist

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures.—Bovee.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.—Schiller.

No toil, no hardship, can restrain ambitious men injured to pain.—Horace.

Perseverance is falling nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth.—J. Anderson.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage.—Sydney Smith.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good-nature for its foundation.—Bulwer.



RHEUMATISM CURED

—BY—

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

PAY WHEN CURED.

I make this proposition to you fairly, and carry it out fairly—you don't have to pay a cent till you are cured. I could not do this if my Belt was not superior to all other electrical body appliances. It never costs a cent for repairs; I warrant that, and it gives a current which you can feel, and regulate, and which will not burn.

I Take the Chances.

You might think I am taking long chances on my remedy. I don't. There is more in electricity, rightly applied than you think. It performs wonders on a broken down man. It not only sets the wheels of health and vigor in motion, but makes a man feel so gloriously young and light-hearted that he can't help telling of it.

Pay me when cured—that is my proposition. It is an easy one for you to accept. Will you accept it? Then don't wait till your trouble gets chronic.

FREE BOOK If you cannot call, send for my beautiful book full of truth for the sick and ailing. It is sent sealed FREE.

Dr. M. D. McLaughlin

130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

HE DIDN'T GET IT.

Dreary Draggles—Yes, mum; I'se had a 'ard life. Why, wunst a halligator swallered me, boots an' all; but I ad a dynamite cartridge in me pocket, an' it exploded an' killed the halligator all ter bits!

Mrs. Mumps!—And you?

Dreary Draggles—O!—I—I'm here. Spare a copper.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

RECONSIDERED.

He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me."

Then darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse

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are gathered."

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ny defective berries, and pack in
ow boxes or drawers, only two
s in each, with a layer of cotton
ng between and on the top. Dry
ust will answer as well as cot-
but it is more difficult to remove
ely from the fruit. Then keep
cool chamber until danger of
ing, and afterward in a dry

COUGHING SWINE.

me are very prone to coughing.
many of the ailments of pigs,
do not directly affect their
and throats, take expression in
ing. It would seem that the
, which is another form of the
, is the pig's natural way to
that he is sick, or to relieve his
ing. That the coughing in
cases is a mere voluntary habit
hog may be seen when it is re-
ered that he coughs on account
rms and quinsy, of damp beds
usty beds, of fever and filthy
of diarrhea and constipation, of
nd cold, of drafts and lack of
ation, and of nearly every
thing that annoys or distres-
m. His cough is his signal to
vner that something is wrong
examination is needed.

en coughing becomes common in
, look first to the condition
urroundings of the swine. If
are found to be filthy, clean

Watch their feed, to see that
ired, musty, decayed food is

If the beds be damp, furnish
es. If they be subjected to
, improve the ventilation so
ause of trouble is removed. If
eem to have fever, turn them
possible, on dry pasture.

ll these improvements in sur-
ngs do not check the coughing
herd, examine them for in-
troubles. If they are found to
nstipated, or infested with
, or suffering from cold, the
y is simple. As the conditions
nproved and health is restored
oughing will decrease. The
ng herd is always a herd in
there are radical errors in
g, housing or general manage-

FARM NOTES.

y work horse should have his
ollar, and not change them
as some farmers allow. You
not care to wear an ill-fitting
f boots every few days. An ill-
collar is often the prime cause
ses being balky. There is no
on but that a properly adjusted
and harness enable a horse to
m a certain amount of labor
greater ease than a poor ad-
ent.

s probable that in the future
root crops, such as beets, tur-

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

MARRYING IN RUSSIA.

When the parents of a young man in Russia decide that a certain young lady would make a suitable mate for him, they say nothing about the matter to any one, but on some evening they will drop around unexpectedly at the prospective bride's home and will stay for supper. During the meal they will keep a close watch on the young lady.

If she eats fast she will perform her work speedily; if she goes neatly and cleanly about her plate she will perform her work neatly and cleanly; if she does not talk much, she will work and not talk and prove a faithful and obedient wife to her husband; if she prefers rye bread to white she will be satisfied with her lot; if she does not gaze and stare at the visitors she will be a wife that will not continually pry into her husband's business, and if she immediately proceeds to clean up the dishes after the meal she will bring prosperity to her husband and will be economical with his money.

A most peculiar thing about the marriage ceremony is the fact that when the couple enter the church both groom and bride make a dash for the platform on which is the pulpit. It is believed that the one whose foot touches the platform first will live the longer, and that the children will take after that one in size, health and beauty.

HOPE.

Into each breast some rain must fall,
Into each heart some sorrow;
But comfort will come, dear friends,
to us all,
For after to-day is to-morrow.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.—Schiller.

No toil, no hardship, can restrain ambitious men injured to pain.—Horace.

Perseverance is failing nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth.—J. Anderson.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage.—Sydney Smith.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good-nature for its foundation.—Bulwer.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.—Sterne.

One of the best effects of thorough intellectual training is a knowledge of our own capacities.—A. Bain.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever presented.—Thackeray.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Jinrik—Hello, Blobbs, I haven't seen you for a year, and the last time we met you were having a row with your best girl because she wouldn't marry you. How are matters now?

Blobbs—Oh, they're changed.

Jinrik—Ah?

Blobbs—Yes. She married me and now I'm having a row because she did.

TOO MUCH.

Gusher—My wife has promised to wait for me at the gate of heaven, if she is the first to go.

Flasher—Tut, tut. You shouldn't be so revengeful as to make her wait through eternity simply because she made you wait while she fixed up sometimes.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

---

AN INJUSTICE.

The fact that you were disguised makes the case against you very dark, said the magistrate to the prisoner.

Your honor, replied the prisoner, courteously, you do me an injustice. I was not in disguise. I was merely traveling incog.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children for the teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

When you buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

RECONSIDERED.

He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me."

Then darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse you.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan $1.50 & up.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

LOSING SLEEP TO SOME PURPOSE.

Billy, how's your insomnia?

Insomnia? Oh, I've not got insomnia any more; I've got politics.

W P C 1051

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO.,

MANCHESTER - - ENGLAND.

Music Teachers Wanted

To send for our Complete Catalogue of Sheet Music and Books with Special rates of discount.

WHALEY, ROYCE & Co.

158 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

Metallic SKYLIGHTS DOUGLAS BROS. 124 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

Sausage Casings—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING J. L. JONES ENG. CO. 6, 8, 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO.

LAW MILLS, MILLS & HALES Barristers, etc. Removed to Wesley Buildings, Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments. Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."

Look for agent in your town, or send direct to Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

"ONE POUND CAKES" FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

Laundry, Washing Clothes, Ironing, Sealing Preserves.

PARAFFINE

WAX

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., Limited, Sam'l Rogers, Prest., Toronto

Ask your dealer for it.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

WINTER ....CAPS.

One of these nice days you will wake up and find it cold.

You will then be forcibly reminded that the season has arrived for

WINTER CAPS, HEAVY UNDERWEAR, MITTS & GLOVES

of all kinds. You can find everything required in that line for Men and Boys at

J. L. BOYES.



THE COAL BIN

Now is the time to think about having your coal bin filled, and the cheapest coal you can get is the celebrated Scranton coal from Dafoe's. Leave your order now and have your coal promptly delivered, well screened, and be ready for the long cold winter.

Also in the market for the purchase of all kinds of grain at the highest market price, and manufacturer of choice family and patent flour.

Telephone No. 14.

18 **J. R. DAFOE,**

The village of Marmora is to have an electric light installed.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier celebrated his 59th birthday on Tuesday last.

Grinding at Close's Mills, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Active preparations are being made by our merchants for the coming Christmas trade.

Eighteen head of cattle shipped in a closed car, were found smothered on arrival

CARLETON WOODS,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Robl'n, Ont.

JOHN POLLARD,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Express Office, Napanee.
Strictly Private and Confidential.

JOHN ALLEN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Commissioner in H. C. J.
Conveyancer, etc.
14tf *MARLBANK.*

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 1900

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

Conway's Bakery

DUNDAS ST., NAPANEE.

C. W. Conway, having purchased the baking business from Mr. W. A. Embury will in future give his patrons the very best quality of

QUAKER AND COTTAGE

Bread. He will also keep on hand a choice line of Confectionery, including Newport Chocolates, fresh roasted Peanuts, and all other kinds constantly on hand. Fruits and Oysters in season. Lunches served at any hour. Give me a call, or 'Phone 96.

C. W. CONWAY, (Successor to W. A. Embury)
47-2-m

Just Arrived.

Raphael Tuck's Calendars for 1901—the absolutely best—at Pollard's Book Store.

Grinding at Close's Mills, Tuesdays, Thursdays, andSaturdays.

Reasons Why

You should burn the Peoples' Coal. It is the cheapest and best. Will burn lower and not go out. Will revive quicker. No clinkers. 35,000 tons retailed in Toronto last year. Is selling for same price there as other hard coals. We have just put 40 tons in the post office. Are now filling customer's orders. Prices right. Terms cash. 41tf.

F. E. VANLUVEN.

Hockey.

The hockey enthusiasts of Napanee met in the town hall on Friday evening last and nominated the following officers for the coming season: Hon. Pres., Mr. John A. Shibley; president, J. R. Dafoe; capt., T. Lafferty; manager, Dr. Sills; secretary, Wm. Fretts; treasurer, Bruce Williams. Executive committee, B. Briggs, W. Fretts, T. Lafferty. An endeavor to form a league composed of Napanee, Picton, Deseronto and Trenton will be made and as Napanee will be able to put a pretty strong combination on the ice, hockey will be one of the foremoft pastimes in Napanee this winter.

Destitute Children.

A letter has been received by the News from Mrs. J. E. Woodcock, of Tamworth, telling of the destitute condition of a family of six or seven children living about three miles from there. Mrs. Woodcock states that several times when she passed their house last summer, she saw children running about outside literally naked, and asks what steps can be taken to having them put in a charitable institution. The News has reported the case to J. J. Kelso, superintendent of neglected children, who replies that he is prepared to take up the case if Mrs. Woodcock will submit the facts to his department.—Toronto News.

PAIN STOP

10c. a BOTTLE,
—AT—
THE MEDICAL HALL.
Detlor & Wallace.

NICKLE PLATED COPPER TEA KETTLES
$1.00 EACH
WHILE THEY LAST.
T. H. WALLER.

To Let.

House to let. Cheap rent to good tenant. Apply at once to.

F. W. HART,
Piano Store.

If you want A. No. 1 butter, eggs and vegetables call at Fitzpatrick's Grocery on the market. Groceries always fresh, cheap and up-to-date. Call and be convinced.

Hulett's Photographs.

A look at Hulett's studio windows will convince anyone that the work being turned out by his photographer Mr. E. J. Norton is of the best ever produced in Napanee. The display in the windows is exceedingly attractive and many are the encomiums bestowed on the work. Mr. Hulett is now turning out work for the holiday season and persons wishing photos will do well to have their orders in early and avoid the holiday rush. 49a

Pants, 115 pairs at $1.50, and $1.75 and $2.00 per pair, guaranteed pure wool, good weight and dark and light shades.

Lonsdale Woollen Mills.

Half-a-dollar Well Spent.

If it is not your habit to buy an illustrated book for your family's Christmas reading, try the experiment. "TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS," sixty pages, full of stories and pictures, will interest everyone and widen the vision of all as Canadians. Four pictures suitable for framing, one of which—"Raphael's Mother and Child"—is an exact reproduction of the costliest and best picture in the world. No where else can you get the same value! Five dollars' worth of the best art and literature for 50 cents. Get it from your newsdealer, or from The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department A. W. G The Institute, 780, Eight Avenue New York, U. S. A. 24-1-1y.

OBITUARY.

CHAS. E. BARTLETT,

one of Napanee's most progressive merchants and most highly esteemed citizens passed away on Monday evening last of consumption. His death was not unexpected, as he had been very low for some days and has not been in good health for about a year and had been gradually failing. Deceased was born in Kingston 42 years ago, spending most of his early days at his father's farm in Adolphustown. About 35 years ago the family moved to Napanee, where his father became a well-known builder and contractor. About 26 years ago he married Miss Della Blewett, daughter of the late James Blewett, who, with his family of eight children, remain to mourn his untimely death. Deceased had for a long number of years carried on a grain business in Napanee, also dealing

Shop

Each succe
busier than the one
done.

Do you kno
Because we buy an
dependable and of th
Because our custom
its warmest friends a

Active winte
make choosing easy.

Dress Goo

We recognize the impo
Goods and Silks, and value
yard in the Big Store bears
and right prices have re
advertising the merits of th
hints as to prices:—

Homespuns and Frieze
40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00, 1
Separate Skirts at $2.2
Separate Suits at $3.3
Fancy Black Goods,
1.50 to 3.00 a yard.
Separate Skirt Patterns
Dress Patterns $3.00 to

GOLF CAPES AND STEAMEI

Ready-to-wear and
Kelvin Cape in pretty ne
with fringe, $3.50, 3.75,
8.50 and 9.00 each.
Steamer Rugs $3.50 to

FRENCH OPEI FLANNELS.

Just to hand large as
new handsome flannels for
Gowns. All the newest p
shade and color, at 25c, 3
75c a yard.

FEATHER TIC

On Saturday morning
selling 900 yards Mill-Ends
in 2 to 5 yard lengths at 5

BIG

On Tuesday morn
regular price 40c pair.

LA

J. R. DAFOE,

The village of Marmora is to have an electric light installed.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier celebrated his 59th birthday on Tuesday last.

Grinding at Close's Mills, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Active preparations are being made by our merchants for the coming Christmas trade.

Eighteen head of cattle shipped in a closed car, were found smothered on arrival at Ottawa.

There is every prospect of a continuance into the coming year of the prosperity that has characterized trade in 1900.

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. R W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Mr. George B. Reeve, traffic manager of the Grand Trunk railway, has been appointed general manager of that road at a salary of $45,000 per annum. In 1862 Mr Reeve was freight clerk at Belleville, Ont., from which position he has steadily worked his way until he now holds the highest position in the gift of the company.

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresolene—they breathe it.

Recommended and sold by Detlor & Wallace the Prescription Druggists, Napanee.

Some young men from Desoronto had a very exciting time on Saturday evening last, while driving to Napanee. Their horse became frightened and attempted to run away. No serious damage was done.

Your Best Work cannot be done unless you have good health. You cannot have good health without pure blood. You may have pure blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now. You cannot realize the good it will do you until you try it. Begin taking it to-day and see how quickly it will give you an appetite, strength and vigor and cure your rheumatism, catarrh or scrofula.

The Ladies of the Guild of St. Mary Magdalene have decided to hold a series of re-unions in the basement of the English Church, similar to those which were successful a few years ago. The first one of the season will be held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27th, and will be under the charge of Mesdames Jarvis, T. S. Hill, Hawley and Wagar. Refreshments will be served and a good programme of songs and recitations provided. A silver collection will be taken up in the course of the evening. Everyone cordially invited.

Itching Piles.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment is proof against the torments of Itching Piles. Thousands of testimonials of cures effected by its use. No case too aggravating or too long standing for it to soothe, comfort an cure. It cures from 3 to 6 nights. 35 cents Sold by Detlor & Wallace.—95.

Frederick and Charles Conway two boys who have been in the habit of picking up junk around town, were before the Magistrate on Tuesday charged with stealing the wheels off an express waggon, the property of Mr. O. L. Herring. The evidence brought out the fact that the boys had stolen the two rear wheels of the waggon and had then gone back and asked Mr. Herring to give them the front wheels. The boys were convicted and remanded for sentence.

A QUICK CURE
FOR COUGHS
and COLDS

Pyny-Balsam

The Canadian Remedy for all
THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS
Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,
Prop'ls Perry Davis' Pain Killer,
New York. Montreal

A letter has been received by the News from Mrs. J. E. Woodcock, of Tamworth, telling of the destitute condition of a family of six or seven children living about three miles from there. Mrs. Woodcock states that several times when she passed their house last summer, she saw children running about outside literally naked, and asks what steps can be taken to having them put in a charitable institution. The News has reported the case to J. J. Kelso, superintendent of neglected children, who replies that he is prepared to take up the case if Mrs. Woodcock will submit the facts to his department.—Toronto News.

Our Christmas Number.

Our beautiful Christmas Number—The Canadian Annual—is in the hands of our printers and will be ready for delivery to our subscribers about the first week in December. Our efforts this year in compiling a Christmas Number give promise of being a grand success, as the stories are both interesting and up-to-date and the illustrations artistic. The Annual is given away absolutely free to our subscribers Now is your time to subscribe for THE EXPRESS and secure this beautiful work of art. Here is a clubbing offer to new subscribers that is unsurpassed:—THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and Canadian Annual, The Weekly Globe and a picture of The Battle of Paardeberg, for the balance of this year and all of 1901 for the nominal sum of $1 25. Send in your order now and secure these beautiful premiums. 48c

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

Lennox Farmers' Institute.

Regular meetings will be held at Selby Town Hall, November 26th, 1900, at 1.30 p.m. Major James Sheppard, Queenston, will give an address on the packing and sale of apples, and there will be an open discussion after the address, led by Mr. C. W. Neville. Miss A. Hollingworth, of Beatrice, will give an address on the weed queston, with mounted specimens, and an open discussion will take place after this address, led by Mr. M. C. Bogart. The evening session will be held at 7.30, when Major Sheppard will speak on birds in relation to the fruit grower, and Miss Hollingworth will speak on the importance of good house keeping. At Napanee Town Hall, Nov. 27th, at 1.30, Major Sheppard will speak on tomatoes for the home and market, open discussion after the address, led by Mr. A. J. Dunbar. Miss Hollingworth will speak on butter making. Open discussion, led by Mr. M. O. Fraser. In the evening at 7.30, Major Sheppard will speak on four reasons why we till the soil. Miss Hollingworth will speak on our friends the flowers. Programme of music at evening session The public cordially invited, especially the ladies. No fee.

One eye at a time



That's the way we test.
Usually the eyes differ in sight.
A glass which suits one injures the other, and ultimately both suffer.
We use modern appliances, and the greatest care to avoid a misfit.
A misfit would hurt your eyes and our reputation.

H. E. Smith,
GRADUATE OPTICIAN,
Smith's Jewelry Store,
Napanee.

passed away on Monday evening last of consumption. His death was not unexpected, as he had been very low for some days and has not been in good health for about a year and had been gradually failing. Deceased was born in Kingston 42 years ago, spending most of his early days at his father's farm in Adolphustown. About 35 years ago the family moved to Napanee, where his father became a well-known builder and contractor. About 26 years ago he married Miss Della Blewett, daughter of the late James Blewett, who, with his family of eight children, remain to mourn his untimely death. Deceased had for a long number of years carried on a grain business in Napanee, also dealing in hogs. Some years ago he purchased the coal business formerly carried on by Thos. Stewart, which he has since conducted. He was also largely interested in the cheese business, having several factories in this vicinity, also in farming. In politics he was a Conservative and in religion a member of the Church of England. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon at 2 30, to the Church of S. Mary Magdalene and from there to the eastern cemetery. The services in the church were conducted by Rev. Rural Dean Jarvis, assisted by the surpliced choir. The church was filled with friends and relatives of the deceased, who came to pay their last respects to the dead. The members of the two Oddfellow Lodges in Napanee and the members of the A.O.U.W. Lodge attended the funeral in a body, showing their respect for their deceased brother. After the services in the church the remains were placed on the lawn of the church, where the beautiful and solemn funeral service of the Oddfellows was performed by the Noble Grand and Chaplain of Napanee Lodge, No. 86, Mr. W. A. Frizzell and Rev. W. W. Peck, the members of the order forming a circle round the casket and assisting. Many floral tributes testified to the respect and esteem entertained for the deceased. Mr. Bartlett's two brothers, Mr. Fred Bartlett, of Peterborough, and Mr. Albert Bartlett, of Rochester, were also present at the funeral. By the death of Mr. Bartlett half of the debt of the English church will be paid, as Mr. Bartlett was one of those whose lives were insured by the church for that purpose.

CAPT. JOSEPH PARKER.

Captain Joseph Parker died last Friday morning at the family residence, George street, Belleville, after an illness of three weeks. The late Mr. Parker was born in Dublin, Ireland, 93 years ago and removed to Canada in the early thirties. In 1837 he went to the front and his skill as an artillerist was conspicuous. No man in this district was more widely known or esteemed because of the good which he did. Mr. Parker was married twice, and leaves his wife, one daughter and five sons to mourn his loss. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, was largely attended, and was attended by the veterans, which included three veterans of 1837 8. After service was held at St. Thomas' church, conducted by Canon Burke and Rev. Mr. Holah, the remains were interred in the family plot in the cemetery. The bearers were Mr. Parker's four sons and his two nephews, Dr. Leonard, of Napanee, and Mr. Sydney Detlor, of Belleville.

The steamer Reindeer is in the harbor, having laid up for the winter, Capt. Collier reports a fair season's trade.

LANTERNS!
THE :: LARGEST :: SIZE.
65c. EACH.
WHILE THEY LAST.
T. H. WALLER.

BRUSHES!
A very fine line of
HAIR BRUSHES
TOOTH BRUSHES,
NAIL BRUSHES
COMPLEXION BRUSHES
just received at the
MEDICAL HALL
DETLOR & WALLACE.

BIG
On Tuesday mo
regular price 40c pair.

LA

Those Red Lamps.

The most up-to-date Lamps tha
town are brought here by us dir
the factory. No nicer goods sho
where outside of New York than
Call and see them, they are tempt
Boyl

A MAGNIFICENT RECEPT

The publishers of the Family H
Weekly Star, of Montreal, may ju
proud of the magnificent recept
new premium pictures, "CHR
THE TEMPLE," and "HOM
THE WAR," have received.

They deserve it, too, for the pic
certainly most beautiful. Eithe
them alone would be considered a
premium, but when one knows t
subscriber receives both pictures
easily understand the demand
favourite paper this season.

Clergy of all denominations are
requesting their church members
a copy of the picture, "CHRIST
TEMPLE."

The World's Most Famous Pic

In the Dresden Gallery in
hangs the most valuable pictu
world (worth $500,000), Raphael's
Madonna and Child." This grea
has, by permission, been speciall
and reproduced on heavy paper, siz
in all the colors and beauty of the
and given with this year's TORONT
DAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER
Modern Madonna," admittedly
beautiful picture ever made by
graphy, has also been reproduc
16 x 21, and is given as another
with the most beautiful book ev
in Canada, full of stories, poe
artistic illustrations, some of the
occupying full pages, A boy's
"An Impromptu Speech," is also
and "Don't Cry, Mamma," is
touching picture of the home of a
Canadian soldier yet produce
whole sixty pages are original, bri
and typical of Canada, as also is
cover, which depicts, in six co
Indian boy plucking feathers fro
turkey of the forest which he h
Order at once, for nothing as
ever before been offered in Can
last year's SATURDAY NIGHT'S C
NUMBER was sold out within three
its publication. Price 50 cents,
ready for mailing. At all newsde
from The Sheppard Publishing C
Limited, Toronto.

For the past fifteen years iron
not been mined at the Robertsville
the line of the K. & P. railway.
however, active mining operatio
under way and as quickly as possi
cars will be loaded and shipped
K. & P., C. P. R. and N. Y. C. by
Morrisburg, to Bethlehem, Pa.,
Bethlehem iron company, in wh
iron king Carnegie is interested
Robertsville iron mine was sold o
day to Mr. Ferguson, banker, New
son of the late sheriff Ferguson, t
sideration being $9,000. The p
shareholders were Messrs. Folger
James Swift and the Flower estat
York. It is intended to ship i
right along to Bethlehem if the tri
ment of 200 cars prove satisfactory,
this point there is no doubt.—Whi

Shopping Enthusiasm!

Each succeding week at this store is of increased importance to you. Each recurring week is usier than the one which preceded it. Each and every day sees an increase in the volume of business one.

Do you know why? The reasons are simple. **Because** more people are getting to know us better. **Because** we buy and sell the best merchandise from the best markets **Because** our goods are always lependable and of the newest, latest styles. **Because** our prices are invariably in the shopper's favor. **Because** our customers depart satisfied—delighted—and tell their friends about the **Big Store,** and become ts warmest friends and most enthusiastic advertisers.

Active winter trading has begun, and winter goods take foremost place among the displays and nake choosing easy.

Dress Goods of Merit!

We recognize the importance of maintaining leadership in Dress Goods and Silks, and values shown here strengthen the claim. Every ard in the Big Store bears fashion's stamp of approval. Right styles nd right prices have resulted in pleased buyers—buyers who are dvertising the merits of the stock and the store continually, A few ints as to prices:—

Homespuns and Friezes, in all the new colors, at 20c, 25c, 35c, 0c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 a yard.

Separate Skirts at $2.25, 3.00, 3.50, 4.50 and 5.00 each.

Separate Suits at $3.38, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 7.00 and 8.00 each.

Fancy Black Goods, very beautiful, at 50c, 75c, 90c, $1.00, 1.25, .50 to 3.00 a yard.

Separate Skirt Patterns $2.00 to 12.00 each.

Dress Patterns $3.00 to 15.00 each.

On the Right Road

to economical dressing is the man who buys here. The weather emphasizes your need of a Winter-weight Suit or Overcoat. You can come here for yours with advantage. We never had so many to show you, and without any striving after effect, we can safely say there never was a time when money spent for seasonable Suits or Overcoats brought such good return.

The prices on our Men's Suits will fit any pocketbook:—$4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 and 12.00, according to grade.

Equally pleasing are the pricings on Men's Overcoats:—$4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 8.50, 10.00 and 12.00.

Men's Pea Jackets, $3.00 to 5.50.

Boys' Suits at $4.00, 5.00, 6.00 and 7.00 are especially worthy of notice.

Boys' Overcoats at 2.50 up to $6. Boys' Reefers at 2.50 up to $5.

GOLF CAPES AND STEAMER RUGS.

Ready-to-wear and made-to-order, the Kelvin Cape in pretty new plaids, plain or with fringe, $3.50, 3.75, 4.00, 4.50, 5.50, 8.50 and 9.00 each.

Steamer Rugs $3.50 to 6.00 each.

FRENCH OPERA FLANNELS.

Just to hand large assortment in these new handsome flannels for Shirt Waists and Gowns. All the newest patterns, in every shade and color, at 25c, 35c, 50c, 60c and 75c a yard.

FEATHER TICK SALE.

On Saturday morning we will commence selling 900 yards Mill-Ends Feather Ticking, in 2 to 5 yard lengths at **5c A YARD.**

ART SQUARES AND RUGS.

In our Carpet department will be found a large assortment of Art Squares, Mats and Rugs.

Size 2½x3 yards at $3.00 and 3.65.
Size 3 x3 yards at 3.75, 5.00 and 6.75.
Size 3 x3½ yards at 4.50, 5.00 and 7.50.
Size 3 x4 yards at 5.25, 9.00 and $12.
Size 3½x4 yards at 9.75.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Hygeian Vests, long sleeves, buttoned front, all sizes, at 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 60c, 75c and $1.00 each.

Ladies' Drawers, all sizes, ankle lengths, at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00 a pair.

Children's Vests, long sleeves, all sizes, at 15,18,20,25,30,35,40,45,50,60, 65 & 75c each.

Children's Drawers, all sizes, ankle lengths, at 20c, 25c, 40c, 45c and 50c.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Ladies' Black and Colored Cashmere Gloves, extra good values at 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c.

Ringwood Gloves, Colored and Black, at 20c, 25c, 35c and 40c.

Children's Cashmere Gloves, Black and Colored, at 12½c, 15c, 19c and 25c.

Ladies' Black Wool Mitts, all sizes, Scotch fingering yarn, at 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c.

Ladies' Black & Grey Astrachan Gauntlets, Kid and Moca faced, wool lined, all sizes, at 75c and $1.00 a pair.

Girls' Black and Grey Gauntlets, all sizes, Kid and Moca faced, wool lined, at 50c and 75c a pair.

Alaska Sealette Rainproof Gauntlets, Kid faced, wool lined, all sizes, at $1.25 and $1.50 a pair.

BIG CASHMERE HOSIERY SALE!

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 27th, at 9 o'clock, we will commence selling 700 pairs **Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose,** sizes 8½, 9, 9½, regular price 40c pair. Our **SALE PRIOE 20c. A PAIR.** Sale limit of four pairs to each customer.

THE BIG STORE.

LAHEY & CO

BIG CASHMERE HOSIERY SALE!

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 27th, at 9 o'clock, we will commence selling 700 pairs Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, sizes 8½, 9, 9½, regular price 40c pair. Our **SALE PRICE 20c. A PAIR.** Sale limit of four pairs to each customer.

THE BIG STORE.

LAHEY & CO.

Red Lamps.

most up-to-date Lamps that come to re brought here by us direct from tory. No nicer goods shown any- outside of New York than we have d see them, they are tempting.

BOYLE & SON.

MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION.

publishers of the Family Herald and Star, of Montreal, may justly feel of the magnificent reception their reminm pictures, "CHRIST IN TEMPLE," and "HOME FROM VAR," have received.

deserve it, too, for the pictures are ly most beautiful. Either one of lone would be considered a splendid m, but when one knows that each ber receives both pictures. he can understand the demand for that te paper this season.

y of all denominations are publicly ing their church members to secure of the picture, "CHRIST IN THE LE."

orld's Most Famous Picture.

he Dresden Gallery in Germany the most valuable picture in the worth $500,000), Raphael's "Sistine a and Child." This great picture permission, been specially copied roduced on heavy paper, size 22 x 30, e colors and beauty of the original, en with this year's TORONTO SATURGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER. "The Madonna," admittedly the most l picture ever made by photo- has also been reproduced, size and is given as another premium e most beautiful book ever issued ada, full of stories, poems and illustrations, some of the pictures ng full pages, A boy's picture, promptu Speech," is also in colors, Don't Cry, Mamma," is the most g picture of the home of a missing an soldier yet produced. The ixty pages are original, bright clean ical of Canada, as also is the title which depicts, in six colors, an boy plucking feathers from a king of the forest which he has slain. at once, for nothing as good has fore been offered in Canada, and ar's SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS was sold out within three days of ication. Price 50 cents, in tubes or mailing. At all newsdealers, or he Sheppard Publishing Company, , Toronto.

e past fifteen years iron ore has mined at the Robertsville mine on of the K. & P. railway. At last, , active mining operations are ay and as quickly as possible 200 ll be loaded and shipped via the C. P. R. and N. Y. C. by way of urg, to Bethlehem, Pa., for the em iron company, in which the g Carnegie is interested. The ville iron mine was sold on Mon- Ir. Ferguson, banker, New York, e late sheriff Ferguson, the con- n being $9,000. The principal ders were Messrs. Folger Bros., wift and the Flower estate, New It is intended to ship iron ore ng to Bethlehem if the trial ship- 200 cars prove satisfactory, and on t there is no doubt.—Whig.

The Fount of Life

IS THE PURE RED BLOOD THAT COURSES THROUGH THE BODY.

If the Blood is Impure and Stagnant Disease Holds Sway.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

PURIFIES, ENRICHES AND VITALIZES EVERY DROP OF BLOOD.

The majority of intelligent people know that rich, pure and highly vitalized blood alone can give health and build up the tissues that have been worn out. New and fresh blood carries all the materials for restoring wasted and wornout parts of the body, and gives to the brain other materials for making nerve matter.

Paine's Celery Compound cleanses and purifies the blood and furnishes appropriate food for every part of the system. It increases the appetite, perfects digestion, gives nervous energy and increased strength. If your blood is impure, if the skin has spots and eruptions, if you have an unhealthy pallor or yellow appearance, and if the eyes are showing yellowish whites, you should use Paine's Celery Compound without delay to cleanse the blood and regulate the liver and kidneys of the strain that is brought upon them whenever impure blood pours through their substance.

Mr. M. D. Arthur, Chelmsford, Ont., writes as follows;

"I was laid up with scars all over my face and neck, the result of blood poisoning. While in that condition, I could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and could not attend my work. The doctors in my district and their medicines did not benefit me. My aunt advised me to use Paine's Celery Compound. In two weeks I was so much better that I could go out, and in three weeks I was able to go to work again. I bless the day I commenced with Paine's Celery Compound.

The Future of English.

The English language in 50 years will be as corrupt as Latin in the eighth century, and will become a sort of Volapuk strictly limited to commercial letters and to journalism.—George Moore, the English Critic.

Payta, in Peru, is the driest spot on the face of the earth. The average interval between two showers of rain is seven years.

CENTRAL BARBER SHOP.

All the latest conveniences, Everything new and up-to-date, Experienced workmen. Give me a call.

F. S. SCOTT, Proprietor.

ORDER YOUR FALL SUIT.....

OR OVERCOAT AT "CATHRO'S"



Because we do our best to make your appearance all that it is possible to be.

"Our Styles"—"Our Fit"—"Our Quality of goods are the best.

If it's a money consideration, we are able to please you. Our Stock is larger and more complete than ever.

Come in Soon

J. A. Cathro, MAKER OF GOOD CLOTHES, Dundas St., Napanee, Ont.

If you have traveled, you must certainly have noticed the wide difference between negro waiters of southern and northern hotels.

In the north the waiter is stiff, rigid and supercilious. He takes your order condescendingly and briskly betakes himself to the culinary regions with the same. He stands with folded arms and scornful expression at some little distance, watching, however, for an opportunity to leap forward and pretend to anticipate your wants.

And when he brings your change you are certain to note that it is laid upon a plate and that one particular quarter is noticeably detached from its fellows.

In the south the waiter shuffles back to the kitchen and returns with your meal, to which he has added some little delicacy of his own choosing. He glides about you, leans tenderly over you, his black face filled with anxiety for fear some error of omission or commission may occur.

He hangs about you with fatherly interest. He places the dishes before you with almost a caressing touch, and when you are ready to depart he tremblingly, hopefully, lingeringly hands you your hat.

In the white brown depths of his eyes there is cute appeal, not unmixed with expectation.

Who but a case hardened drummer or the traveling representative of a fraternal organization could resist that appeal?

You need not fear to give him a quarter—joy seldom kills outright—but you can be sure that a dime will produce a wide grin and an exaggerated bow.

But most people consider it worth a quarter to see that mouth widen into a smile which sets its owner's ears back an inch and causes his eyes to project like those of a crawling crab.

Church of England Notes.

PARISH OF BATH AND ODESSA—Services for Sunday, Nov. 25th. St. Alban's, Odessa, Matins and Holy Eucharist 10:30 a.m.; Hawley, Evensong, 3 p.m.; St. John's, Bath, Evensong, 7 p.m.

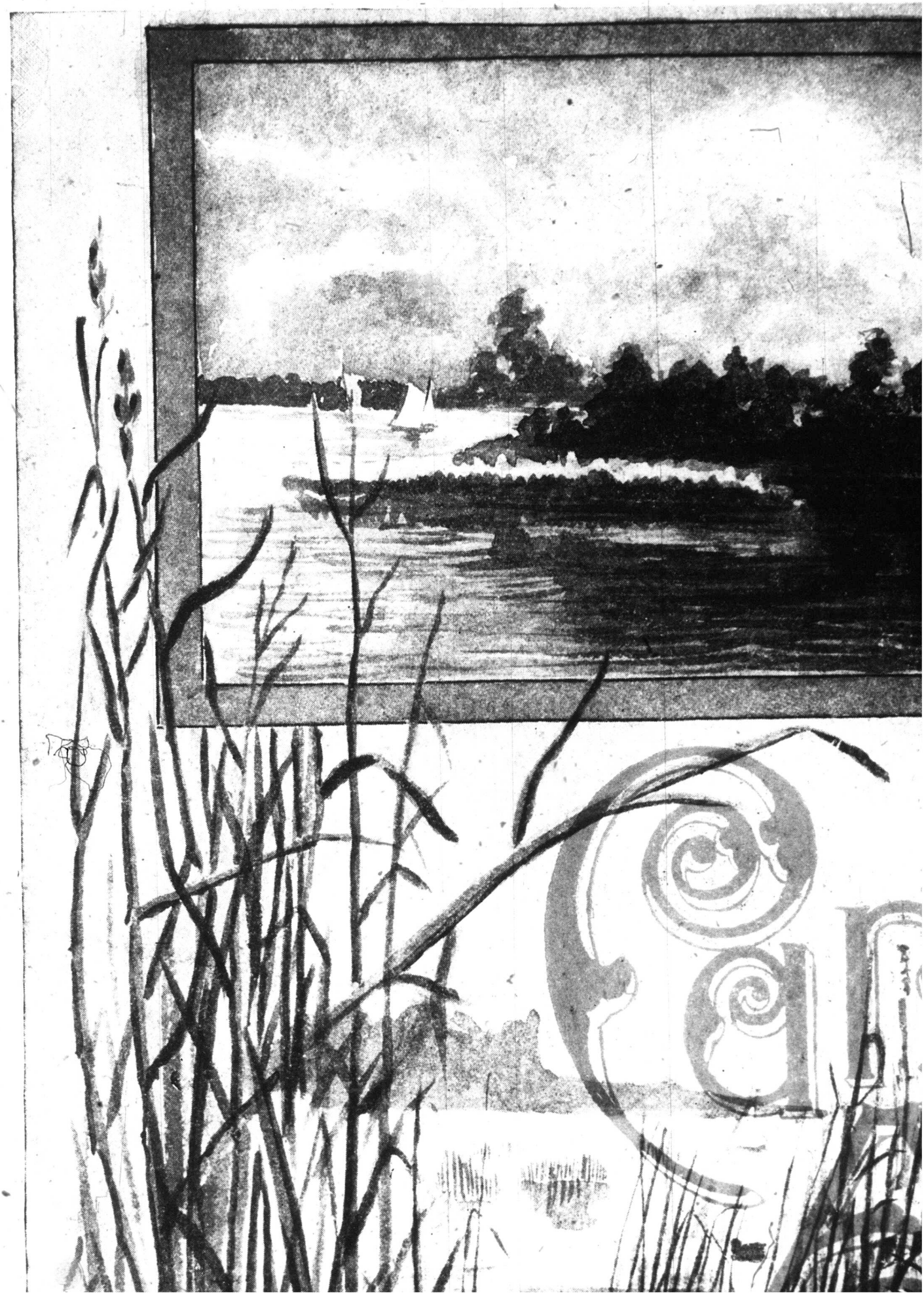
CHURCH OF S. MARY MAGDALENE—Sunday services. Holy Communion on 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month at the midday service. On other Sundays [redacted] a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, 7 p.m. Prayers are said daily in the chapel at 9 a.m.

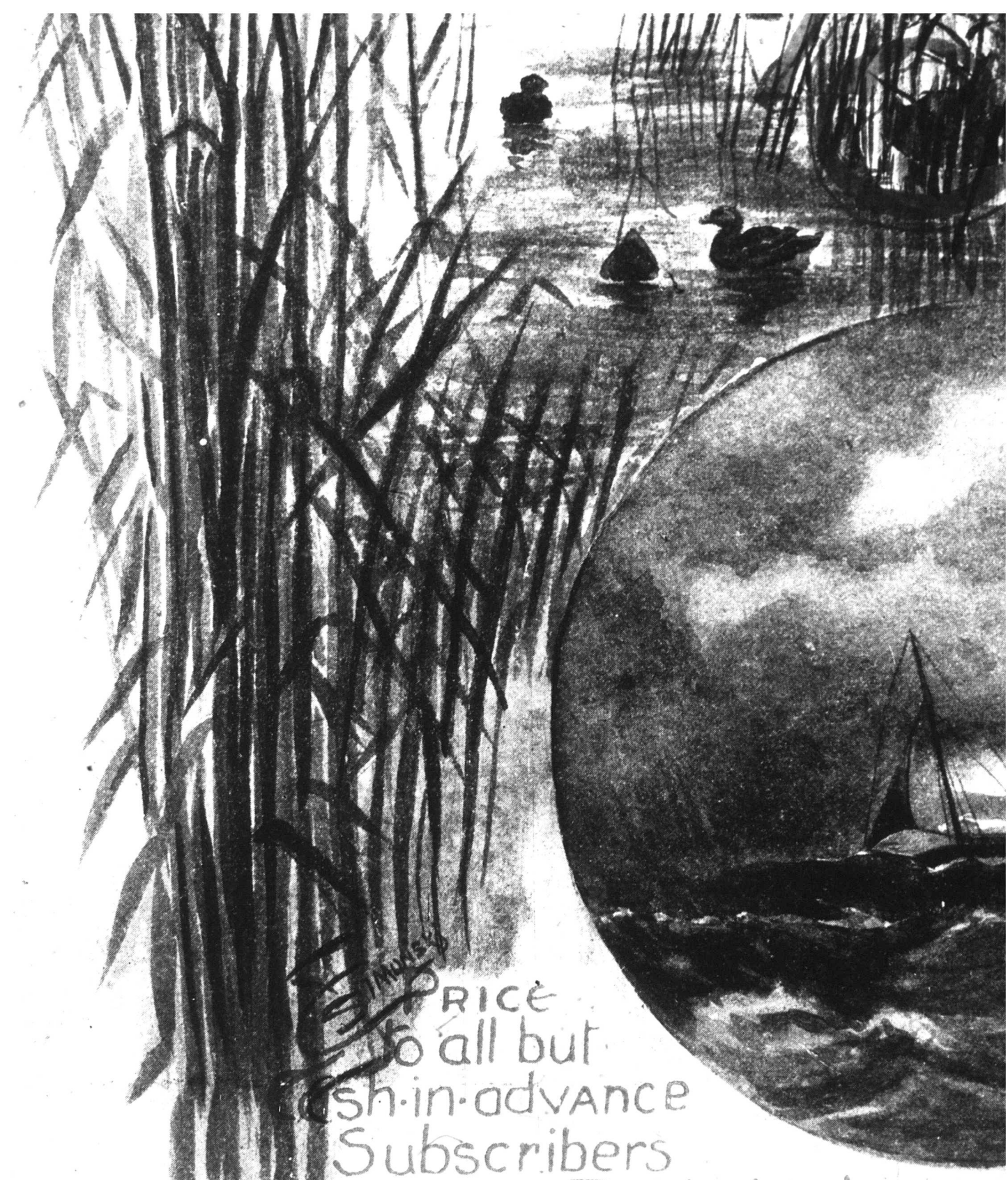
We have now in stock one of the largest stocks we ever had of silver knives, forks, spoons etc., of the famous J. Rodger's make. Fully guaranteed. Engraving free. F. CHINNECK'S Jewelry Store.

Barbers in India.

In India, the land of iron caste, the barbers rank away down along with the blacksmiths and the washerwomen. A barber's son must be a barber all his life, and his wife must be a barber's daughter. Like the Chinese barber, the Hindoo shaving man travels about in search of customers, and the barbering is done in the street. But there are no stools, both barber and customer squatting on their heels while the operation is performed. The Hindoo barber is a manicure and a chiropodist as well, and his pay is wretchedly small.

Barbers in India working as servants for a swell native family or for a European receive from $1.25 to $2 a month. They often act as surgeons, and they make a speciality of piercing the ears of young girls for earrings, while barbers' wives are almost always hairdressers.





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to all but
Cash-in-advance
Subscribers

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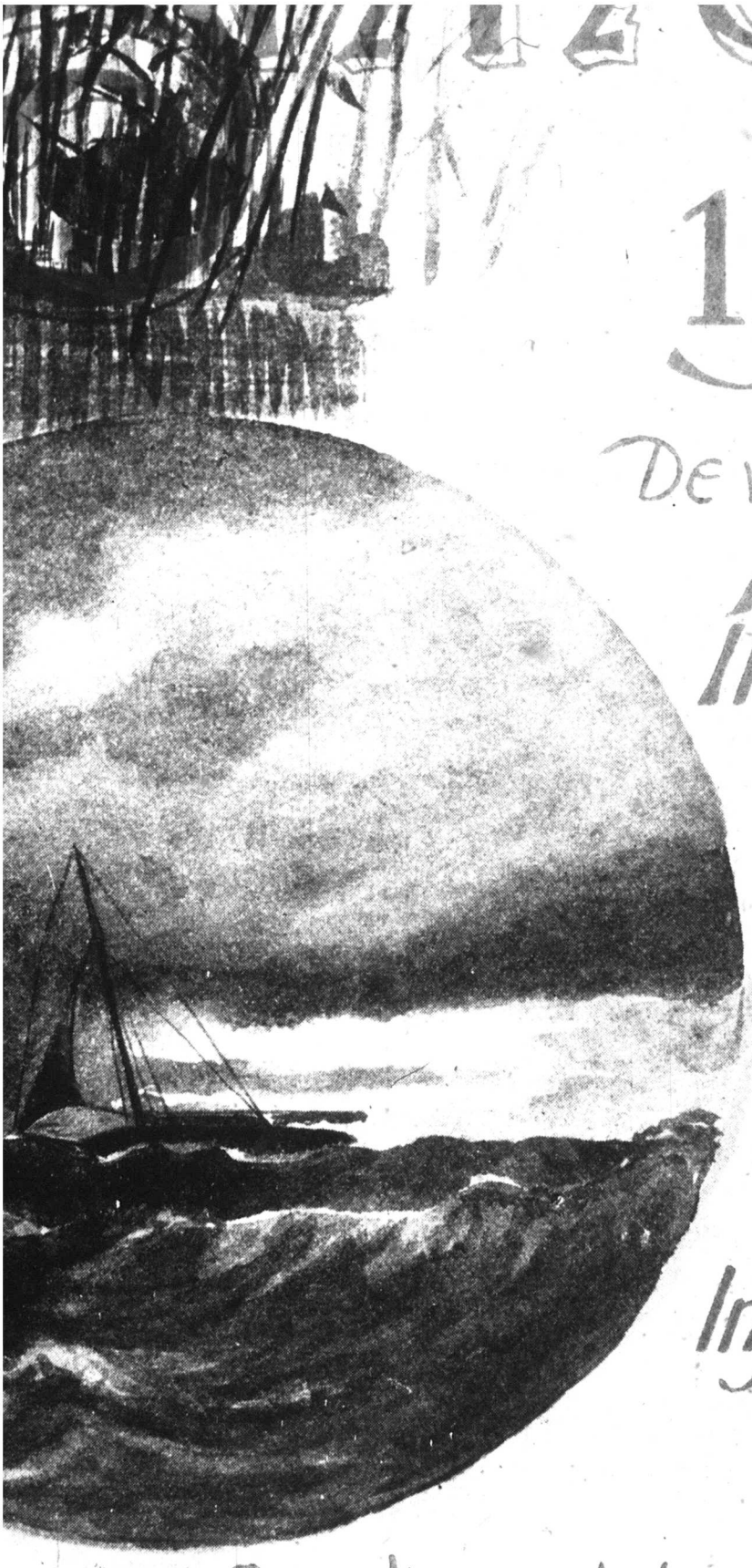
25¢

The Na

JNO. POLLARD, EDITOR AND PU



Indian Annual



1901

Devoted to
Artistic
Illustration:
Stories:
Humor:
Statistics
and
Valuable
Information

as a Supplement to

e Napanee Express

NAPANEE, ONT.

The Greatest Mec

On this continent superintends the construc

THE NOXO

Our patrons can therefore positively rely upon receiving only
genius can

ALWAYS STUDY OUR CATA

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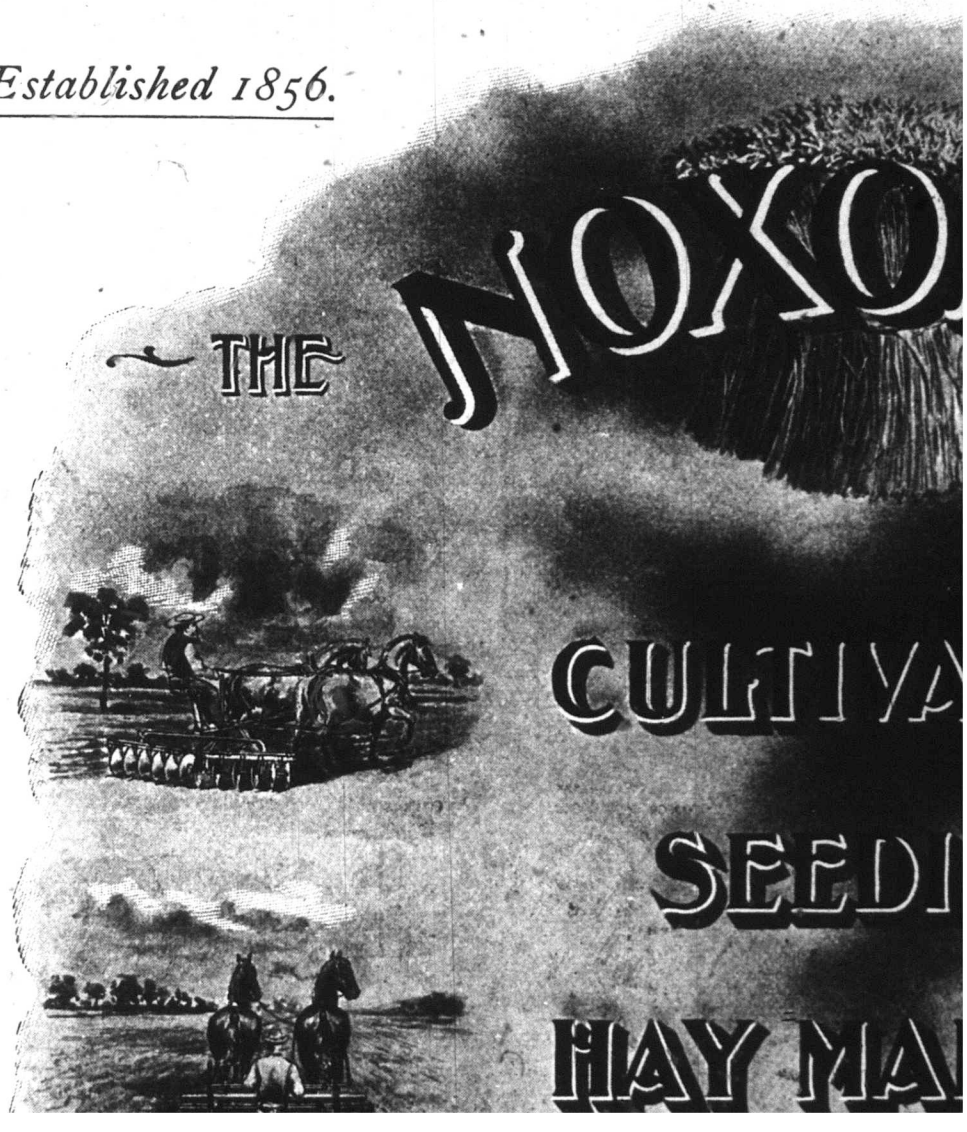
Noxon Patent Out-Throw Disc Harrow

is the only Disc Harrow possessing an adjustable SPRING PRESSURE.

Noxon Spike Tooth Harrow

s unapproachable for Simplicity of Construction and contains valuable features not

Established 1856.



is unapproachable for Simplicity of Construction and contains valuable features not found elsewhere.

Noxon Steel Hoosier Drills

are everything that can be desired and work perfectly.

Noxon Front-Cut Mowers

are of lighter draft and stronger than those of our competitors and can be absolutely DEPENDED UPON.

Noxon Victoria Binders

are exceedingly strong and simply constructed, being of very light draft, and are essentially a Two-Horse Machine.



The following regarding the material used in our implements

"The **steel** is bought regardless of price. nothing b
out of 35,000 teeth tested only 5 had been broken."

This should absolutely convince every farmer that

Noxon Machines Ar

Mechanical Expert

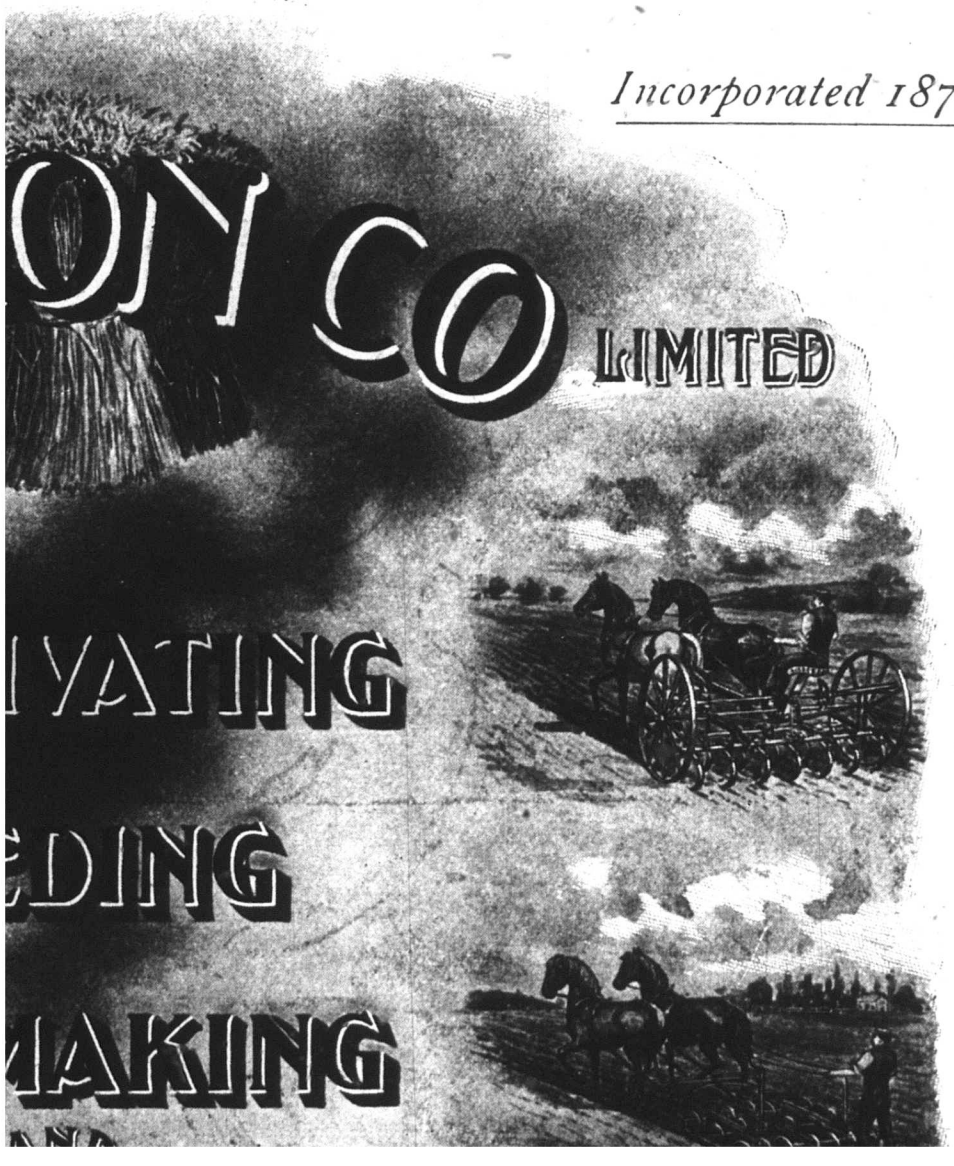
onstruction of all machines manufactured by

ON CO., Limited

g only **the very best** which mechanical skill and **inventive** ls can perfect.

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Incorporated 1872



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Foreign

PARIS, France.

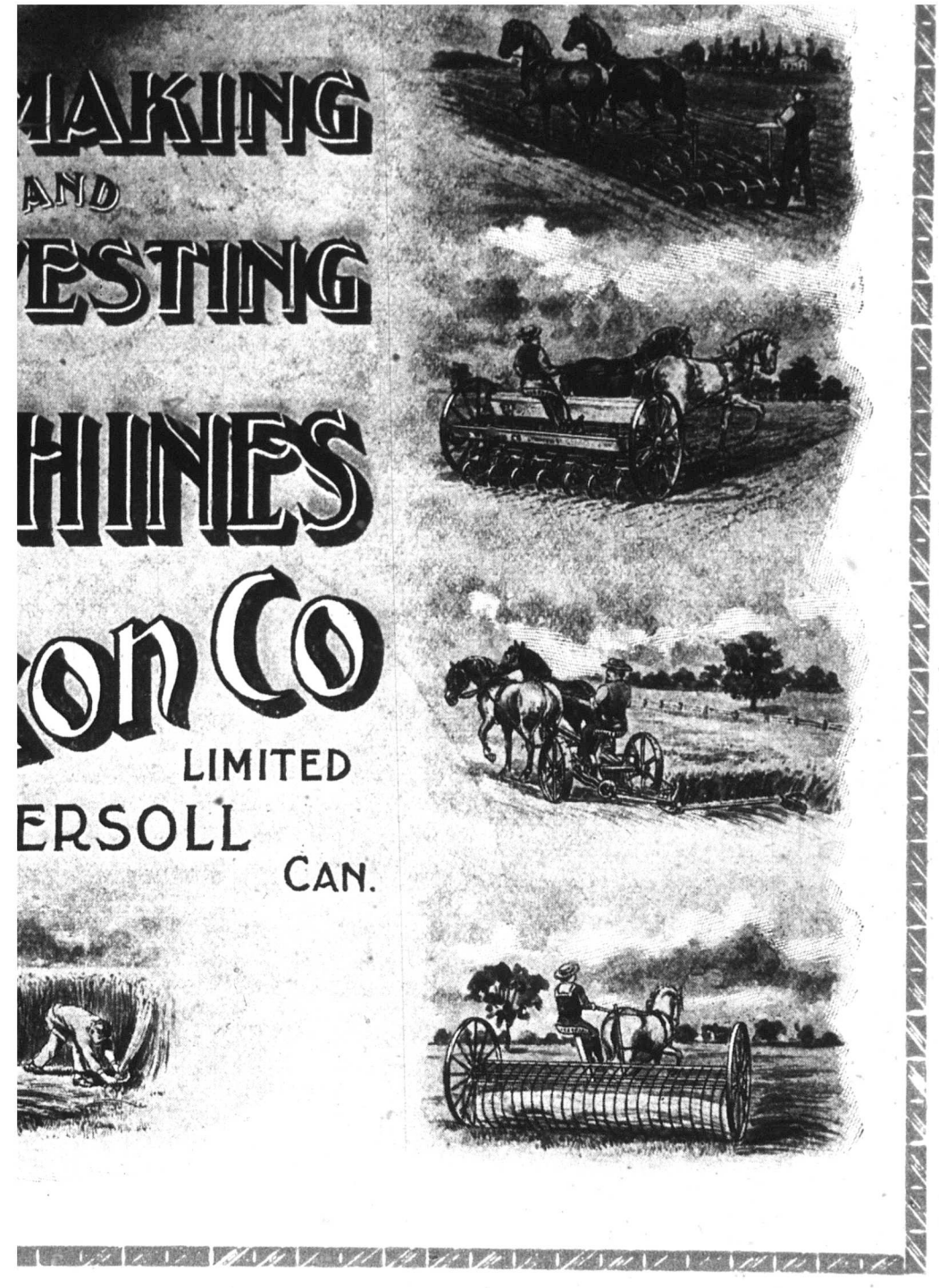
LONDON, Eng.

PALMERSTON NORTH, New Zealand.

Noxon Spring Tooth Cultivator

is perfect and contains many original and valuable features.

Noxon Lever Spring Harrow



Noxon Lever Spring Harrow

is built entirely of steel and is undoubtedly the best eradicator of weeds in the market.

Noxon Spring Tooth Cultivator and Seeder

has more admirable features than any other cultivator made.

Noxon Rear Cut Mower Bar can be adjusted to any angle required.

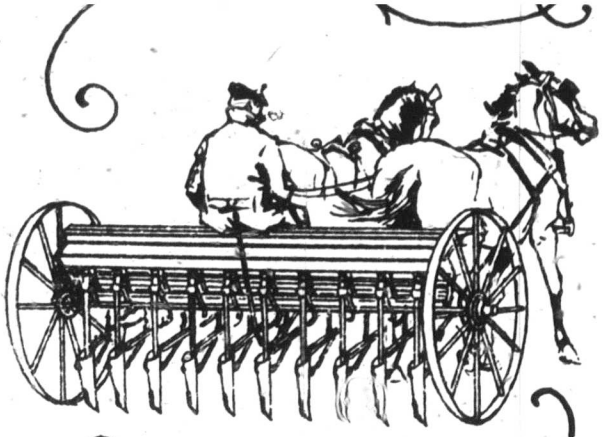
Noxon Rakes can always be depended upon when wanted—they are built of only the best material.

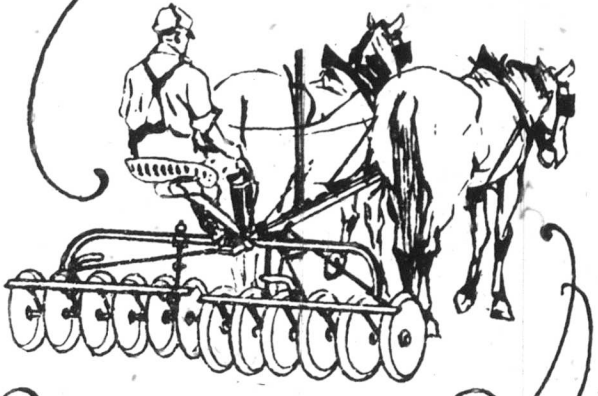
ients is quoted from the Ingersoll *Chronicle*, Nov. 6, 1900

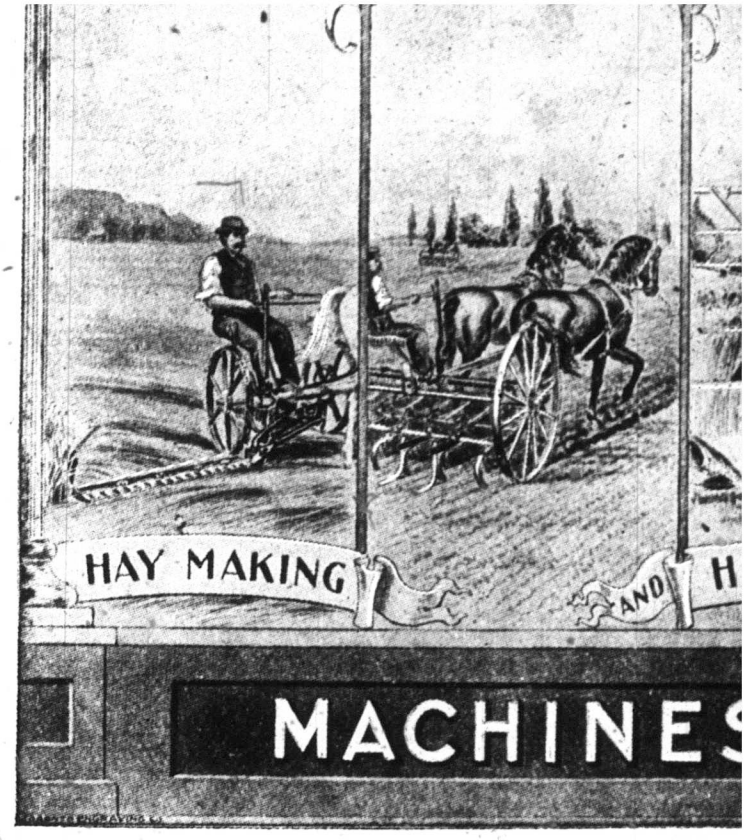
ning but the very **best quality** being acceptable;
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Are Always Reliable


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CULTIVATING.SEEDING

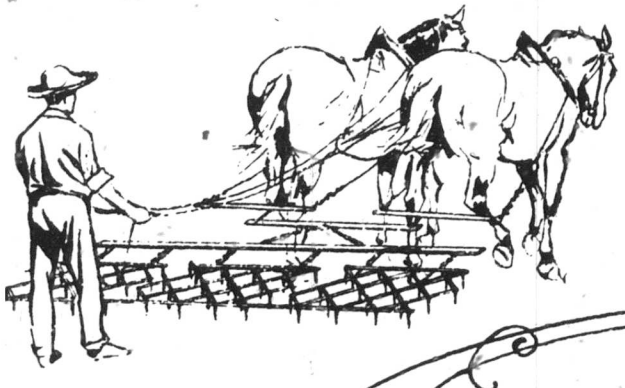


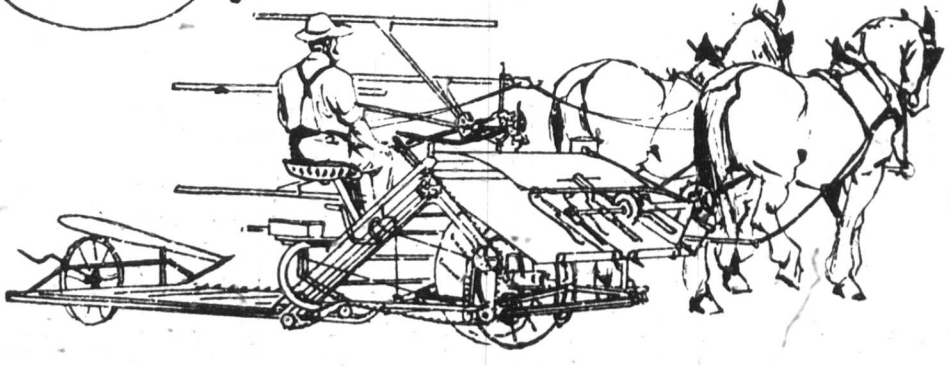


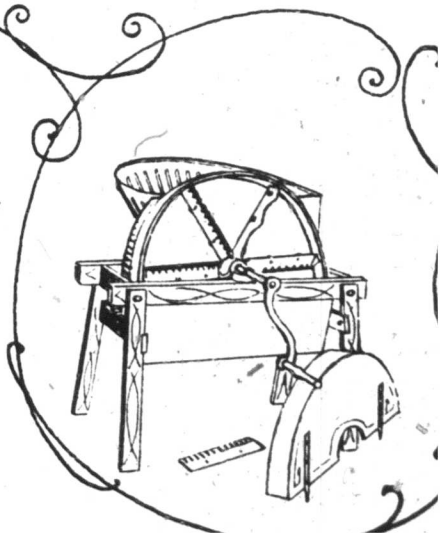


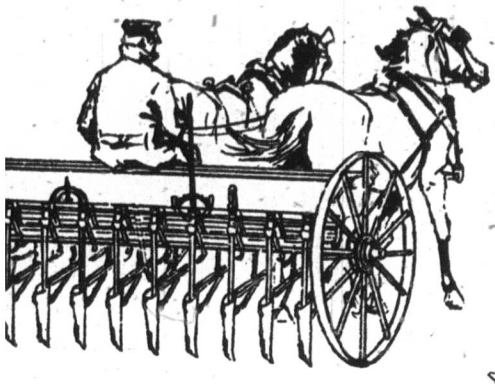
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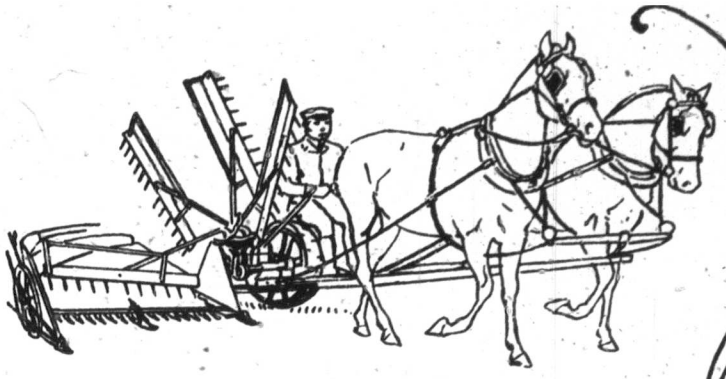
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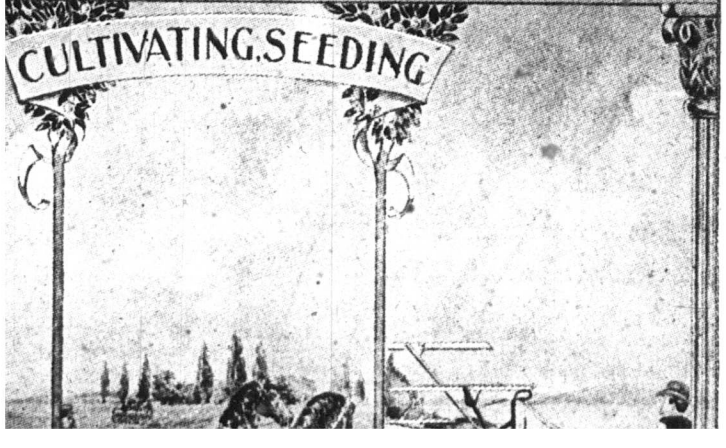


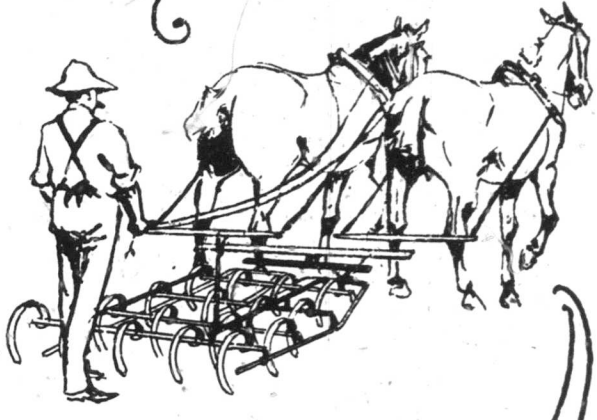


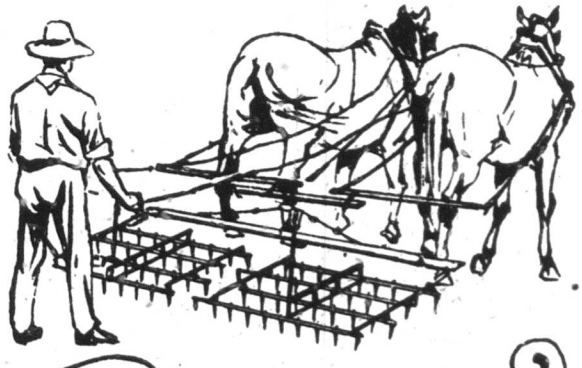
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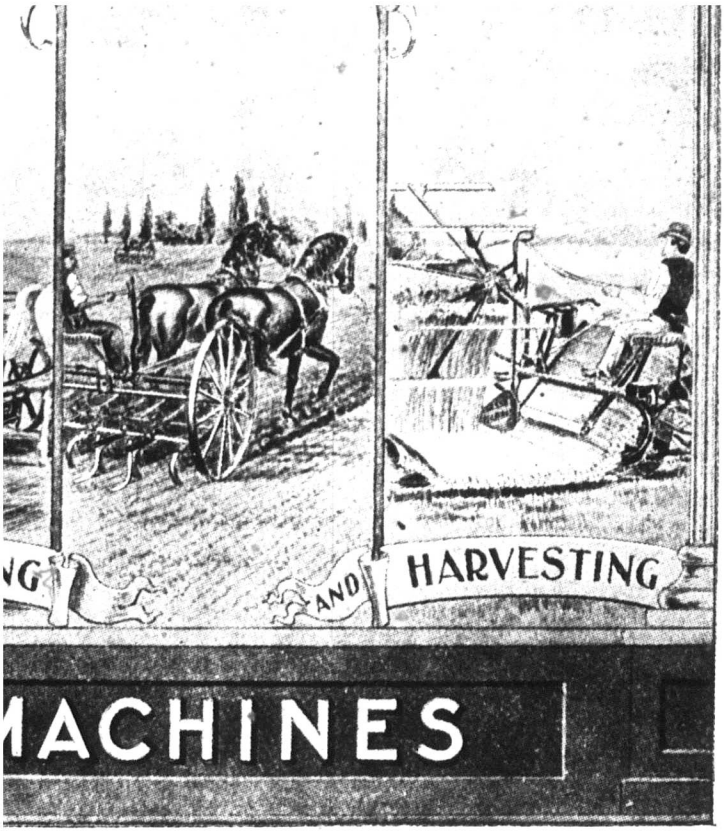
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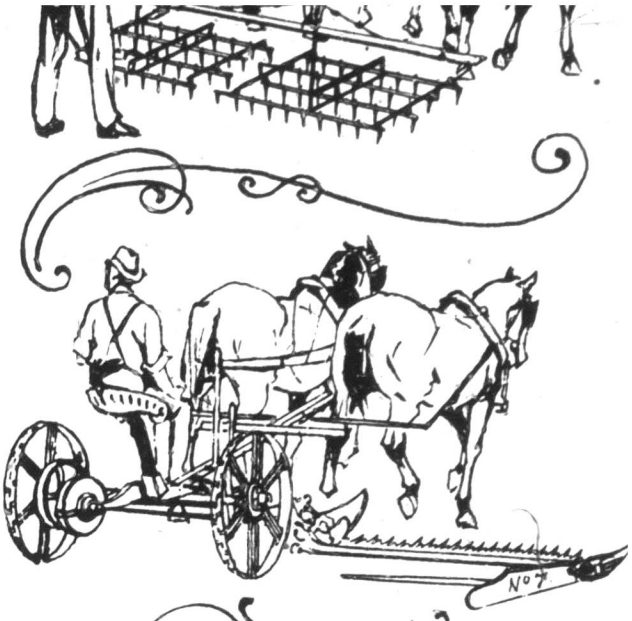
MACHINES

AWARDED

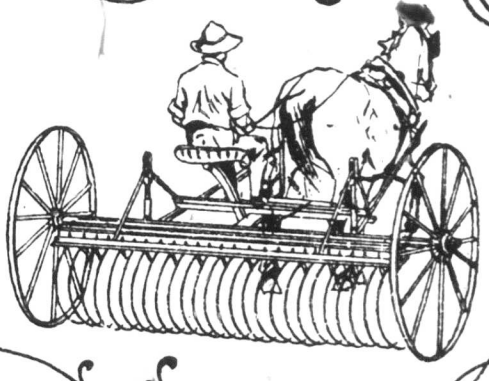
E, PARIS EXPOSITION 1900.

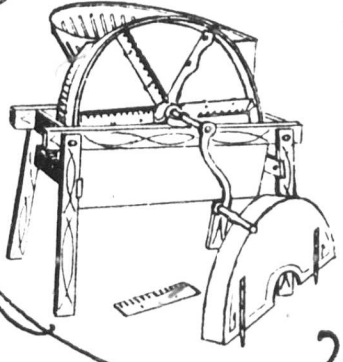
RT, PARIS EXPOSITION 1889.

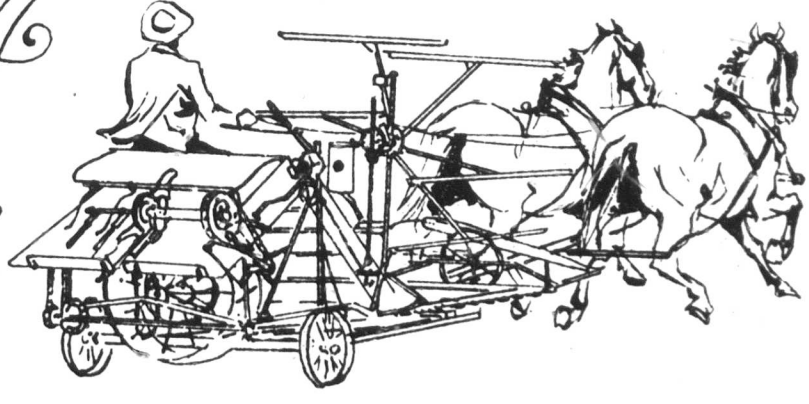
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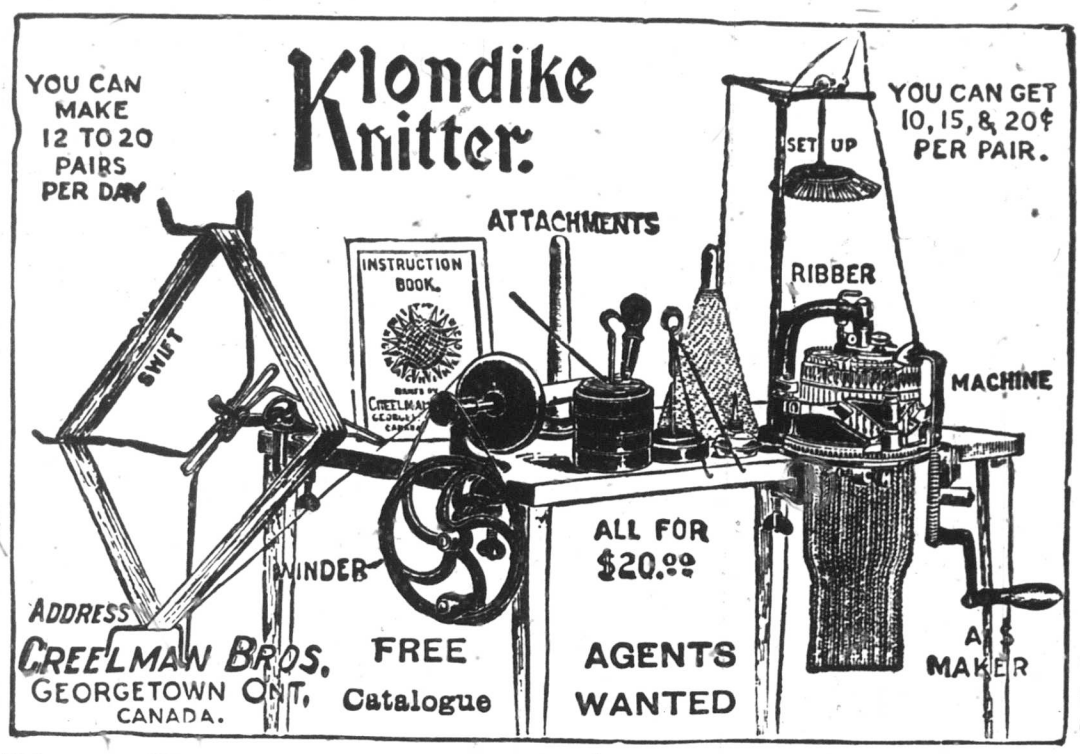
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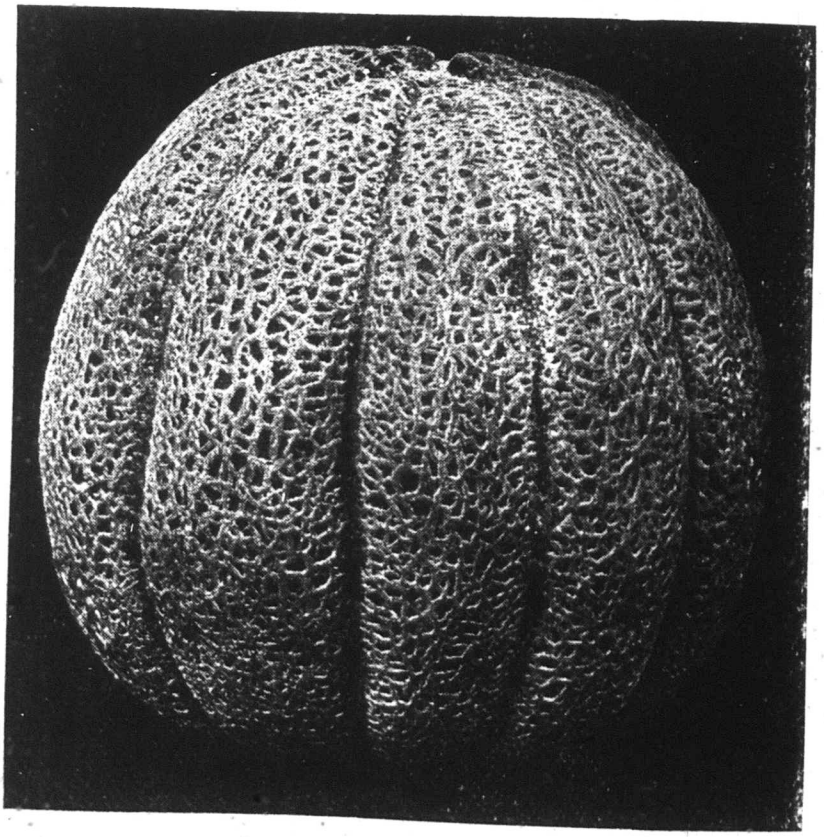
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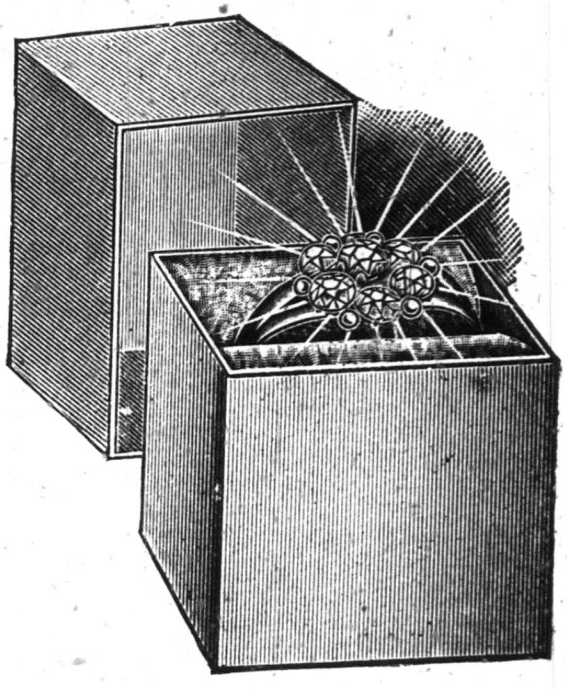
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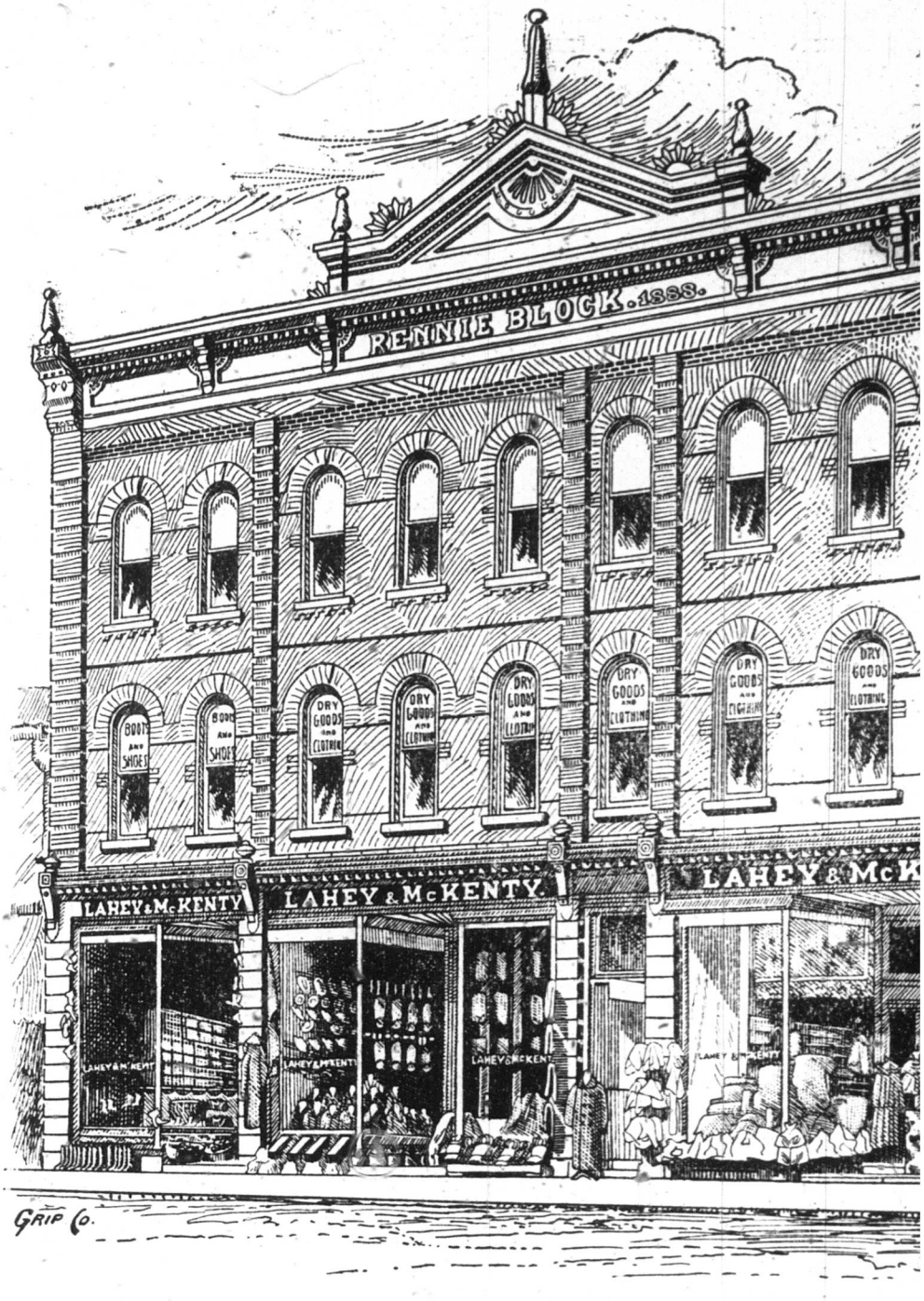
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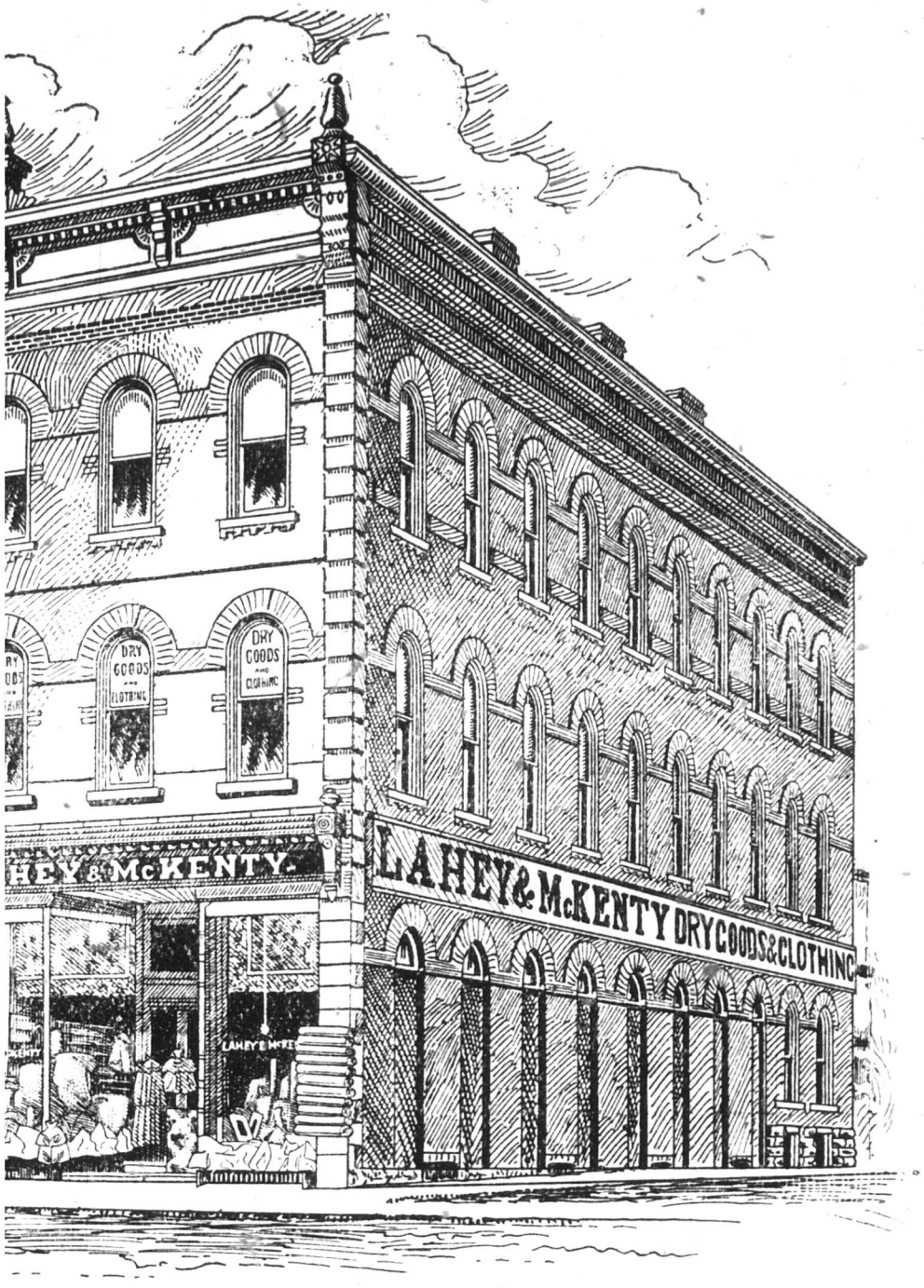
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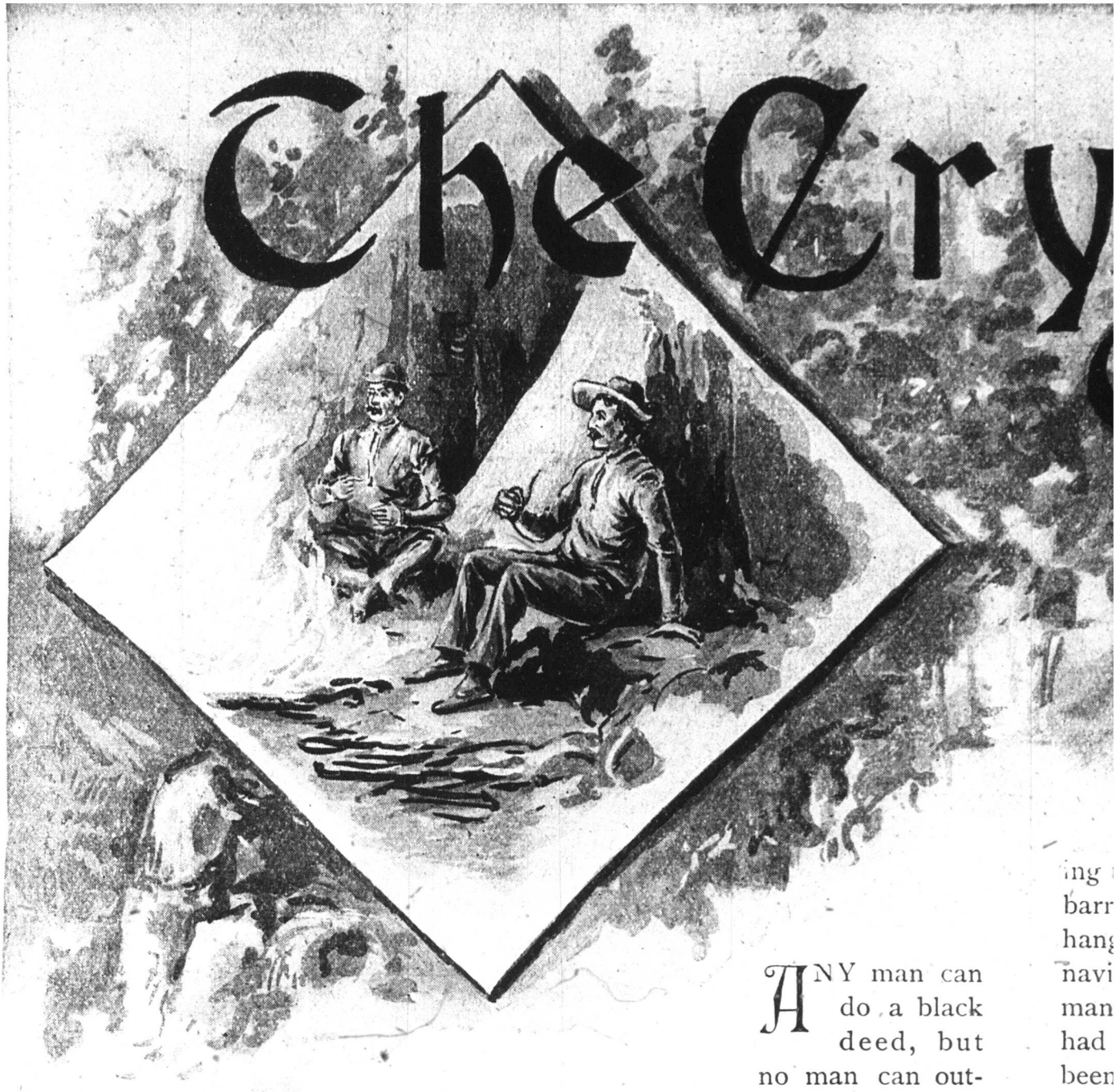
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ANY man can do a black deed, but no man can outrun the consequences. Charles Jewell tried, and although he ran far and arrived hot and haggard at the place he thought safety was to be found, Fate, in the form of a curious chance, waited for him in the very heart of civilization, London.

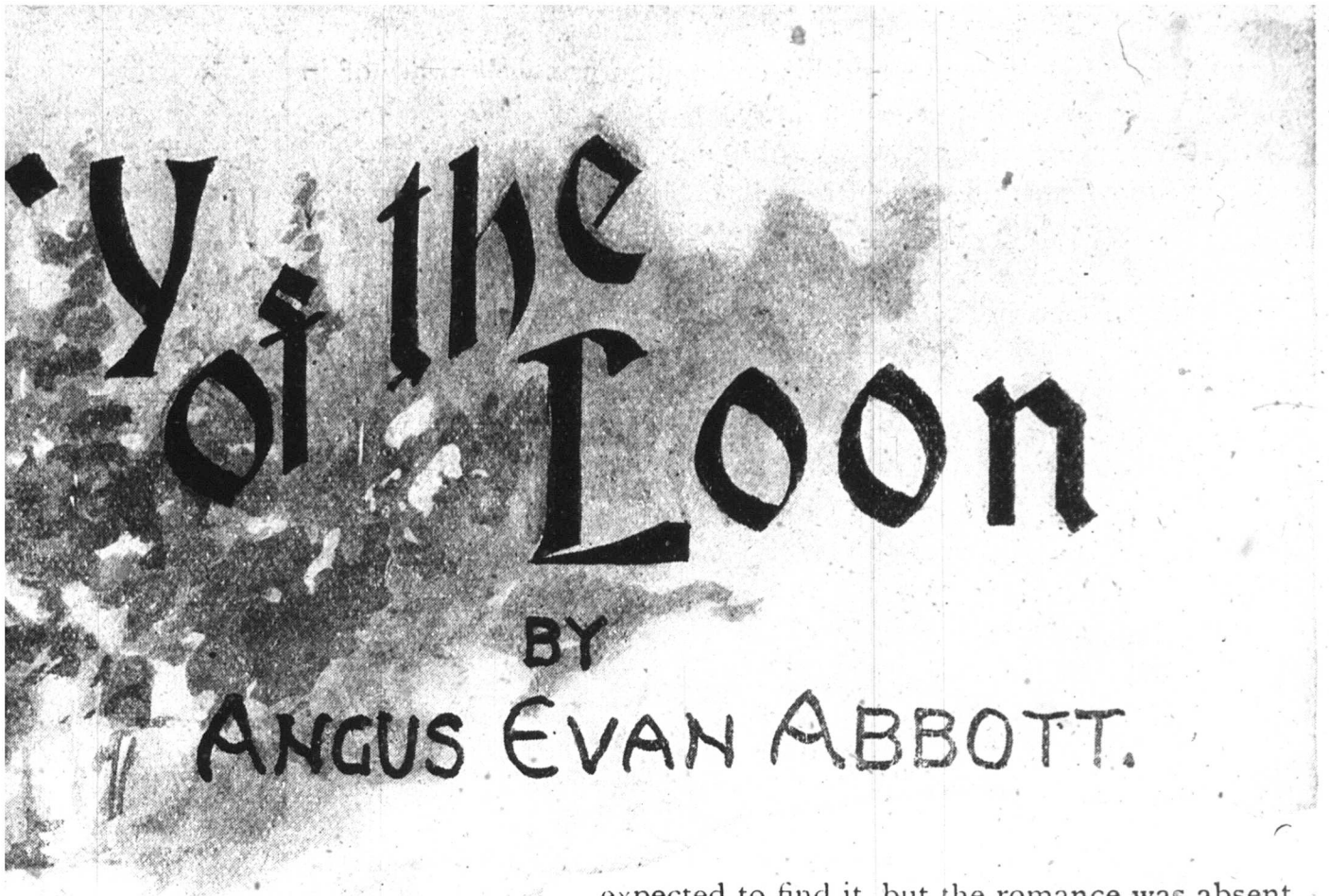
It had been a blistering day. In the northern regions of Canada the summer sun beats with tenfold force on the face of the earth, as if to make good the long months of darkness and frost that turn a quarter of the earth into an inhospitable wilderness. All this day the sun's rays beat down from a cloudless sky, and blazed up from the parched grass and white rocks, and even in the forest the very air, which sought shelter under the motionless branches of the trees, seemed to pant for breath. Even the broad river which lay between its steep banks was covered with a film of heat, and, so oily it ran, seemed to have ceased flowing seawards. All day in the broiling sun two young men worked their way up the stream. Early in the forenoon they had reached

cloudless sky, and blazed up from the parched grass and white rocks, and even in the forest the very air, which sought shelter under the motionless branches of the trees, seemed to pant for breath. Even the broad river which lay between its steep banks was covered with a film of heat, and, so oily it ran, seemed to have ceased flowing seawards. All day in the broiling sun two young men worked their way up the stream. Early in the forenoon they had reached a rapid in the great river: a rapid scarcely perceptible to the eye, for it was only a gradual fall of a few inches. But so swiftly flowed the body of water that the voyagers had found it necessary to make a portage, and the remainder of the day was spent in carrying their outfit and canoe along a quarter of a mile of river shore. It proved an almost insufferable task. The stones and rocks burnt the hand at every touch, and the flies and midges irritated them beyond all endurance. But the young men worked with dogged determination, and neither spoke to the other the whole day long. When all the effects had been placed far enough above the rapid to permit of the launching of the canoe on the next morning, the two silently prepared their camp for the night. A fire was built in the open space, and, although neither had any intention of sleeping under canvas on such a sultry night as must follow the day, still the tent was erected. Storms of rain, violent downpours, come suddenly in those regions, and it is a wise precaution to make ready for them in time. Supper was eaten, and one, Temple, lit his pipe in silence.

Charles Jewell and Philip Temple planned the trip they were now on quite six months in advance. While attending the University at Toronto they had spent many hours studying the scantily marked map of the far north, reading the exploits of Mackenzie and other Hudson Bay men, and posting themselves generally on travel and adventure in those northern latitudes. Night after night, when they should have been reading Greek or worse, they pored over the lore of the forest and planned. Their hopes were now realized—all but the romance. Life in the wilderness was much as they had



ALL DAY IN THE BROIL



expected to find it, but the romance was absent, and the absence of this enchantment left a hole in their lives. Here, after weeks of voyaging together without seeing a soul, they found what they had sought—the great barren tract of wilderness; the rugged hills, with ragged patches of pine trees hanging to their sides, like the half-cast hair of a buffalo; the broad river, navigated as yet only by the birch canoe of the Red Indian; the absence of man; there was the absence of romance as well. Hard work and a hot sun had knocked their dreams on the head. Not only this, but the young men had been constantly together for two long weeks, and they were thoroughly tired of one another, and one had begun to hate the other with a frenzied hatred. What a boon to each would the face of a stranger have been! How each would have taken him to his arms and poured into his ears small troubles which had grown great through careful nursing! But there was no friendly stranger, and the two sat, Temple smoking a pipe, and Jewell nervously breaking the dry twigs which he picked from the grass.

Philip was the first to speak. He was not a good hater, and when he smoked, Peace always seemed to him an exceedingly pleasant maiden.

"A weird cry that, Charlie," he said in a low tone.

The night had fallen, and the cries from forest and stream were beginning.

Jewell started, and looked quickly at his companion, who had not taken his eyes off the running water.

"What is that you say?" Jewell asked rudely.

"I say it's a strange, lonesome cry, the cry of the loon," the other answered gently. "It always seems to me ghostly."

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"I say it's a strange, lonesome cry, the cry of the loon," the other answered gently. "It always seems to me ghostly."

"For heaven's sake none of your sentimental twaddle. I've had enough of it already. Don't make yourself more objectionable than—than God made you."

"Several times on this trip we have unbosomed our innermost opinions of one another. I have made a clean breast of mine, and I will give you the credit of leaving me in no doubt as to your opinion of me. Now, as neither of us have anything new in that line to disclose, I suggest we drop the subject. I am in no querulous mood to-night." Temple spoke in an aggravatingly slow and quiet way.



IN THE BROILING SUN.

"It's the first time——" Jewell was beginning hotly when Temple interrupted.

"Granted, Charlie. I grant you it is the first time. But there's the cry again, the loon, but where it comes from a person cannot tell. It seems to come from all sides of one, to be beating in the air with pinions of its own. It is a wild, strange bird, the loon, seldom seen, shy, alert, active, the spirit of the woods and lake."

Then followed a long silence, each man apparently intent on his own thoughts, and at intervals the strange sound, which had called forth the rambling remarks of Temple, sounded from the other side of the river.

"Our family is a peculiar one," Temple continued. "Superstition enters strongly into our lives and deaths. We believe in premonition, in signs, and omens. Have you heard of—heard of——" Philip stopped.

"Heard of what! Some fool thing I have no doubt," the other said in spite of himself. He was being aggra-

vated beyond all measure, and his companion was well aware of it.

"Yes some fool thing, you'll say."

It was now intensely dark, although overhead the stars shone brightly. But in the woods and among the hills darkness is doubly intensified.

"A fool thing," continued Temple quietly, "but an eerie thing, the night hawk that cries when a sorrow is to come upon our family. Near our house, you know it, Charlie, stands the withered elm, its white limbs touching the sky at night. Behind it are the woods, and the topmost limb is seen when you stand in our front door at night, to shoot out of the dark mass of woods, the background, and into the sky. On the point of this limb, a patch of black against the clear heavens, a hawk takes its place and cries the death knell of our family. It cried when father was killed, it cried when sister died, and mother every night of her life looks out in fear to see that the limb is bare. But I feel it; I know that the hawk may cry when my time comes, but that I will be far from the old farm, and that the loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."



Jewell leaped to his feet.

"You madden me with your talk, by heaven, you do," he said as he marched off into the darkness, his hands tightly pressed to his temples.

"I shall go insane," he said to himself, "the sun

"I shall go insane," he said to himself, "the sun has injured me to-day. I feel the throbbing pains of madness in my brain. I cannot sit longer and hear him talk, talk, talk, like the patter of rain or a prattling baby. What possessed him to leave home and hawk to haunt me like an evil spirit? I have gone far enough in this insane matter. I will return home at once. I can stand this chattering, hollow sentimentalist and his vulgar satire no longer; him and the sun. The sun! It has battered my skull in to-day. I have lived through sunstroke once and that is enough. I will travel by night—to-night. He must come along, and hold his tongue, or take the consequences."



IN AN INSTANT JEWELL W

Charles Jewell turned on his tracks and started in the direction from which he had come, but before he got many rods on his way he met his companion, strolling with a great pretense of vacant-mindedness along the high bank.

"Hullo, Charlie!" Philip Temple said in a tantalizing way, for he saw how unbearable his familiar address was to his companion, and at heart he was carelessly cruel, "I wanted to tell you about my uncle."

"Damn your uncle and all the cursed family," shouted Jewell in a rage. "I've heard all I will stand of the crew."

Temple saw matters had reached a crisis, and he cowed under the fierce blaze of his comrade's eye.

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"In future——" he started, when the other interrupted.

"There is to be no future. I am going back."

"Back! When? What do you mean?"

"That we get out of one another's sight and hearing at the earliest moment. Your sarcastic babble has run through my brain with exasperating monotony. It means turning back or murder. I'm going back."

"We have been getting along famously together, Charlie."

"Famously, you say!" the other shouted. "My brain has been torn to pieces bit by bit by you, and roasted by the sun. I can escape the sun, for I will travel by night, and shall prevent your talk—or kill you. It's for you to say which. Now don't stand there like a fool. Take down the tent."



Philip Temple was not quick-witted enough to see that Jewell had worked himself into a frenzy of rage, that for the time being he was mad. Not having the sense to say nothing, he attempted to argue.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Charlie?"

"Down with the tent, do you hear?"

"It's madness to attempt the river. I will not step into the canoe to-night."

In an instant Jewell was upon him and had him in his arms. His passion gave him the strength of a giant, and with one mighty fling he sent his companion into the deep river.



IT JEWELL WAS UPON HIM.

mighty fling he sent his companion into the deep river. "Not step into the canoe! then, go without," Jewell shrieked.

There was a splash, followed in a few moments by a smothered cry for help, and all was still.

Over the silently flowing water floated the ghastly cry of the loon, again and again repeated. Jewell stood rooted to the spot, the words of his companion running through his brain, "The loon, not the hawk, will sing my requiem."

CHAPTER II.

The full meaning of the deed he had done soon flashed across Charles Jewell's brain. As the truth struck home, his expression quickly changed from one of murderous rage to horror and fear. Madly running along the bank of the river, he cried a dozen times and more, "Philip, Philip, where are you? where are you?" But his only answer was the cry of the loon.

"I must leave this awful place at once or I shall go mad," he said aloud.

Retracing his steps he came to the canoe resting on a narrow strip of beach, and without a thought of the future, but only wishing to get away from the spot he himself had made unholy, he shoved the craft far into the swift flowing river, and all unprovisioned and unprovided for his long trip, without even a rifle to provide food, commenced paddling as hard as he could down stream. Once, and only once, he looked back and saw the fire burning brightly

on the high bank, and its glare play upon the motionless sides of the white tent, the tent that looked so like a ghost. He turned his head and dug his paddle deeper into the soundless river. All night long he paddled, flying from that which he could never hope to outrun, and as he sped on his way the cry of the unseen bird followed him at every turn of the river. It was not until the sun had mounted high into the heavens that he shoved the nose of his canoe against the bank, and under the limbs of an overhanging tree fell fast asleep, and slept sounder than might be supposed.

When a man is without provision, gun, and ammunition, alone in the wilderness, it goes hard with him, no matter which the season of the year. But of all seasons the autumn is the best. Then the woods are full of wild fruits. Wild grapes hang in dark clusters from the limbs of trees up which the hardy vine has clambered, and a dozen different kinds of bushes and trees are loaded with nuts and berries, nutritious and palatable, while in the quiet waters of the lake grows the wild rice, the grain the Indians gather to this day. To so good a woodman as Charles Jewell, the task of finding a supper for himself was the work of only a few minutes. When he awoke, the setting sun splashed across the vast firmament great patches of gold and red. It did not take him long to realize his position.

"What an ass I was to forget my gun—an ass and a murderer! I am now on the level of a wild beast, and must eat like them—husks and wild fruit."

He scrambled up the bank, and after a short sojourn returned, having satisfied himself. By the time the sun disappeared Jewell was afloat again, and wielding the paddle with a nervous but strong stroke. He knew the river and what obstacles it had in his path. This gave him no anxiety. It was the great outside world to which his troubled thoughts were turned, and the knowledge of the deed he had done, and how it would rise up against him at every turn, made him fear to meet his fellow-men again. And the more he feared the meeting, the harder he paddled towards it.

It was fifteen days—or nights rather, for he had traveled only at night—it was just fifteen nights from the time of leaving the fire burning brightly on the bank away in the unknown country, that Jewell saw a sight which made his heart leap into his mouth. Away ahead of him, apparently on the surface of the stream, floated a blinking, flickering light, the beacon of civilization, more like a fairy lantern than the light from the little trading village.

Some hours before he had been eagerly looking for a light, but now that it appeared to him his soul was filled with



from the little trading village.

Some hours before he had been eagerly looking for a light, but now that it appeared to him his soul was filled with dread. He instantly checked the course of the canoe and gazed at the light as though it were the eye of some monster he dreaded. The next instant he had turned the head of his birch-bark up stream and was paddling desperately away from the flame. As he paddled he said in a hushed voice:

"I fear the sight of man. Why should I ever return? Why leave the woods?"

He had covered a mile or more at racing speed before his senses came back to him. He laid down his paddle and let his canoe drift with the stream.

"Here have I starved for fifteen days, worked like a slave and fed like a beast, to get to the post, and now that I have accomplished the journey I would run away. Go to the woods! I dare not. I am frightened of myself. I have been with myself too long as it is! Better be hanged in company than live like a wild beast on nuts and roots until I actually become a wild thing, as I ultimately must. I shall go back—but—but not to-night. Not to-night. To-morrow, not to-night."



THOSE WHO CAN

He ran his canoe into a bunch of reeds that grew by the shore, and all night he sat debating with himself and falling into troubled sleeps.

It was not until the sun had risen high in the heavens that Charles Jewell summoned courage to face the world and begin a life-long task of falsehood and deceit, the task of every moment of his existence hiding from his fellow-men the sin that gnawed at his heart. When he steeled himself to the task he shot his frail bark out of its hiding-place and made down stream for the little trading post.

As his eye quickly ran over the rough log buildings composing the tiny village, he called to mind every little incident of his and Temple's stay in the place before they set out on the fatal journey. In that week Temple had made himself a friend of every man, woman, and child, and dog in the place, and he believed that all who could understand the news would mourn the death of a friend. He was right in his surmise.

When he stepped totteringly out of the canoe, those who had run to meet

him read a tragedy in his face, and when he told them in a deeply affected way of the upsetting of the canoe in a rapid, the loss of everything in it, and the drowning of Philip Temple, and how he had lived on wild fruit and nuts for fifteen days, they were pained and full of sorrow. The whole of the inhabitants turned out to hear from the lips of the survivor the particulars of the terrible disaster; and when they saw Jewell walking up and down the long room of the store, they could scarcely believe this was the young man who a few weeks before had left them in such good spirits and looking so well. He had returned haggard in face, emaciated in figure and with broken nerves. He walked to and fro and started painfully at every sound.

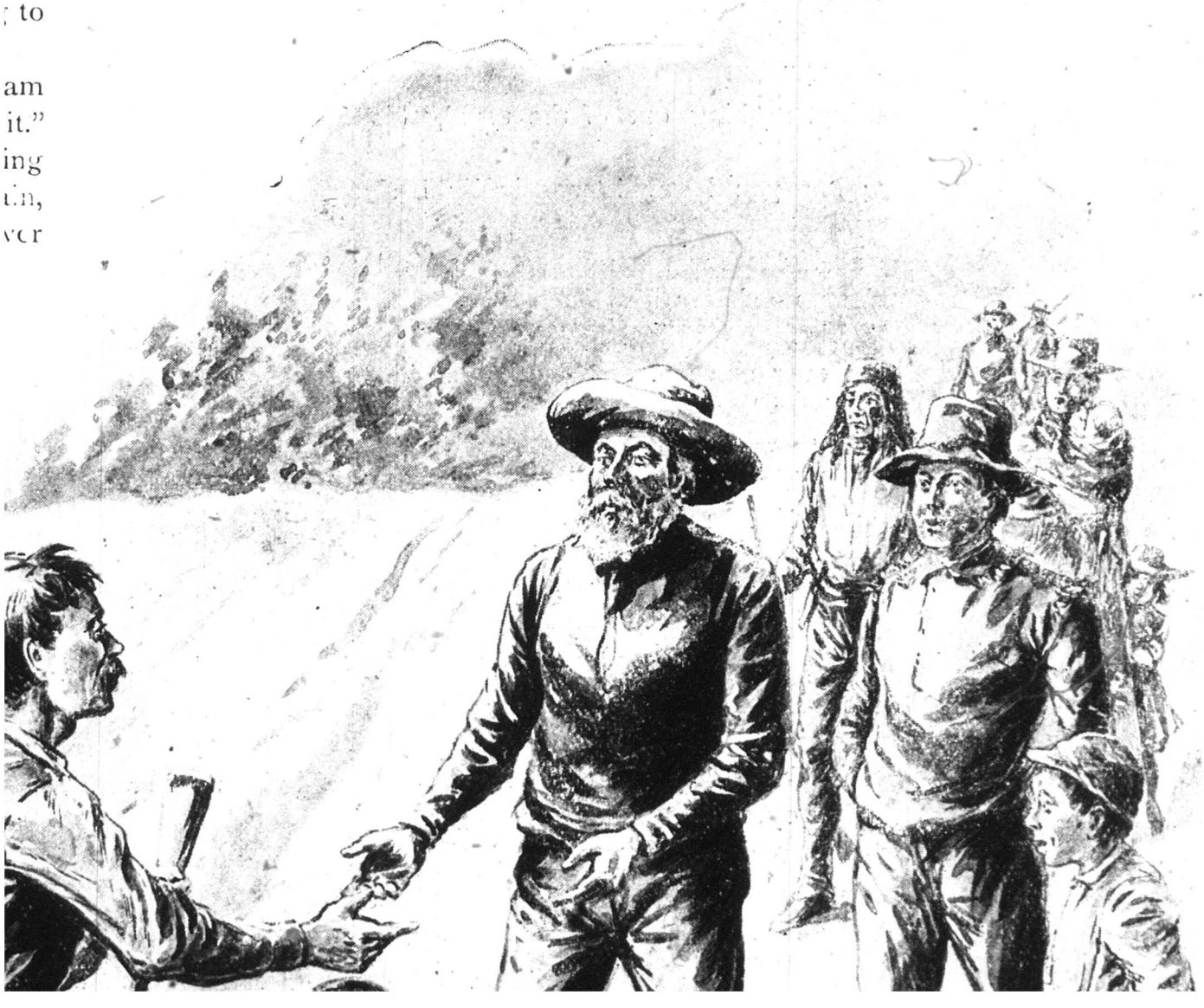
"Then you lost everything?" asked one of the listeners.

"Everything. Guns, tent, food; everything but life."

"It must have been a terrible struggle."

"Terrible struggle! What do you mean?" shouted Jewell with appalling suddenness, glaring wildly at the speaker.

"Why to live, without gun or food," answered the questioner in surprise.





THOSE WHO CAME TO MEET HIM READ A TRAGEDY IN HIS FACE.

"Oh, yes! I see—yes, it was," Jewell said, resuming his walk. His task had begun badly. "I have scarcely lived," he continued, "scarcely lived, mentally or physically, and the loons drive me crazy. But I will go now."

"Go!" echoed half a dozen.

"Yes, go, and at once. I must push on to Winnipeg and from there let the people know."

"To-day? It is madness," answered the factor. "We cannot let you go till you are fit."

"I am as fit now as I shall ever be, and I go now," Jewell answered.

The factor was a man of gentle determination, and he had no intention of permitting a man, so evidently delirious and run down as Charles Jewell then was, to attempt such a journey, not while he had the power to prevent it.

"Jewell, my boy," he said, kindly patting the young man on the shoulder, "Jewell, you stay with me for a day or two and rest. I want to send some word to the outside world, and cannot for a day at least. Go to bed at once. I

will see to some beef-tea to start with, and we will by degrees reclaim you from a berry-eating savage to a flesh-consuming Christian. Meanwhile, I will see about guides for you. Believe me, it is the quickest way to reach the world."

Jewell was quite taken aback with this speech, and the kind manner in which the factor addressed him. He had not expected this, he, a murderer.

Without a word of objection or of thanks he did as the factor said. He rested, ate, and when three days had passed set out on his long tramp through the bush, with two Indians for guides. When he reached Winnipeg he despatched two telegrams. Poor Mrs. Temple had not seen the hawk, nor heard it cry in the night, but after the coming of Jewell's telegram a long wave of crape hung from the door-knob. Two days after Jewell arrived at the country station, looking haggard and worn, and the gray-haired minister, after hearing the sad story, drove straight to Mrs. Temple and told her that Jewell was really not well enough to see her.

At breakfast the next morning Jewell sat in silence for a long while crumbling a piece of bread between his fingers. At last he asked abruptly:

"Did you, did any of you hear anything last night?"

"What do you mean, Charles?" his father asked, looking anxiously at his son.

"Any noise, any sound?"

"No, I heard nothing, nothing out of the usual," his father answered. "Did you, mother?"

"I heard nothing; but you know how soundly I sleep," the old lady answered.

"It seemed to me as if there was a noise, a sound, a loon crying all the night. I could get no sleep, no sleep with it."

"Oh, a loon!" said his father, relieved; "a loon should not disturb you. You have heard the loon ever since you were a baby. They have cried from the lake every year I have been here."

"I can't bear to hear them, they drive me mad," cried the young man, jumping to his feet and walking up and down the room in a frenzy of excitement. "They drive me mad!" he repeated; then stopping abruptly before his father's chair he said:

"I'm going to England." His father said nothing, and the son continued:

"I cannot settle down, not yet, my nerves are unstrung. I must have a complete change of scene. I will go to London, and when my senses come to me again and my mind frees itself from its troubles—its fears—I will return and repay your kindness to me."

The father still sat in silence looking out of the window, and the mother had already her apron to her eyes and was quietly crying.

"We have seen two go and but one return," his father said at last. "It is sorrowful to see the remaining one go again, but, but—well, Charles, my son, I think it's probably the best thing you can do. You'll come back as soon as you

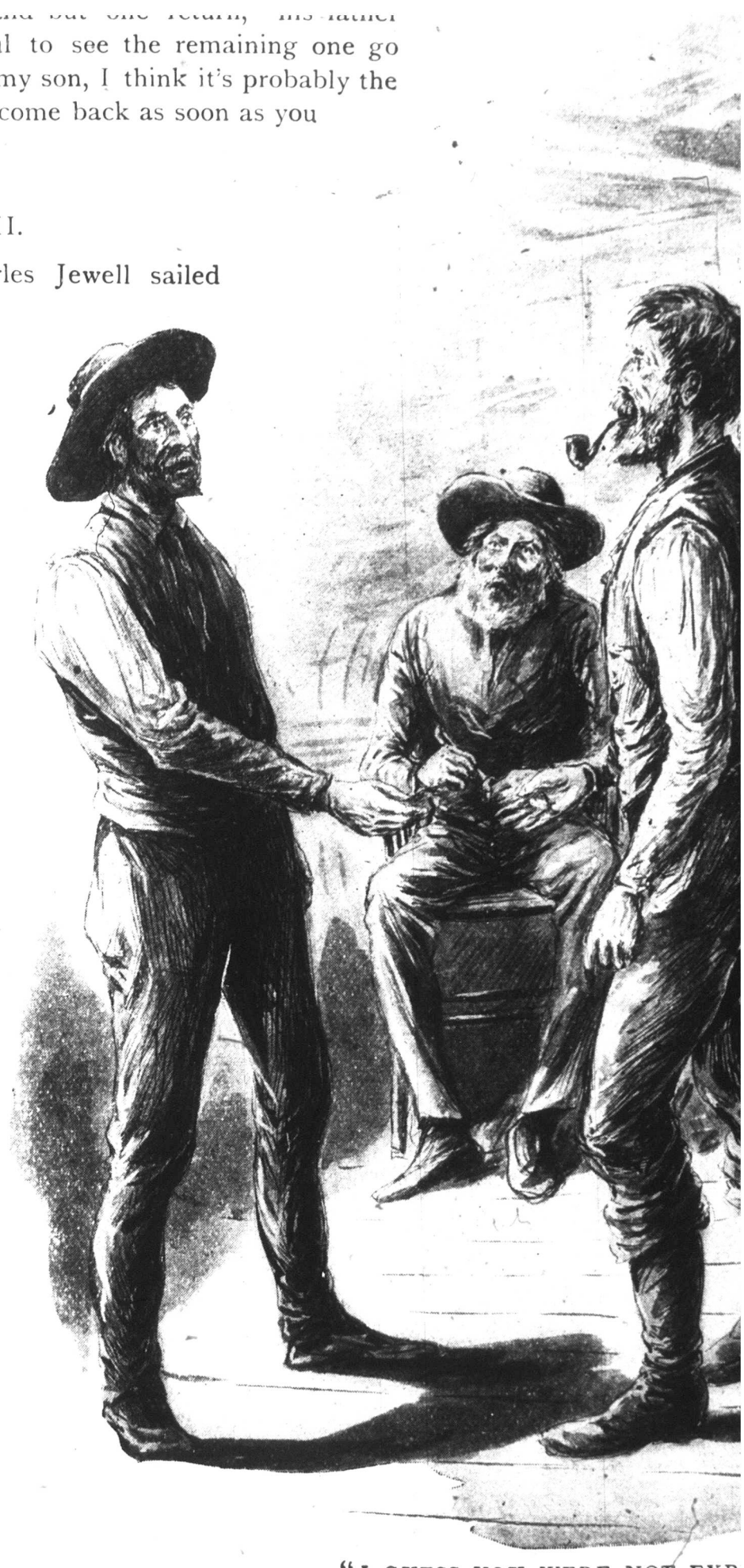
said at last. "It is sorrowful to see the remaining one go again, but, but—well, Charles, my son, I think it's probably the best thing you can do. You'll come back as soon as you can, I know."

CHAPTER III.

Three days before Charles Jewell sailed from Montreal for England the tiny trading post away in the north, which for him had such doleful associations, received a great surprise. Late in the evening when the men were gathered into knots telling tales or arranging for the winter's hunt, the door of the store was thrown open, and into the room walked a man, dressed in rags, his face covered with a shaggy half-grown beard, and on his feet a pair of boots so worn that they were held in place by many thongs of greenhide. Without a word he deposited a rifle carefully in one corner, unbuckled from his waist a cartridge belt and placed it beside the weapon. Shaking himself as a pony does when relieved of an awkward burden, he stepped up to the nearest group of men, and holding out his hand said in a cheerful voice:

"My name's Temple. I guess you were not expecting me?"

The inveterate punster is never taken unready, but this time he was interrupted in the middle of an atrocity about "a defiled Temple from what they'd knowed,"



"I GUESS YOU WERE NOT EXP

by "Then you hain't drowned?" from two or three of the first who had recovered their wits.

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Temple with a great show of jocularity, while all the time he was weighing each word he used to make sure he did not commit himself. "I haven't quite made up my mind, but I rather think I was. But never mind. If something is not forthcoming at once I'm likely to die of hunger. Hold on! no meat. Bread, *bread*, I want. I've lived on meat and fruit for so long that I hope never to see venison or wild grapes again as long as I live. Bread and tea or I die. How did you know I was drowned?"

"When a canoe upsets at the head of a fall and one feller hangs on to her and another feller disappears into the water and ain't heerd of no more nor nothing, you'll allow that appearances don't pint to that feller dyin' of whoopin' cough, won't you? or hangin', for the matter o' that?"

"For a fact it looks like drowning, don't it?" Temple said, laughing, "but appearances don't hold good this time—at least, I think they don't."

"But say, how did you come to save yourself?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I found myself strike earth after being under water about ten thousand times, more or less. Had just enough sense and strength left to pull half my length out of the water, and there I lay on a strip of shore, with my feet in the river and head on a stone, until I recovered. Charlie in a bad state, was he?"

"Jewell never came back," said one of the men.

"What! What do you mean?"

"His boots and clothes and hat and canoe came back, but it wasn't the old Jewell in 'em, but a skeleton-like bundle of nerves. We had to set on his head to get him rested. He was for hoofing it through the woods to the old folks the moment he clapped sole leather to dirt. He was in a regular bad state, I can tell you straight."

"Poor Charlie! Poor Charlie! He'll throw up his hat when he hears I'm safe."

"Say, Temple," spoke up a quiet-voiced grisly hunter, who had sat until now without expressing his feelings by more than an occasional grunt, "the canoe tipped sudden-like, I'm thinking?"

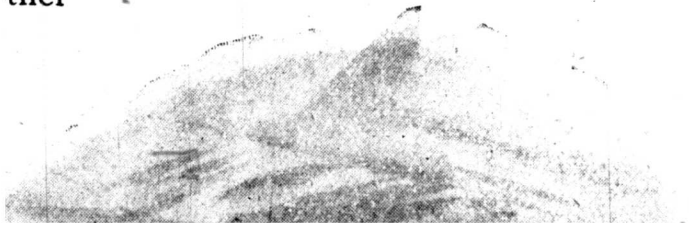
"Over like winking," Temple assented.

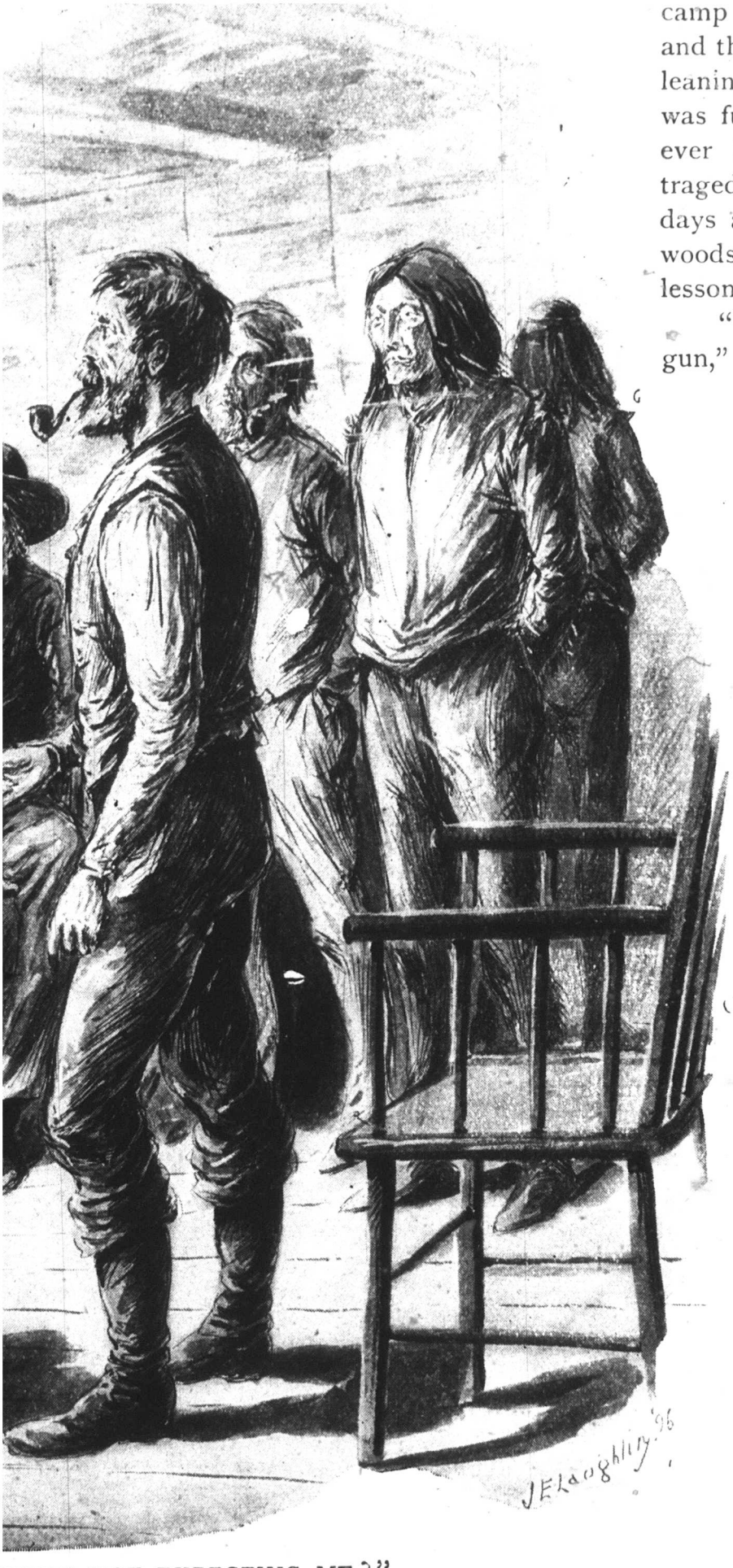
"So Jewell a-told us; didn't have no time for nothing?"

"Not a second."

"So I'm thinking. Where did ye get the gun?" The old man nodded in the direction of the weapon.

Temple flushed red, and his thoughts flew back to the night when, on returning to the brightly burning camp fire, he found his comrade gone and the camp untouched and the guns leaning against the tree. His mind





WERE NOT EXPECTING ME?"

camp fire, he found his comrade gone and the camp untouched and the guns leaning against the tree. His mind was fully made up. No one should ever know the truth of the almost tragedy. He was no hater, and the days and days tramping through the woods had taught him many needed lessons.

"Gun! what gun? It's my own gun," he said, to gain thinking time.

"Got it in Toronto."

"Yes, yes, o' course you did. But Toronto ain't at the bottom of the river."

"Oh, you mean how I happened to save the rifle? It was my sort of luck. When the canoe went over I grabbed as a man only can grab when he feels cold water rushing over him, and as luck would have it, I caught hold of the very thing that would drown me if anything could. I must have frozen to it, for when I came to I had a firm hold on it, and the cartridge belt around my waist."

This seemed satisfactory and reasonable, and Temple inwardly congratulated himself on so easily getting out of what might have been a tight corner.

Afterwards the conversation became general, and Temple was soon tilted comfortably back against a bale of woollen stuff, pulling away at a brier root, and feeling satisfied with himself and all the world.

Two days later he shook "good-bye" with every

person at the post, and made off through the woods or home.

Some days later the modern Jove, a natty, pale-faced youth, sped the him lightning across a thousand miles that told the widow her son had been raised from the dead. . . . . .

When Philip Temple found that Jewell had gone to London he was glad.

"I will meet him there, and among strangers we will make up this foolish matter. Charlie will not be so embarrassed if we two are alone, and a couple of weeks' excitement in the great city may rub all hard thoughts and reproaches from our minds."

It was November when Temple reached London.

When he left home no word had come from Jewell, and so he had arranged for the address to be cabled to his hotel. When he arrived in London the message awaited him.

Calling the waiter he gave him the address and asked the best way to reach it.

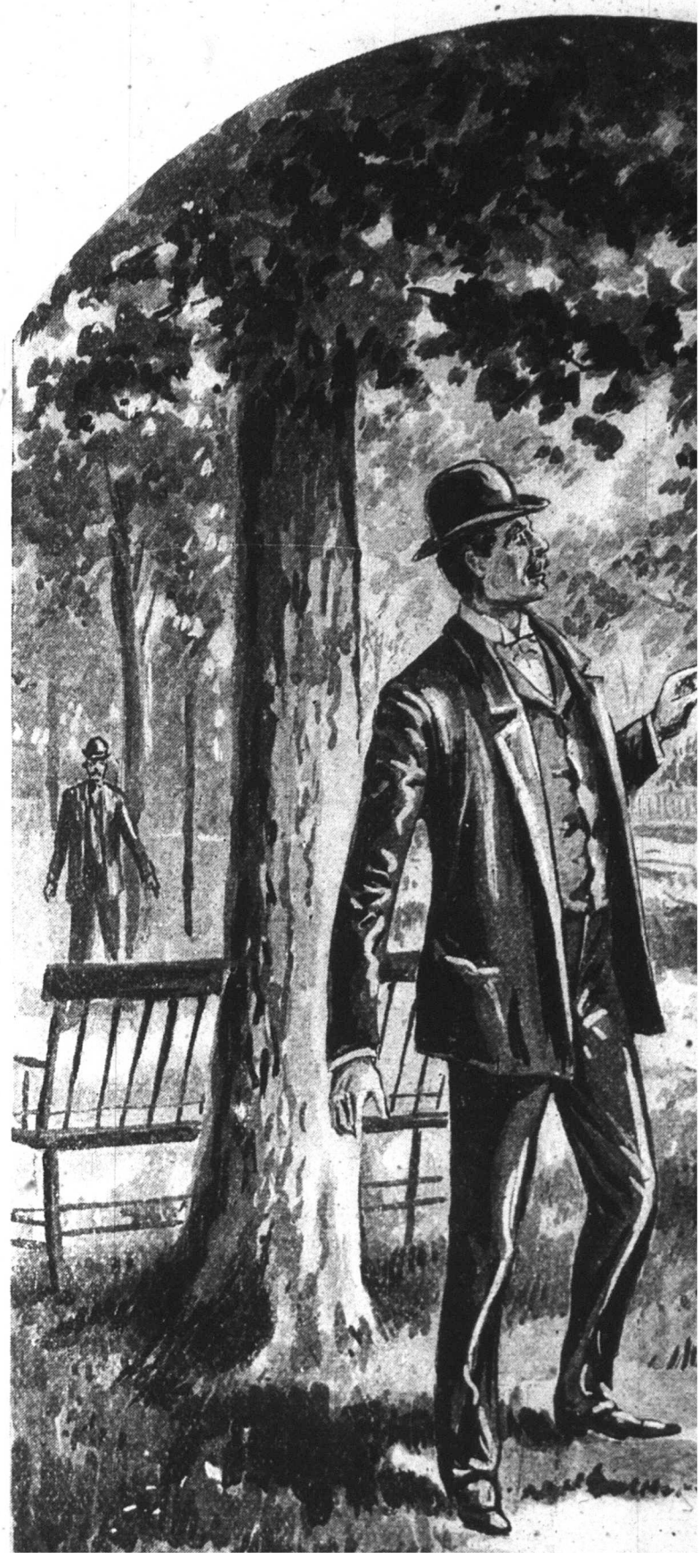
"It's Regent's Park way, sir; 'bus from Charing Cross; but it's a long drive, and the 'buses don't go very near the street; your best way is to take a 'ansom, sir."

Temple acted on the advice, and when he knocked at the door of Jewell's lodging place it was opened by a loquacious female.

"He's just this minute gone, sir, a-walking in the park. He's always walking in the park. Are you a friend of his, sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you've come, sir, for I don't think he's quite well. I won't say anything more about it, sir, but he's been very down 'earted, sir, very down 'earted; and between you and



walking in the park. Are you a friend of his, sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you've come, sir, for I don't think he's quite well. I won't say anything more about it, sir, but he's been very down 'earted, sir, very down 'earted; and between you and me, sir, my 'usband says—well, me and him were both afraid that he might do something that would give the 'ouse a bad name, sir. Lodgers is very particular, sir. They don't ake a 'ouse with a 'istory, sir."

"Do you know where he walks?"

"They say 'e mostly walks across the grass and under the trees, keeping away from the paths like, sir, towards the Zoo, sir. 'E's a good lodger, that I'll say for 'im. 'E don't make trouble, sir."



FLOATING ON THE MURKY AIR LIKE A GHOST

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A Song of Christmas.

HEART of mine! from the store divine
Of the memories dear you hold,
Sing me a song that is sweet and strong
Of the Christmas days of old!
Sing of the eager heart and eye
As the season of joy drew near;
And we mark the lessening days go by,
When the sun rose late in the winter sky,
With never a backward thought or sigh
For the waning year!

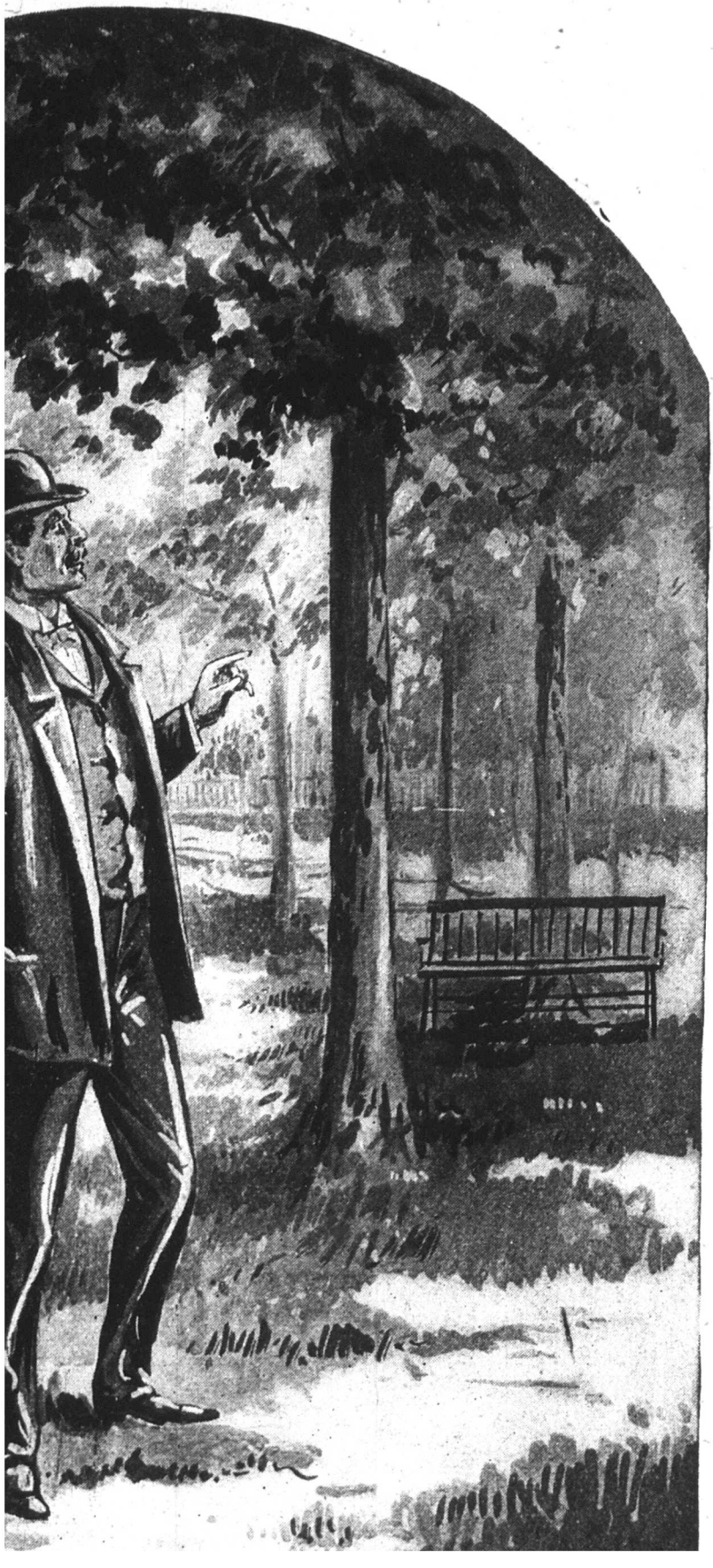
Sing of the morn that our Lord was born
As it came in the days of youth,
When the bells rang sweet down the village street,
Their tidings of joy and truth!
Sing of the drifted fields of white,
Of the crisp and buoyant air;
Of the country roads packed hard and tight
Of the loaded sleighs and the faces bright,
Of the rosy girls and the laughter light,
And the greetings fair!

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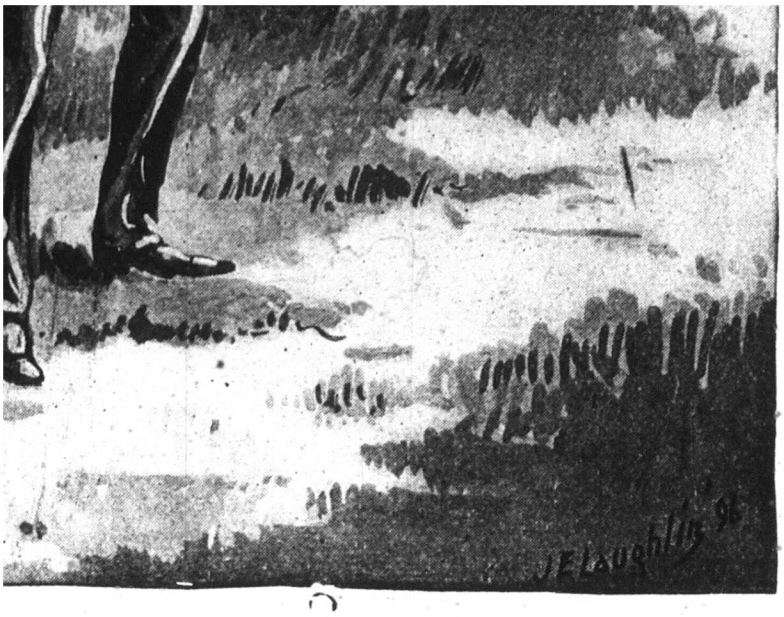
"I have no doubt I'll find him," Temple said. "If he returns, don't tell him anyone called. I will come back shortly if I do not meet him."

November in London is hard enough on the spirits of a native of the city, but to poor Jewell, in a strange, great place, alone with his thoughts and his conscience, the effect was disastrous. His sprits, already low enough, kept sinking, sinking, sinking, as the days crawled slowly along. Several times in the last week he had taken from his pocket a small nickel-plated revolver and looked earnestly at it. The very afternoon Temple called he had carefully looked to the cartridges and snapped the trigger at a dummy to see that it worked aright. Putting the weapon in his pocket he shut the front door and made off in the gathering gloom towards the broad Regent's Park. It began to rain a little, a depressing drizzle, as he turned into the park. Paying no attention to this, he strode off across the grass, avoiding the foot-passengers who were hurrying in all directions to escape the wet. He was thinking deeply; thinking of home and of himself.



"It will go hard with the old folk. If it were not for them I could soon settle matters." Seeking the shelter of a tree, he leaned against it, his forehead pressed close to the rough bark. The minutes flew past, and all the time his hand nervously played with the weapon in his pocket. Suddenly he straightened up. His face blanched and his nails dug into the very bark of the tree. Floating on the murky air like a ghost came the cry of a loon.

"My God!" Jewell said in a hoarse whisper, "it follows me, it follows me everywhere. I must out-



R LIKE A GHOST CAME THE CRY OF A LOON.

past, and all the time his hand nervously played with the weapon in his pocket. Suddenly he straightened up. His face blanched and his nails dug into the very bark of the tree. Floating on the murky air like a ghost came the cry of a loon.

"My God!" Jewell said in a hoarse whisper, "it follows me, it follows me, everywhere. I must outrun it now for all time." As he drew the weapon he turned half around, and there, standing before him, he saw with mistaken understanding the shape of his companion. Before Philip Temple, spring as he

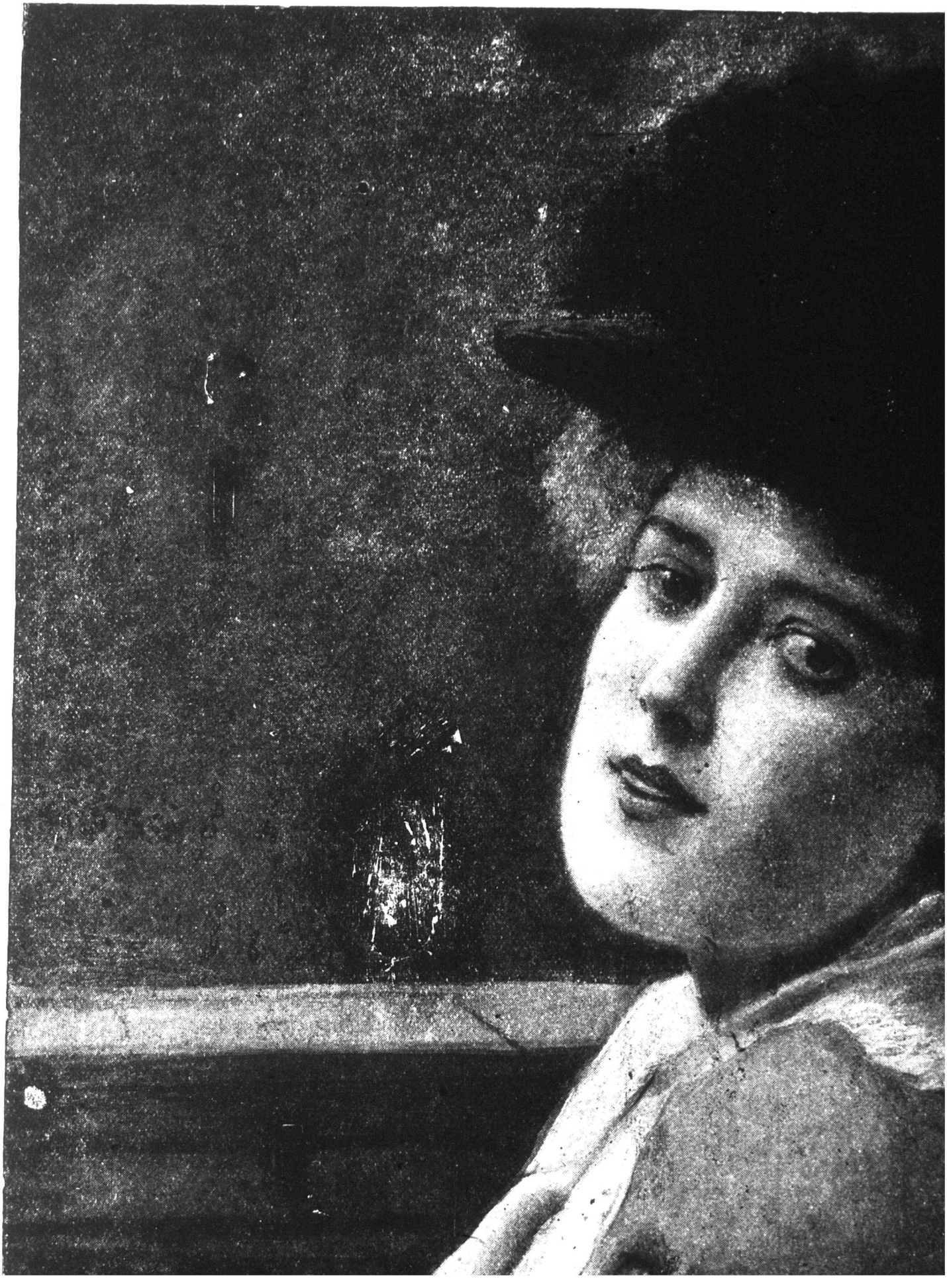
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did, could prevent it, the suicidal shot was fired. Jewell fell dead at the feet of the friend whom he had taken for a ghost. And the loon in the Zoo cried unceasingly all through the night.

Sing of the hall where we gathered all,
With never a vacant place;
Father and mother and sister and brother,
And each with a smiling face.
Sing of the thankful hearts sincere
For the board so nobly laid;
Of the boundless cheer of the garnered year,
Of the ample roasts and the home-brewed beer,
Of the stingless jest and the laughter clear,
And the joy we made!

Sing of the night and the rare delight,
Of the dance and the romping game!
Of the moments fleet, and the twinkling feet
In the blaze of the pine-log's flame!
Of the time whose memories now are keen
As the poignant sense of love;
Of the berried boughs and the evergreen,
The last cup round and the parting scene,
Of the last guest gone, with the miles between
And the stars above!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

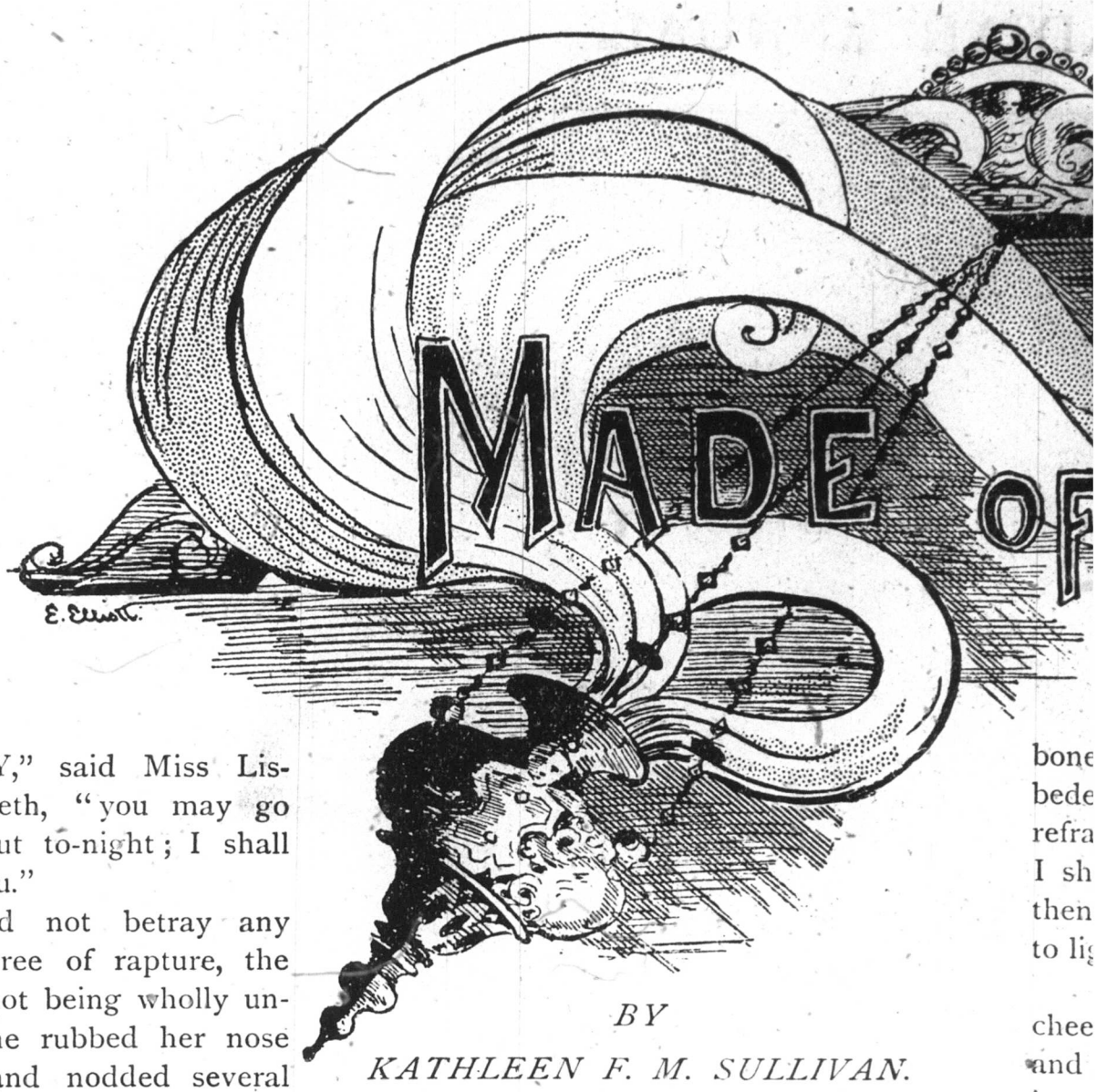








LEAVES OF MEMORY



BY

KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

"ISSY," said Miss Lisbeth, "you may go out to-night; I shall not want you."

Issy did not betray any marked degree of rapture, the permission not being wholly unexpected; she rubbed her nose reflectively and nodded several times.

"And, Issy, you need not be back before eleven; I shall be rather busy," continued Miss Lisbeth with a slow flush in her withered cheek. "And here is a dollar you may spend as you like."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Issy, still unsurprised, as well she might be, for the whole performance had been repeated without the alteration of a word every 5th of January for the last ten years. Indeed, it had become part and parcel of the existences of both mistress and maid. Had no word been said Issy would have departed at precisely six o'clock and Miss Lisbeth would have betaken herself to her mysterious occupation. Between ourselves Issy had, of late years, begun to fancy that if she were called upon to shuffle off this mortal coil on that particular date, the angel at the Golden Gates would have greeted her with, "You need not come up before eleven, as I shall be busy, and here's a dollar to spend as you like."

However that might be, she asked no questions, and, shutting the door behind her at six o'clock, Miss Lisbeth was left alone. Poor Miss Lisbeth!



"Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight



As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses. Brown hair pricked with grey,

. . . . . .

A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines,
A close mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends.
Eyes of no color
Cheek in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure if past bloom
Past fading also."

She had been the eldest of five sisters, of whom three were married at some distance, while the fourth, in the sweet old scriptural phrase, "Was not." Miss Lisbeth herself had never soured, as the term goes; she had simply wilted into a loveless middle age. She had never had a lover and never betrayed any anxiety to have one. Her sisters' affairs had filled her youth and young womanhood, for she was an unselfish soul, and now she found herself stranded high and dry on the shores of solitude, like an old wreck that had gone to pieces on its first voyage without a chance to prove its power and prowess. Issy was all that remained to her of the springtime of life. They had been young girls together, mistress and maid, and now they were old women together with the former relations unchanged. So the monotonous life in the cottage sped on year by year, always, as I have said, marked by some peculiar rite or ceremony on that particular date—Miss Lisbeth's birthday. And here it had come around again!

Miss Lisbeth watched from the window as Issy's plump figure dawdled leisurely down the path and disappeared beneath the snow-covered elm at the gate. When the old maid turned from the window her face was curiously changed. Her eyes, no longer pale, shone and sparkled; her bent back was straight and almost youthful, and she actually gave a little skip as she hastily pulled down the blind, for the winter afternoon was changing to dusk.

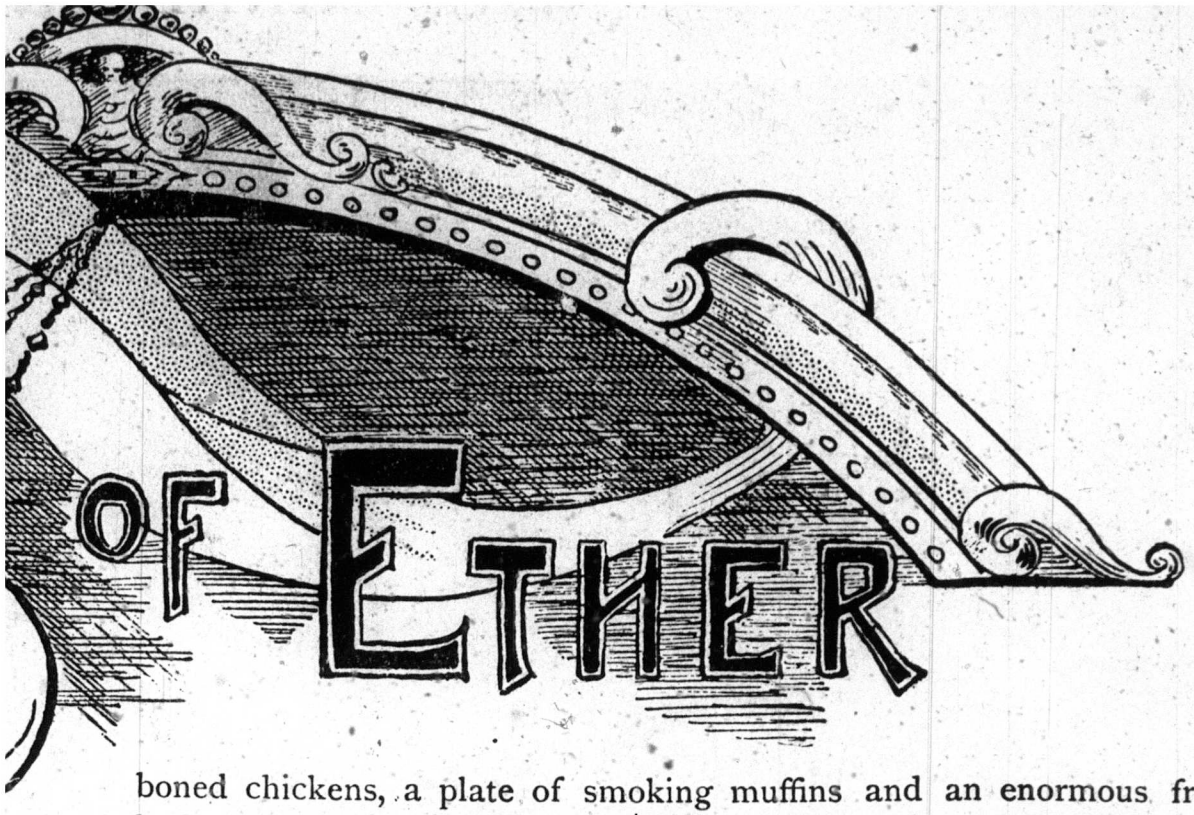
"I have just time to get tea," she said aloud; "I thought she would never go!"

She stepped briskly to the little dining-room and covered the round table with a snowy cloth; in the middle of the table she placed a vase of Christmas roses and trailing hot-house vines, and with the greatest care and neatness laid two places, though not far apart.

"Let me see—shall it be apricot or strawberry preserve?" she said, with the key of her jam cupboard pressed reflectively to her lip. "What was it last time? Oh, quince! Well, this time it shall be both. He is very fond of apricot." And she laid out a generous supply.

Every inch of silver and glass on the table was polished to the utmost brilliancy, from the silver napkin-rings to the epergne of flowers; and when Miss Lisbeth added to the feast a pair of

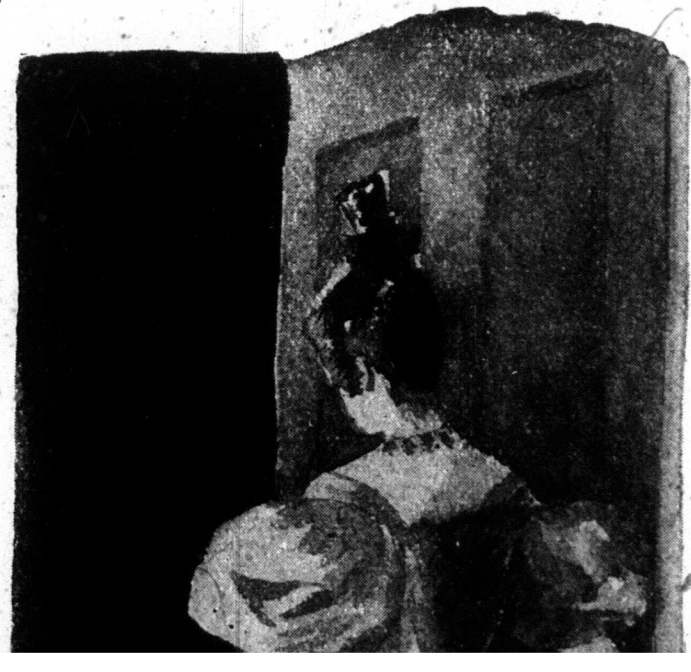




boned chickens, a plate of smoking muffins and an enormous frosted cake bedecked with cupids and doves and artificial orange blossoms; she could not refrain from clapping her hands at the pleasant spectacle it presented. "Now I shall put the tea-pot on the trivet," she said, glancing at the clock, "and then I shall just have time to dress!" She hurried briskly away, but returned to light a softly shaded lamp and then trotted upstairs at quite a juvenile speed.

The little room was still, save for the crackle of the flames which shone cheerfully on the many points of light Miss Lisbeth had evoked from spoon and preserve-dish, till they blinked like a hundred bright little eyes all watching—watching for the guest who was to come.

Half an hour went by and there came a rustle on the stairs, not aggressively loud as is the fashion with women nowadays, but soft, subdued and soothing. The rustle was followed by Miss Lisbeth—a glorified Miss Lisbeth, resplendent in the garments of nearly half a century ago, glistening with embroidery, dainty with frills and billows of lace, her hair dressed fantastically high over a tortoiseshell comb, her wrinkled neck bedecked with a shining necklet. She raised her hand to her face, and on its third finger glittered a plain golden hoop that looked like a wedding ring. One could almost believe that the little tea-kettle started back in astonishment at this vision, for it fell over into the coals and hissed loudly. Miss Lisbeth righted it and gave a



tea-kettle started back in astonishment at this vision, for it fell over into the coals and hissed loudly. Miss Lisbeth righted it and gave a hasty glance at the table to see that all was right, and then, drawing forward a large pair of carpet slippers embroidered with the monogram E. M., she propped them cosily against a footstool to warm. She unfolded, too, a fresh newspaper and hung *that* to warm, and finally sat down patiently to wait, with her eyes on the clock.

"Eustace is late," she said with a little childish nod and smile that sat strangely on her worn old face, "but he likes to keep me waiting; he knows his welcome will be all the warmer."



"HERE YOU ARE AT LAST, EUSTACE!"

At five minutes to seven she began making excited trips to the window, remarking on his lateness and hazarding various feminine surmises as to what could have kept him. At seven she proceeded to the cellar and gravely pulled the front door bell-wire till it rang a loud peal over the quiet little house. Miss Lisbeth was in the hall almost before the wire had ceased trembling and had flung open the door with a glad cry:

"Here you are at last, Eustace! How late you are! Come in, come in, tea is all ready." A gust of wind brushed past her; no one was there! Nevertheless Miss Lisbeth's hands moved as though she were divesting someone of hat and coat. She did, in fact, hang a man's hat on the rack, but it was one she had brought downstairs with her. Still leading her invisible guest, she walked towards the dining-room, and stopping at the door she blushed and cried:

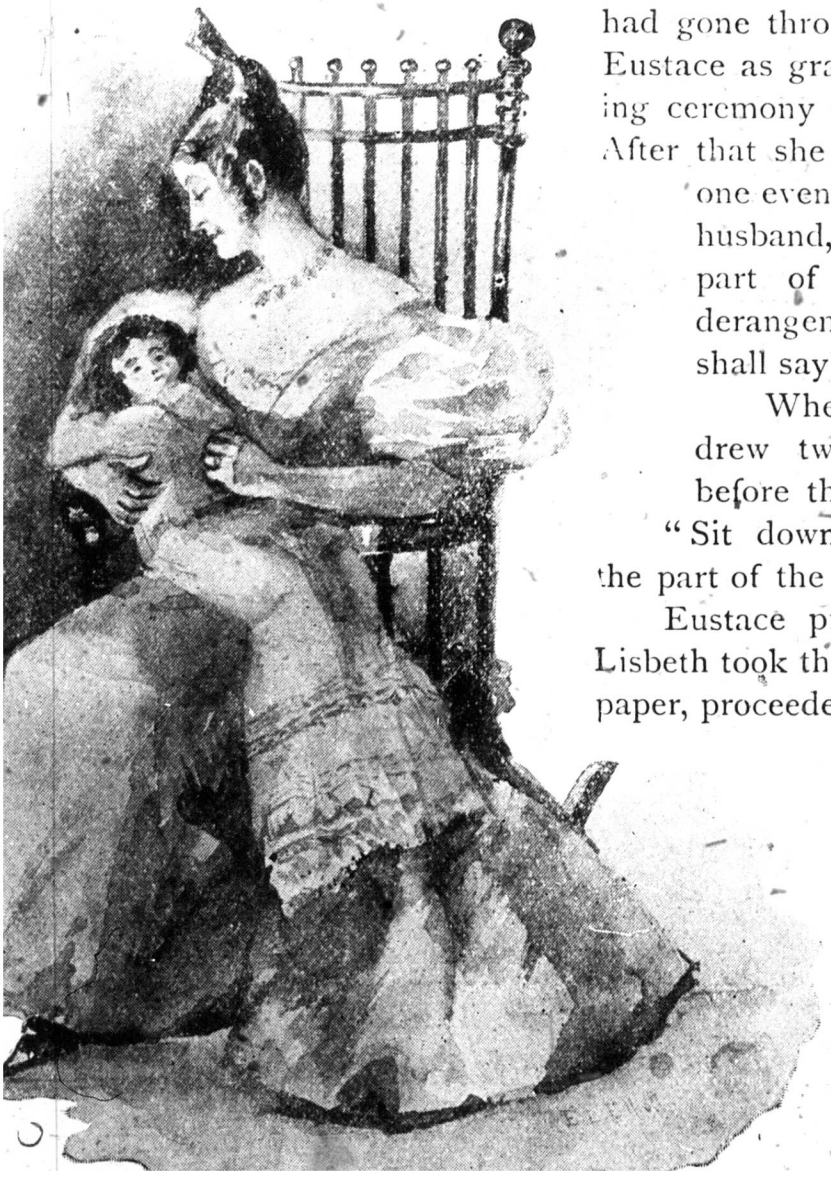
"Don't! Well, one more, then!" as though he had kissed her. Upon those phantom feet Miss Lisbeth then placed the slippers, laying aside an imaginary pair of boots and resting her hand for a moment on an imaginary knee, as she asked tenderly of the chairback:

"Any worries? You look pale, my darling; but you will feel refreshed after your tea."

She sat beside him at the pretty meal, helping him daintily to all the choicest morsels and eating quite heartily herself. She told him scraps of gossip and chit-chat she had picked up



during the day, and sweetened his tea when it would appear she had not sugared it sufficiently. It was her birthday party, you see, and each succeeding year she invited this one guest—the husband she had somehow missed! She called him Eustace Montressor, and embroidered the slippers accordingly. The name had been gleaned from a cheap novel, and the wedding ring bought from an adjacent jeweler. The hat had been the most difficult of all to manage, and she would have liked to have gone farther and procured other garments but that her maiden soul rebelled in spite of herself, and she sewed buttons on a strip of flannel instead with perfect propriety. She was not mad, this strange old maid—she was simply a woman with a strong imagination and histrionic abilities which would have shocked her had she been aware of them; but she was not, and played her tragic little farce with each succeeding year. At first she had been simply seized with a desire to know what it "felt like to be married," and in her lonely moments had gone through the marriage service with Eustace as gravely as if it were indeed a binding ceremony with priest and ring and book. After that she conceived the idea of devoting one evening of the year to her phantom husband, and now the habit had become part of her, whether to her mental derangement or to her moral peace, who shall say?

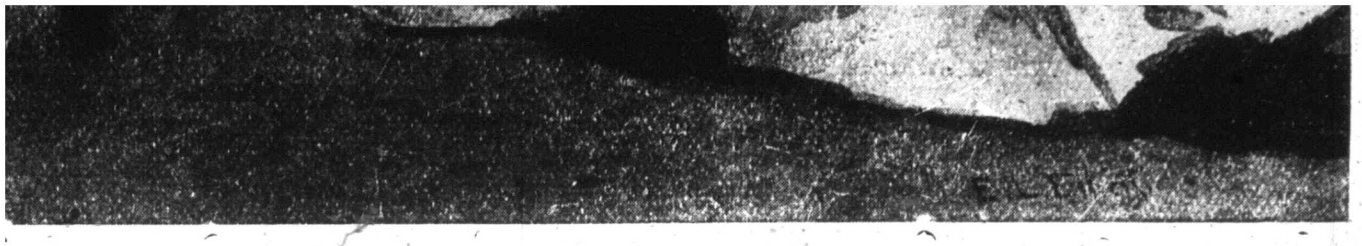


When tea was over Miss Lisbeth drew two chairs close to each other before the fire.

"Sit down, Eustace," she said; "this is the part of the day I always enjoy most of all."

Eustace presumably sat down, for Miss Lisbeth took the other chair and, unfolding the paper, proceeded to read the leader and one or two foreign articles aloud. The phantom had no settled business, but hovering, as he did, between heaven and earth, his wife judged that he might be expected to take an interest in most things. He appeared, at any rate, to find the process





soothing, for Miss Lisbeth's voice grew slower and softer and finally died away into silence, and she sat gazing into the glowing coals, with a smile on her face and her left hand resting on the arm of the neighboring chair. For half an hour the clock ticked stridently on the silence, and then Eustace might be supposed to awake. Miss Lisbeth brought a little account book and slipped down on the footstool, rather stiffly, if the truth must be told.

"I know you will not be vexed, dear, but the accounts are rather large this year. You see, the doctor's bill was more than we expected and—there, I knew you would forgive me, you are always so good. What? Did you say you heard something? Was it *baby?*"

She sprang up from the footstool and hurried to the foot of the stairs on tip-toe with a finger on her lip.

"She is stirring, Eustace. I will go up. You won't mind being left alone for a moment. What? Foolish boy! Very well, I shall not be long."

Then softly on the silent house came a gentle creak, like the sound of a rocking-chair swinging somewhere in the darkness. And to its strange accompaniment grew a little foolish song, breathed in a feeble old voice, a lullaby:



"Then butterfly, flutterby, lullaby baby,
Off into the kingdom of Dreaming and Sleep,
The blue of the sky slid right under her eyelid,
The velvet of pansies right under her cheek."

Presently Miss Lisbeth came down to the dining-room again, but not as she had gone up. In her arms lay a large wax doll, dressed in exquisite garments of lawn and lace. What love and longing had been worked into those tiny frills and tucks, and what a business it had been to hide the little patterns and embroideries from Issy! Baby had a new dress every year, and this one was particularly gorgeous, for Eustace exclaimed at it as he kissed his daughter.

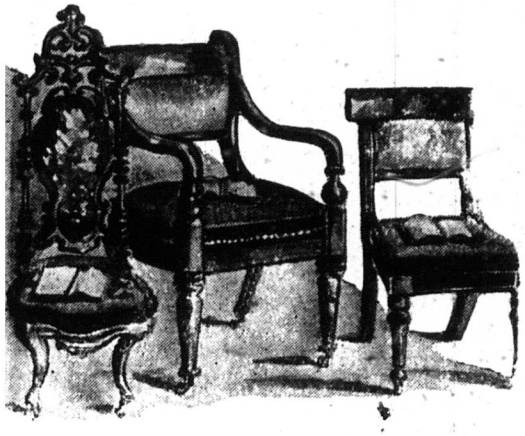
"Will you get me the rocking-chair from the drawing-room, Eustace?" said Lisbeth, laying down the baby and getting it herself. "Thank you, that will do—not too near the fire, my dearest!" She sat down, holding the doll tenderly and pushed herself to and fro with one foot while she talked softly.

"I have been a little worried about her to-day, her teeth are troubling her; and do you not think she looks a shade feverish? No? Perhaps I am over-

anxious, but since our little Phyllis died——" and here Miss Lisbeth stopped and her eyes grew wet with real tears, for the Phyllis affair had been most realistic and had called forth Eustace's most tender sympathy, for which sole result the demise of the unfortunate phantom had been duly planned and executed.

"I shall never forget, dear, how comforting you were, or how nobly you bore up, and I have always felt that it drew us together as nothing else would have done. No, Eustace, you mustn't kiss me any more; you will wake baby. Does she not look lovely? Look at her feet!"

She delicately turned up the hem of the little gown. It was a risk; the plaster toes were not worthy of an extravagant degree of admiration even to her, and she hastily covered them with a little start and changed the conversation.



"No, dear," she said, in answer to a question from Eustace. "You know I do not object to smoke; neither does baby."

She took a box of cigars from the mantel and thrust the tip of one between the bars of the grate. They were cigars that cost a dollar apiece, but nothing is too good for some people. As the penetrating odor curled to her nostrils Miss Lisbeth closed her eyes and sniffed.

"That makes it real!" she murmured, and put the doll's waxen arm about her neck. The clock struck ten. Miss Lisbeth started.

"It is prayer time, dearest!" she said.

She set three chairs near the door for the servants and rang a bell. She and Eustace read the Psalms for the Evening verse about. Perhaps she filled in the silences, and perhaps the ghostly servants filled in the sound. They should have at any rate, for an open Prayer Book lay on each chair, or should I say each lap? When they knelt to pray, it would seem that the Litany was being read, for Miss Lisbeth repeated "Good Lord deliver us" the orthodox number of times, and glided into "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord,"





"OH NO, I HAVE NOT BEE

FOOT NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—A month after this story was accepted
Illustrated London News as follows, without having any reference to or knowledge of
as a coincidence and in corroboration of the possibility of the imaginary Miss Lisbeth
not insane, can believe with at least nine-tenths of her consciousness. Some years ag
an engagement. She received letters and presents from her lover; she read parts of
a telegram announced his illness and death. Nay, the report of his decease appeared
the obituary notice herself. I never heard that she was insane in other respects. Nay
incredible, if the written documents did not exist, and had not been read by myself.
safe to believe in the impossibility of any freak of belief or opinion. Surely 'sanity' i

as if she really followed the petitions. She said good night to the servants kindly, and then sat down to write a note to herself. She told Eustace she was going to the nursery for a moment to put the baby to bed and would be down again. When she did return she seemed to find the room empty for the first time, for she exclaimed, "Where's Eustace?" and picking up the note read it aloud :

"*My Darling Wife,—I hate to leave you without bidding you good night, but there is trouble at the office and they have sent for me. My tenderest love to you and our little blessing.*

"*Your devoted*

"*Eustace.*"



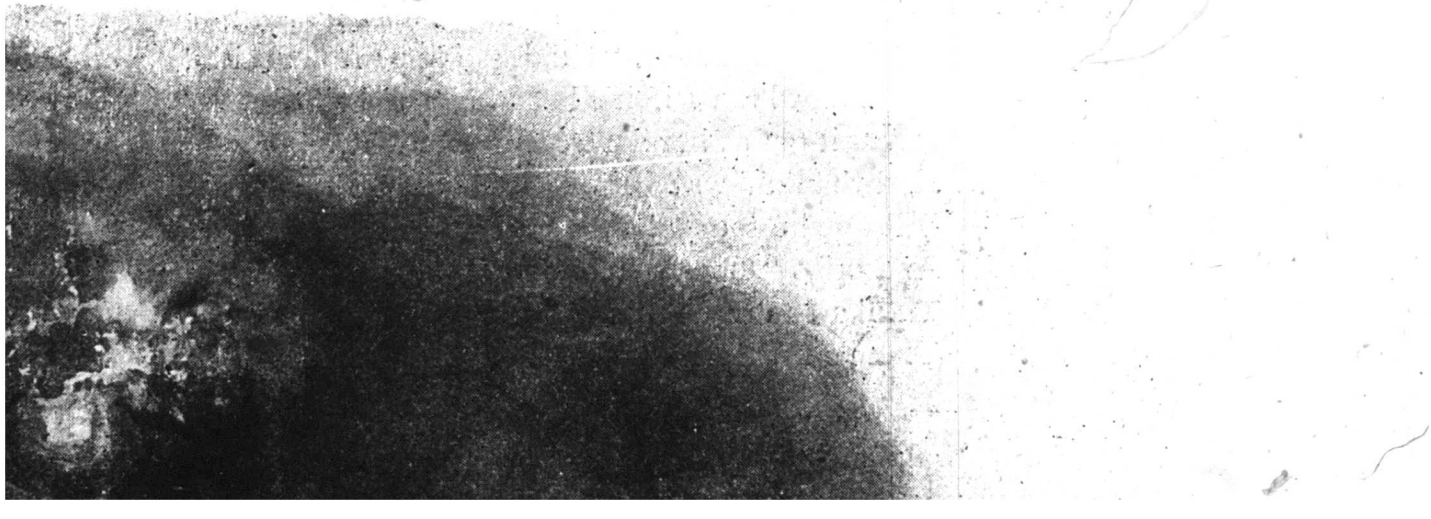
It was, of course, merely a ruse on her part to claim his parting words without the pain of bidding him farewell ; it accounted, too, so perfectly to her imagination for the necessity of his absence and was a nice conventional explanation for her future solitude. She ran to the door and flung it open, calling down the dark and snowy garden :

"Good night, my darling ; good night!" and he was gone !

Miss Lisbeth changed her dress, aired the dining-room and removed every trace of her visitor, and when Issy came in a little after eleven she only saw Miss Lisbeth sitting quietly before the fire with her hands in her lap.

"I'm sorry I was so long, ma'am," she said ; "the snow kept me a bit late. You must have been lonely."

"Oh, no," said Miss Lisbeth softly, looking still at the fire ; "I have not been at all lonely."





AVE NOT BEEN AT ALL LONELY."

ory was accepted by the editor for publication in these pages, Dr. Andrew Lang wrote in the or knowledge of Miss Sullivan's story. We reproduce Dr. Lang's remarks because they come nary Miss Lisbeth: "Nobody will ever know the limits of the untrue things which a woman,

Some years ago a girl of respectable character and position maintained for years a legend of ne read parts of the letters to her family; she reported his movements—he was abroad; at last decease appeared in the newspapers. But he was a mere Mr. Harris. The young lady had sent er respects. Nay, I have known men equally capable of self-illusion, to an extent absolutely read by myself. Our consciousness is a queer affair, 'deceitful above all things.' It is never Surely 'sanity' is a matter of delicate degrees."

HAWKIE'S DREAM; OR SPI



'TWEEN midnight and morning, that eerie hour when,
As Scripture says, "deep sleep fa's doun upon men,"
When the wild winds are a' lockit up in their caves,
And the ghosts o' the dead venture out o' their graves,
To dauner aboot 'neath the bonny munshine,
Or hang aroun' places they likit lang syne.

Then, somehou or ither, I dreamed I was deid;
Guid kens what could put sic a thocht in my heid!
I was borne through the lift, and awa' yont the mune,
And a' the wee stars that were rovin' abune;
And ye may believe me without ony aith,
It wasna a journey for ane scant o' breath;
At last I was loutit richt doun at the gate
Where holy St. Peter's appointed to wait,
But tied on my back was a burden o' sin,
So I thoucht I'd hae trouble ere I could get in;
There were things on my conscience that heavily lay,
Sic as dribblin' and drinkin' and waur things than they.
Ah, ye may believe me, I felt unco blate!
And coudna tak courage to rap at the gate;
So I crept in a corner to watch for a chance,
When wha does I see, like a trooper advance,
But Granny McNab! Faith, I trumml't wi' fear.
What the deevil, thinks I, brings the auld viper here?
I dootna she comes juist to clype upon me,
And feth the auld bissum won't stick at a lee!
I only could mutter, "Guid, guide us frae skaith!
A lost sowl am I if it's left to her aith!"
I keepit oot at her a' sweatin wi' fricht,
And thankfu' was I to be oot o' her sicht;
But up she comes boldly and raps at the gate,
And cries "Open quickly, for I canna wait."
Thinks I to mysel, "Lass, if they'll tak you in
There's hope for me yet wi' my burden o' sin."

Then oot cam St. Peter, and there he did staun,
The keys at his girdle, a swurd in his haun,



Thinks I to mysel, "Lass, if they'll tak you in
There's hope for me yet wi' my burden o' sin."

Then oot cam St. Peter, and there he did staun,
The keys at his girdle, a swurd in his haun,
And says (rather snelly), "Wife, wha may ye be?"
When granny says mimly, "Ye sharley ken me.
I'm Mrs. McNab frae the East Neuk o' Fife,
Ye'll fin' my name's doun in the Lamb's Book o' Life;
I focht the guid fecht an' the battle I've won,
Sae lead me inby tae the Faither an' Son.
I claim the reward naething less than the croun,
Wi' the gems an' the jewels a' buskit aroun';
Upon His ain shouthers I laid a' my sin,
Sae staun here nae langer, but juist tak me in.
I can say a' my questions, I've lines frae the Session,
For ne'er was I catch'd, sir, in ony transgression.
I believed the haill book frae beginning tae en',
It's a' richt wi' me, saint, so juist tak me ben."

"Hoot, hoot!" quo the saint, and he seemed unco brief,
"We care na a bodle aboot your belief,
But just let me hear o' some guid ye hae dune,
For it's only by guid works ye'll ever get in!"

"The guid works I dune!" quo she. "Hear tae the man!
I'm tellin' ye o' them as fast as I can.
The foremist was I, man, in ev'ry guid work;
A pillar an' prop o' the auld Burgher kirk.
I ne'er could pit up wi' the claver an' clash
O' the Baptists an' a' the mere Methody trash;
Wi' their wun an' their water I haena a doot,
If there's licht amang them they'll sune pit it oot.
And then wi' new notions I ne'er could agree,
I stuck tae the auld ones whate'er they micht be.
Jean Tamson insisted on common salvation,
I ne'er could put up wi' sic mere botheration.
Jean gangs to nae kirk an' she tell't me atweel!
'Sectarianism's the wark o' the deil.'
'Ah, granny!' says she, 'when we leave this auld frame
And the spirit unfettered maks aff for its hame,
We'll never be asked to which kirk we did go,
Were we sprinkled or ploutit, ah, no, granny, no!
It's the lives we hae led, guid or ill we hae dune,
That maks us or mars us wi' them up abune.'

William Cameron, alias Auld Hawkie, was a celebrated street orator in the city of Glasgow His

SPIRITUAL ARROGANCE REBUKED.



Aye greetin' or braggin' aboot her deid wean,
She's perfectly sure to His bosom it's gane,
And gatherin' flowers 'neath the bonny blue sky
By the rivers o' mercy that never rin dry.

Noo, saint, did ye e'er hear sic havers as they?
Should she be allowed tae lead young anes astray?
They're awfu', the doctrines that she does advance;
She even thinks cut-throats may a' hae a chance.
She coudna catch me, for I threw in her mooth,
'An e'e for an e'e an' a tooth for a tooth.'"



The saint shook his heid and said, "Woman, begin
And tell me at ance o' some guid ye hae dune."

But still she continued, "Od, am I no saying
'Tween hunting down heresy, plotting and praying,
And hauling the ne'er-do-well backsliders up,
And them wha unworthily drank o' the cup,
I had a big haunfu' o' work tae get through?
Oh, wha's tae look after the licht limmers noo?"



"Hoots, hoots!" quo the saint, "wife, for guidsake begin
And tell me at last o' some guid ye hae dune."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, I did nae guid
When I in defence o' the Cutty Stool stuid?
When I was reviled by the l'cht an' profane
An' bore the haill brunt o' the parish my lane,
And focht wi' Auld Hawkie, the warst o' a' men,
Wha said 'twas a farce frae beginning tae en'?
Oh, he's an auld blackguard and has a vile tongue,
His words they fell on me like strokes frae a' rung;
He said my religion was a' a mere sham,
Tell't me tae my face that I likit a dram,
And tho' I had gotten the faith o' assurance
That I was a Jezebel past a' endurance;
Tell't me tae my face in my auld flannin mutch
No sae very lang syne I'd been brunt fer a wutch;







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Tell't me tae my face in my auld flannin mutch
No sae very lang syne I'd been brunt fer a wutch;
An' O! hoo he ca'd me a dirty auld drab,
A disgrace to the honorable house o' McNab!
Ca'd me Mrs. Grundy! Quo he, 'The auld rake!
I'm sorry there isna a hell for your sake.'
Ye'll min' when he comes here o' what he has dune
And ye'll no let the wicked auld blasphemer in."

"Whisht, whisht!" said the saint; "wife, I've listen'd owre [lang,
That ane ye ca' Hawkie was hardly far wrang.
Ye've come to the wrang place, my woman, I fear,
Your kind o' religion is a bogus here.
Ye ne'er were the woman to lighten the load
O' ony puir wretch on life's wearifu' road;
And by your ain story ye've leev'd but a life
O' pius pretension, backbiting and strife;
On mony a tender affection ye trode,
Tell't mony a lee for the glory o' God.
Ye've weel earned your place in the great lowin heugh.
I'll no hear anither word, I've heard eneugh.
To a' honest folk ye're a terrible fricht,
So aff, ye auld bussum, and oot o' my sicht!"

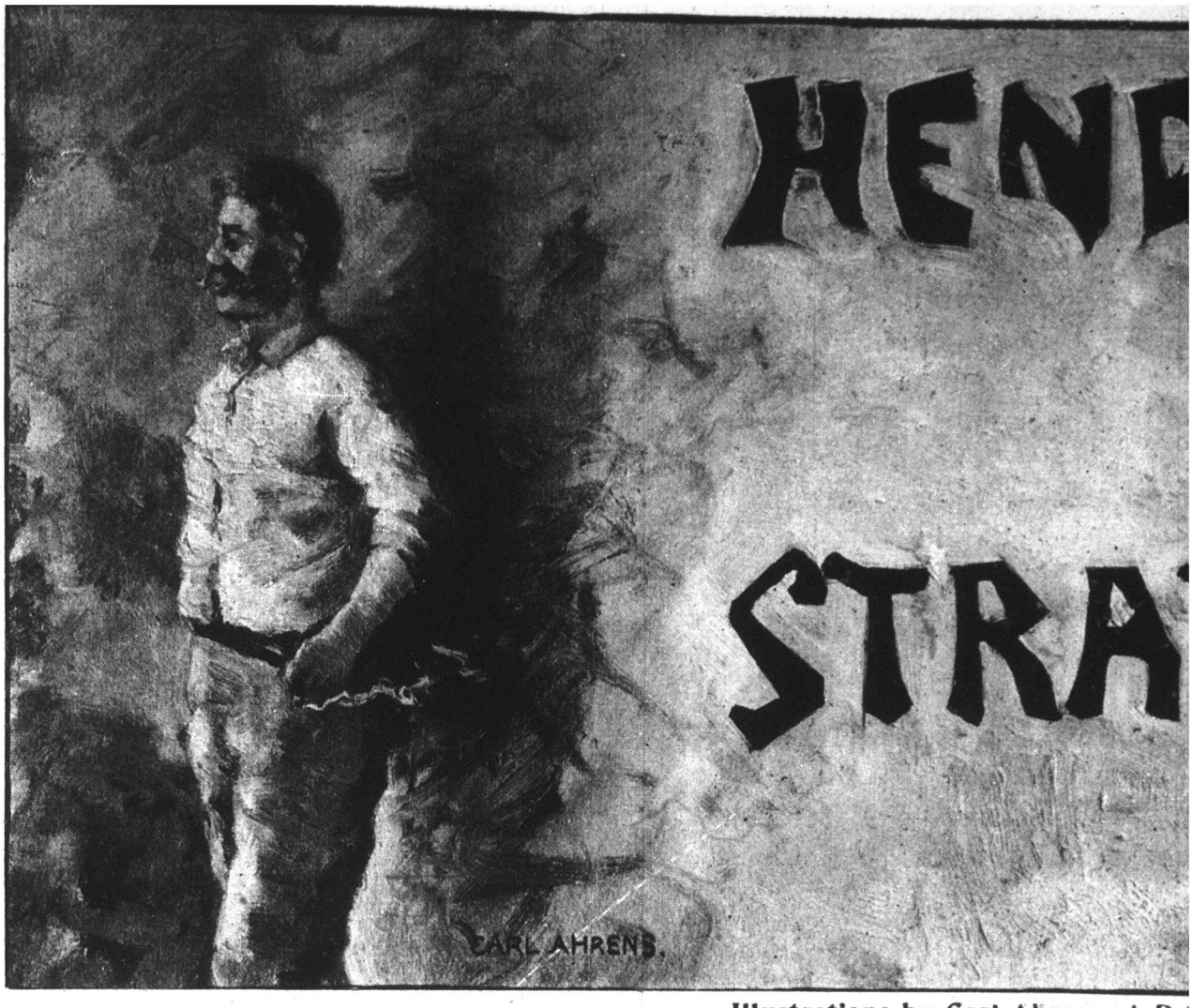
Dumfoundered a moment the auld hizzie stauns,
When up she rins at him a-clappin' her hauns:
"A pretty like story! Is't you, sir," says she,
"That daurs tae keep oot sic a woman as me?
Ye were but a cowart, man, when ye were tried!
I'm thinkin' the Maister I never denied.
Ye cussin' auld scunner! ye leein' auld lout!
An' ye'd be for keepin' the like o' me oot.
Na, na! Mr. Peter, craw ye na sa crouse!
I'll lay my complaint wi' the heid o' the hoose."

For mair o' her clatter the saint didna wait,
But in he slipt quickly and bolted the gate.
And O! sic a picture was auld granny's face,
O' baffled impidence, o' shame and disgrace,
I burst out a-lauchin', I fairly did scream,
Which startled me oot o' my wonnerfu' dream.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

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is wise sayings and queer dreams are still, after more than half a century, household words all over Scotland.



Illustrations by Carl Ahrens, A.R.

STRATHGANNON is not one of those *effete* towns which glory in fine buildings put up thirty years ago. Such of its glories as are not of the present—and most of them are not—are of the future.

All those public institutions and improvements incidental to a town may be said to figure in the anticipation of the citizens rather than in their tax bills, and therefore are we happy. Each citizen has some little private interest in the general sum of anticipation—for instance, I have succeeded in purchasing the lot where the town hall must of a moral certainty be built, when the time for a town hall shall arrive. Others have hopes and holdings similar to mine, yet no one infringes upon the pet purpose of his neighbor. The future is large enough for us all, for our town is situated in the new country of north-eastern Ontario, where vast towns must yet flourish.

Our village is built upon agriculture and the lumber trade. Most of our people farm in the summer and go lumbering in the eternal woods in winter. We are thirty miles from a railway; our streets are graded with sawdust from the mills. We would be utterly at peace, it often seems, but for the fact that here, as elsewhere, the prayer-meeting and the hotel bar are at it hammer and tongs in that ubiquitous strife of theirs in which only flesh wounds are exchanged. The one reaches its climax in revival meetings, the other in drunken riots. I may dismiss myself, save as a narrator, with the remark that

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A few evenings after my arrival I was glad to comply with a request to come up and see Mr. Hendershott, the auctioneer, insurance agent and issuer of marriage licenses, at his office, for I had taken a fancy to the man on first seeing him. I found him tilted back on a chair, with his heels on his desk, smoking dreamily at a large wooden pipe.

'How do, doctor? Sit down—sit down. Make yourself right at home, and run in here any time. I'll always be glad to see you and give you any pointers you may need. How does the town strike you, anyhow?"

Not having moved about much, I had little to say on this point.

"Rather rough at first. That's the way it'll strike you, but you'll soon like the place and the people. The sawdust on the streets will seem strange to you for a while, and I want to apologize right here for our sidewalks. Before another year we'll have 'em fixed. We're raising a subscription now. In the meantime someone's sure to break a leg on a loose board, and that'll be good for trade, eh, doctor?"

Professional dignity required that I should discourage this sort of thing, and, quick to perceive it, he changed the subject.

"Well, Doc., I sent for you because I'm not just feeling as I should and you must give me a bottle of something. If we hadn't a doctor I'd take some quinine, but now that you're here I'll quit fooling with drugs. Mind you, there's nothing the matter with me, only I need a nerve bracer or something of that sort. You know what will be good for me."

It was only too evident that his desire was to give me a little business by way of encouragement, but I pretended not to penetrate his generous design and wrote out a prescription and told him I would put up a bottle that would set him right. Then I settled down to cultivate a man whose personality was attractive and who seemed desirous of becoming intimate with me.

He was explaining to me the condition of the village school and certain plans he had for improving its efficiency, when suddenly we heard a man running up the road outside the office. He stumbled and fell across the sidewalk, but sprang up and threw himself against the office door, calling the auctioneer by name before he had it open.

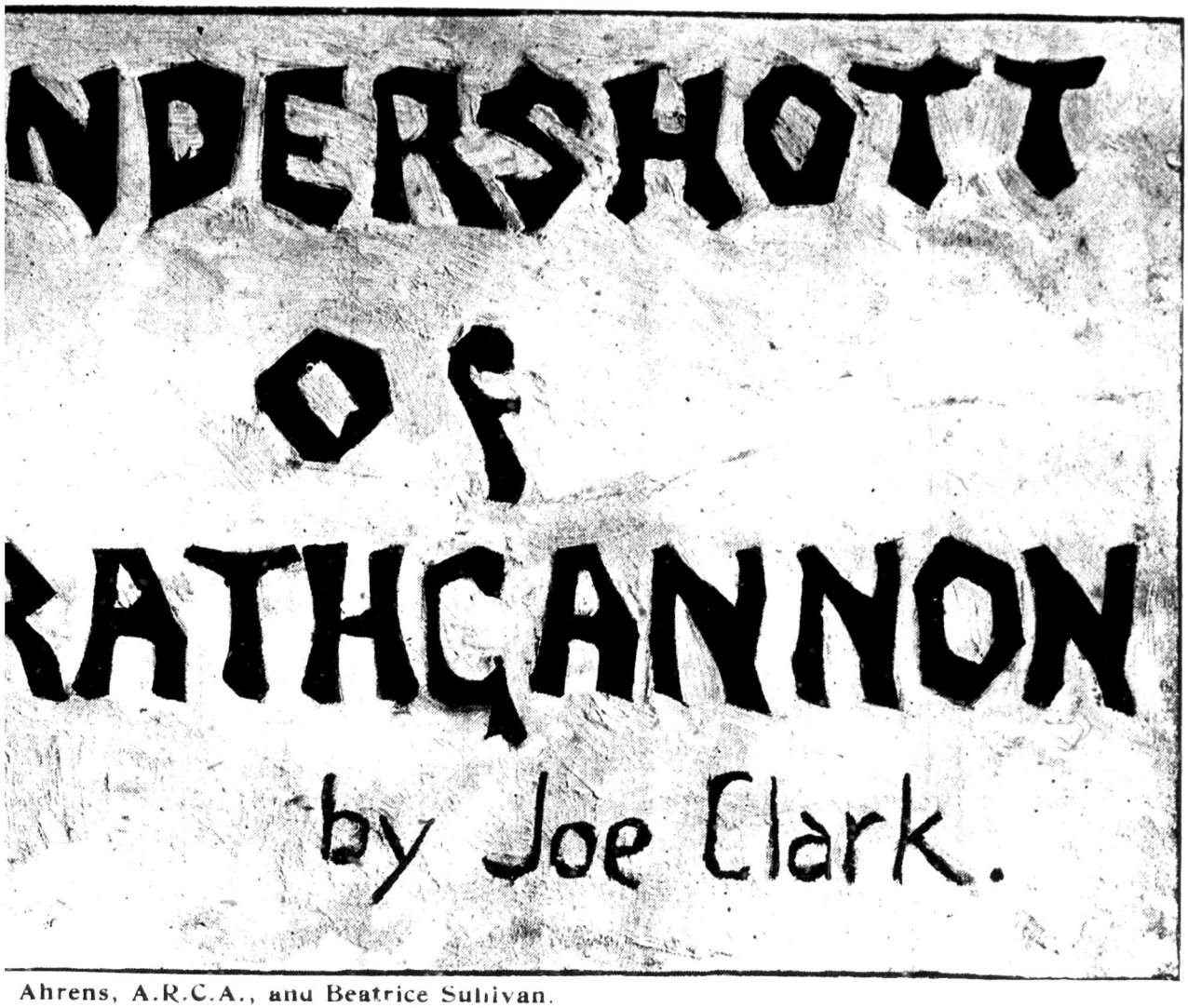
"Pete, come quick! There's a fight over at the hotel——"

It was Jake, the hostler, and he stopped short on seeing me, for my advent had made quite a sensation in the village. My companion jumped to his feet on hearing the message.

"This is the doctor. It's all right, Jake. Who's fighting?"

"Brown and Jack Collins—they've locked horns at last. The boss says





Ahrens, A.R.C.A., and Beatrice Sullivan.

you're to come quick or one of 'em 'll get killed," and Jake bolted through the door and back to the fight.

Hendershott whipped off his coat, his eyes dancing with excitement. "I guess I'll have to do some punching this time," he said, throwing his vest into a corner. "These are two of the toughest nuts around here," and he pulled off his collar and tie. "No one else will interfere." He pulled down his braces and tied them around his waist. "I knew I'd have to show these fellows a thing or two some day," and he sprang through the door. On the sidewalk he turned suddenly and collided violently with me as I followed. "Say, Doc., you stay right here," he ordered. "Don't you get mixed up in this affair."

He gave this more as a command than a suggestion and raced off down the road, leaving me standing there. The whole thing struck me with amazement. Hendershott was by no means a big man, only five feet eight inches in height, and weighing not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, I should say. Yet he seemed to be rushing into a rough-and tumble fight with two of the worst characters in the neighborhood, men with whom as he had said himself the crowd would not venture to interfere. Not only that, but he had been sent for, as though his coming would accomplish something. It occurred to me in a flash that he must be the village constable. Of course it was plain as day. There was such an exaggerated respect for officers of law in simple communi-

the worst characters in the neighborhood, men with whom as he had said himself the crowd would not venture to interfere. Not only that, but he had been sent for, as though his coming would accomplish something. It occurred to me in a flash that he must be the village constable. Of course it was plain as day. There was such an exaggerated respect for officers of law in simple communities that the mere sight of the constable would put an end to the fight. Still, he had stripped as though relying upon his prowess and upon nothing else. It was perplexing.

It takes some time to write down or read the reflections that will gallop through a man's mind in a few seconds. It must not be supposed that I stood long where my companion had left me. Even the godliest of men will run towards a fight, and tender women will crowd around one, and though they may weep and take hysterics they will contrive to catch glimpses of the combat between spasms. It is an emotion of our ancient barbarism never quite eradicated.

The hotel was not more than one hundred yards from the auctioneer's office, and before Hendershott had bounded up the steps and disappeared within the door, I had started after him at full speed. Hoarse yells arose from the tavern, and another sort of noise, as though the whole interior were being pulled down by giant hands, but, as I came nearer, the uproar seemed to abate, until, as I jumped upon the steps, it had modified into a score of voices all talking at once. The hallway between the bar-room and the large sitting-room was crowded full of excited men, crushing and crowding towards the bar, all talking and none listening, while the names, "Collins," "Brown," "Hendershott," jumbled in all their remarks. Throwing myself into the crush I had forced my way almost to the door post, when from the inside a big fellow, wearing long boots, pants, belt and woollen shirt, came driving through us as though we were men of straw. He had great shoulders, was over six feet in height and well made. His face was cut in several places, one eye was swollen, while the sweat



A TYPE.

of exhaustion and the blood from his bruises saturated his head and hands and shoulders. When he had crushed half-way through those of us who were wedged about the door, he turned quickly around and shaking his great arm over our heads—I do not believe he saw one of us in his concentrated anger—he called out :

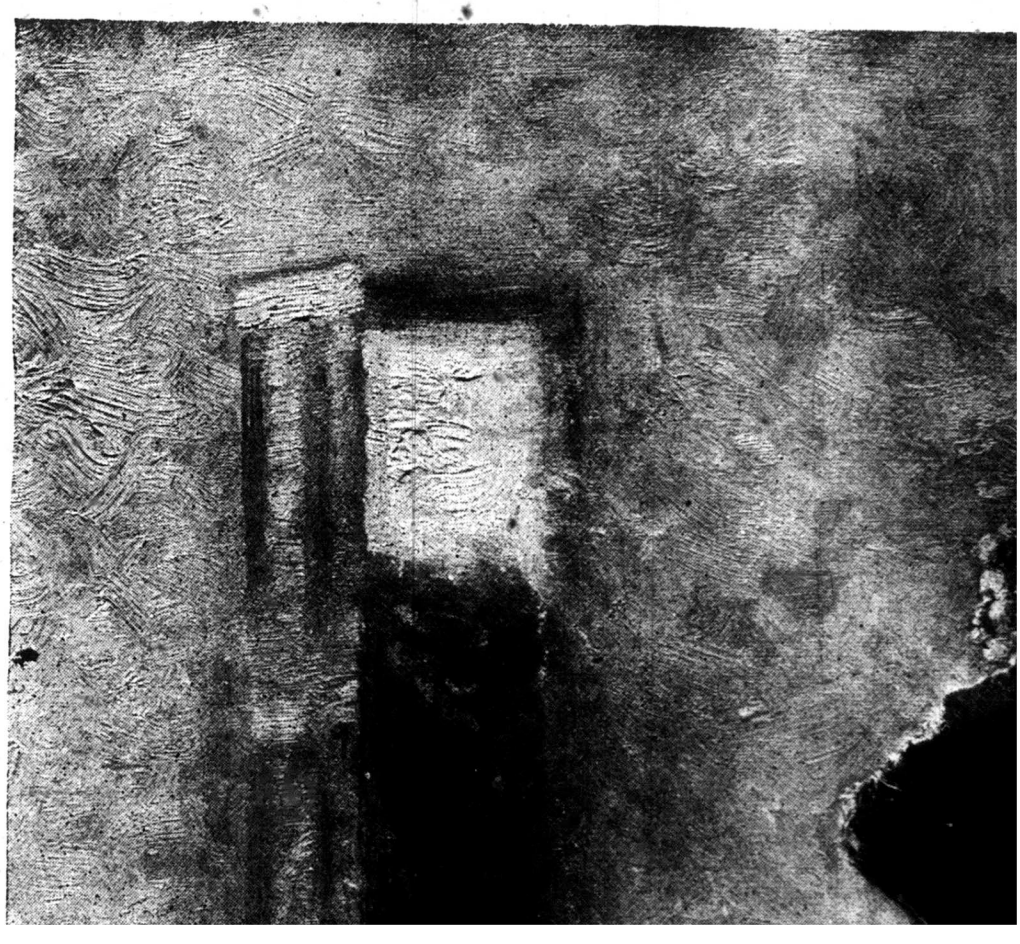
"Don't you go too far, Hendershott ! You'd better learn to keep your nose out of things, or, science or no science, I'll break your d——d neck."

So saying he turned down the hall and entered the wash-room, followed by several of his partizans. This, I learned, was Collins.

And now I could see Hendershott. He stood in the center of the floor with a clear space all around him and every eye upon him. As I first caught sight of his bristling figure standing there, he grasped his trousers by the waist-band and gave them a hitch. His white sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, and he called out an answer to Collins, who had not waited to hear it :

"All right, Collins. That's all right, but while you're breaking my neck I'll not be sitting in a rocking-chair with my arms folded." The crowd cheered and laughed at this retort.

"And look here, Brown," he went on, turning towards a corner of the room where the other combatant was having his wounds looked after by a group of friends. Some of these stood aside and I could see the man's face. He looked up with a scowl, saying nothing, for he was still panting from his excessive exertions. "Look here, Brown, I don't want you to think that I am trying to play the bully, and I don't want Collins to think it either. I don't want to get into a fight—there isn't a man here who ever saw me look for a fight. Leslie sent for me, because he won't have fighting in this tavern. Last fall I had to stop you fellows once before, and when I jumped into the scrap to-night you didn't quit. You hit Collins a nasty one on the face, and I tell you I came as near putting you to sleep as I ever came in my life to dropping a man with-



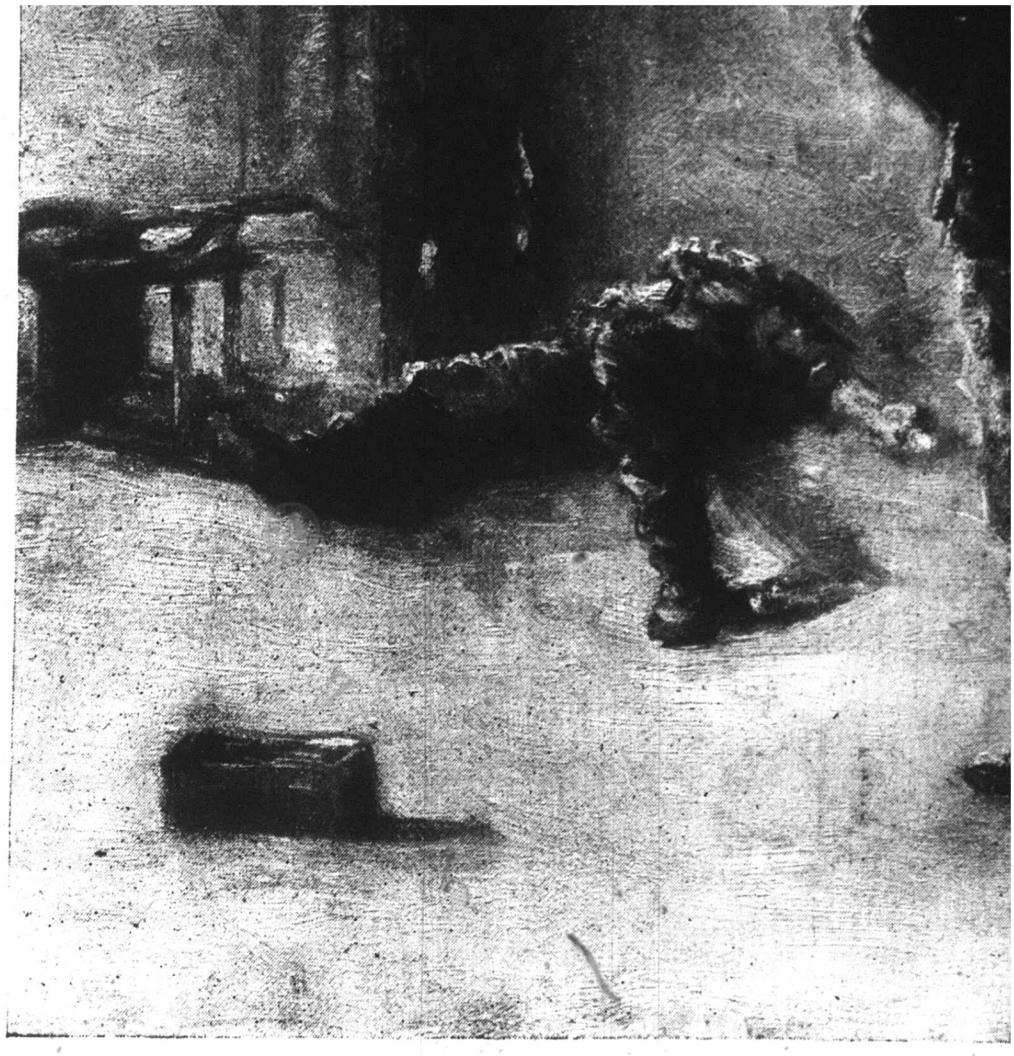
putting you to sleep as I ever came in my life to dropping a man without actually doing it."

"You'd better steer clear of me, that's my tip to you, Pete." Brown spoke from the bottom of his deep throat.

"That's all right; I won't interfere with you unless I have to, but if I have to I'll make as good a job of it as I know how."

"I can lick any man in the township that ain't sciened."

"Great Scott! what do you want to talk fight for? You can lick this and you can lick that! I'm sciened, but I don't go around cracking people's jaws just because I know I can do it. Some of these days I'll get mad and let out right and left when one of these fights is going on."



CON MACPHERSON FELL INSENSIBLE T

"Well, don't you rub it in too hard, I tell ye," said the big fellow, pushing forward, and I felt sure he would attack my acquaintance on the spot. "I'll take a trouncing before I'll have it rubbed into me." There was a decided sensation, but Brown's friends seized him by the arms and hurriedly pulled him back. Hendershott did not move, but a quiet smile played around his mouth.

"You'd better take him away. He's forgetting himself," he remarked quietly to the Brown faction. "Ted, the night you jump on me you'd better start early in the evening, before you've tuckered yourself out with Jack Collins."

This delighted all but the immediate bodyguard of Brown, and they heard it in silence as they walked out with their champion. I saw that Hendershott was master of the situation, and that everyone about the place admitted his mastery.

An hour later I sat with my potent friend in his office once more. A dozen villagers would have come in to worship their hero, but he excused himself, saying he had private business to discuss with "the doctor"—business which the little racket had interrupted.

The quiet, almost awkward auctioneer of the earlier evening was a different

man now. His eyes yet retained the excitement of conflict, and he talked self-confidently. He opened a large drawer and showed me a lot of sporting papers, and a scrap-book in which were pasted newspaper accounts of all the pugilistic encounters of any consequence for years. He was ready to talk the night away on a subject that would not have interested me for a moment but for the exciting experience of the evening. He showed me exactly how he would have acted had the two bullies refused to cease at his command. He would have hit Brown on the point of the chin and put him to sleep ; and then he would have jumped back, sized up Collins, induced him to make a rush, whereupon he would have ducked under his arm, swung around and landed a pivot blow on the big fellow's neck. I remarked that they were very powerful men and might get a clinch on him, in which case their excessive strength would give them the advantage.

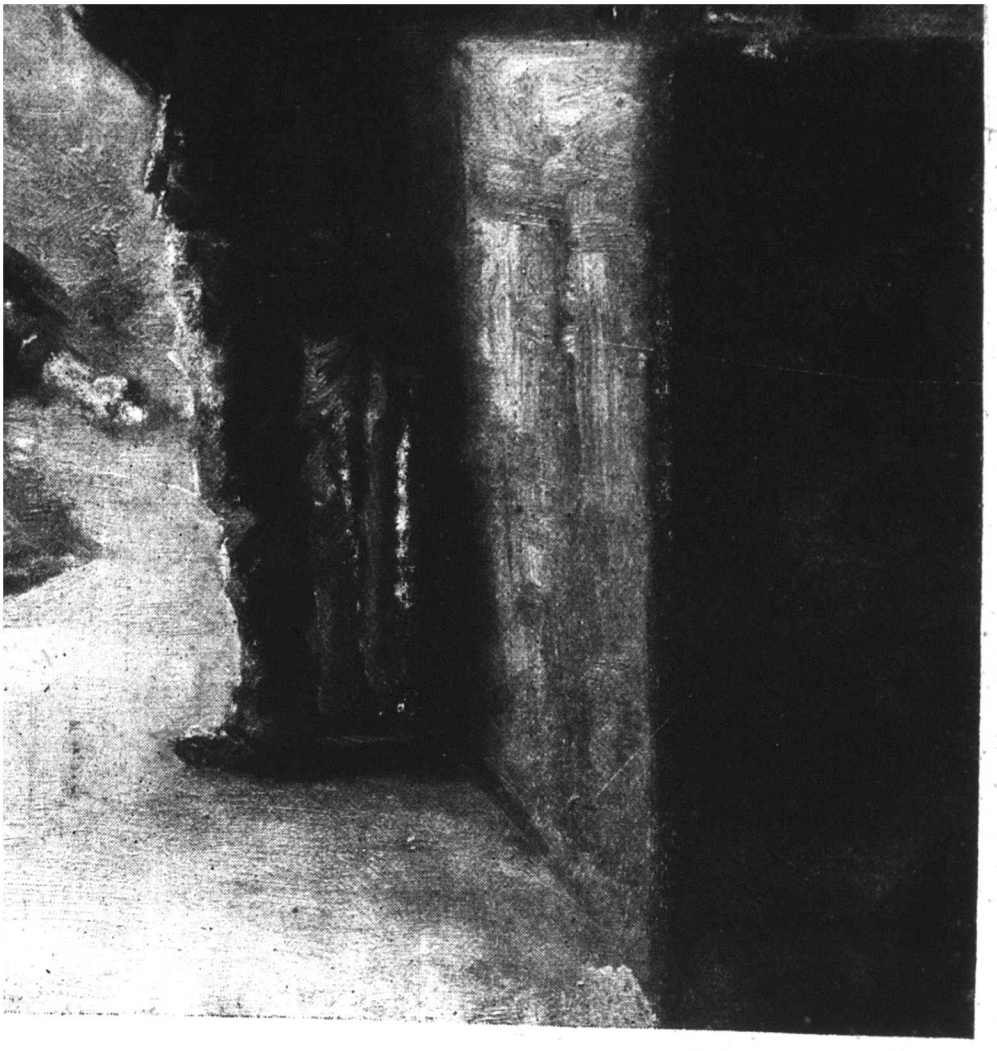
"My dear Doc., I see you are not scienced. All they have is brute strength. I will give a medal to the man who can clinch me when I am hitting at him for keeps."

I remember as I went to my rooms I felt glad that my new friend's theories had not been put to the test, but it must be recalled that I had only known him for three days at that time. That night, too, I was haunted by an idea that as we entered Hendershott's office I had seen a face appear suddenly at the window and as suddenly disappear. I feared that it meant peril for the peace-maker, but decided not to speak of it, for timidity unbecomes a man.



CHAPTER II.

I came to hold Pete Hendershott in the highest esteem before long. He was one of the best informed men in the place, a great reader and religiously inclined. Anything deceitful or dishonest roused in him the most violent disgust, and he could not even pretend a friendly feeling for those of known sharp practices.



INSENSIBLE TO THE TAVERN FLOOR.

feeling for those of known sharp practices. He was selected as an arbitrator in all sorts of disputes, and so well understood was his absolute honesty of judgment that his verdicts were always accepted as finalities.

His capacity as a fighter was the most peculiar thing about him. He was, as I have said, a common, medium-sized man, yet, as I soon learned, he had more than once sprung into the thick of a general fight on cattle market day and had caused the riot to quell at once. Let an armed man confront a score of unarmed ones resolutely and he is their master, for each individual feels his personal danger as much as though he were alone. And so it was in the frequent free fights that Pete Hendershott put a stop to. Each belligerent encountered those resolute eyes and realized that he must cease or grapple with the scienced fighter of Strathgannon. When Hendershott first came to the place he had casually admitted that he was expert in the art of boxing; he received all the sporting papers and could always name the holders of the various class championships. In his office there hung a set of boxing-gloves, old, worn, but never used now. His fame spread without any cause, and it was set down as a surety that the man who ran up against Pete Hendershott would fare badly. Yet he quarreled with no man. He stood abuse even, smiling calmly at anyone who threatened to attack him. For two years he avoided every scene of trouble, giving as his reason that he was trying to give up that sort of thing. One day, however, Con Macpherson, in a drunken moment, expressed the opinion that Hendershott was a blow-hard and couldn't fight at all. He pulled off his outer garments and attacked the auctioneer. Pete backed away and called out, "Keep clear of me!" But Macpherson struck him and then the auctioneer hit out with his left arm, caught his assailant on the end of the chin and the big man fell insensible to the tavern floor. A hush, as of death, settled upon the noisy bar-room, for this was a new and terrible thing

"Don't get alarmed. He'll come round in a minute. I always hit my man that way when I don't want to punish him too much."

This feat confirmed rumor into fact. The big fellow whom he had "laid out" in one blow was the hero of a hundred battles, and he left the neighborhood at once. Pete had to tell about former combats in which he had figured. He could not be induced to talk save after those occasions upon which he had acted as peacemaker, but when he had the fit on him he would talk all night—regretting his loquacity for some time after.

The influence of the man was wholly for good. If he saw a couple of boys fighting he would stop them, elbowing roughly through the crowd of unworthy onlookers and bidding all begone at once. There was no parleying with him at such a time. Every flash of his eye held a threat which all knew his ability to put into prompt execution. Some sought to benefit by his proficiency in the manly art, but he emphatically declined to give instructions. He declined because he could not hit easy, and because of a certain event in his history of which, however, he withheld particulars. Men said that he had once killed a man in a sparring bout, and could tell an interesting experience if he cared to talk, but though this was often hinted at to him he would say nothing, either in confirmation or denial, and with his clear eyes looking into yours he was not a man to question. You felt instinctively that he had a history.

Mrs. Hendershott, too, I learned to esteem, a tall, thin woman, extremely religious. She was very reserved and seemed to care for no person but her husband and children. Attempts to draw her into the chaste, Belgravian society of the place had long since been abandoned as useless. Her oddities—for she was odd—seemed to add to the mystery that clung about Pete, and it was said that the rumor of Pete having killed a man in a sparring contest was no doubt true in view of her evident brooding over something and the way she acted whenever she knew that her husband was about to use his science upon some rowdy. On market days, when one or more battles occurred as surely as though they were fixed certainties, Mrs. Hendershott was in extreme agitation. The least noise would cause her to fly to the street, and when her husband started towards the scene of combat she would try to interrupt him. He would break away, however, with her following to the corner, where she would lean against the veranda post of a store, her eyes cast down and her hands clasped tightly together. It was said that she had once witnessed a fatal outcome from Pete's combativeness and feared another such scene. But his sway in Strathgannon was supreme, and peace came at his command. Then as the admiring mob surged around him, shaking his hand, she would hurry into the seclusion of her home, speaking to no one.

CHAPTER III.

The November cattle fair in Strathgannon is the biggest and stormiest of

the year. I remember the first one in which I shared, and will always remember it, for it was the great day when Pete Hendershott made his historic stand in defence of law and order. I had been eight miles out in the country that morning dressing the foot of a wood-chopper whose axe had glanced into his instep. Returning about noon I found the village all in a bustle, cattle standing in groups all along the main street, drovers with their skilful halloes and cracking of whips keeping them in check. Now and then a steer would make a perverse break for liberty, pursued by barking dogs and swearing men. Then a boy seated bare-back upon a lean white horse would gallop break-neck down the street and head off the runaway, which would be booted by the men, stoned by the boys, nipped by the dogs and made to feel that fun had to be paid for.

The platform at the tavern was crowded with men smoking and wrangling, laying foundations for the fights that would begin as soon as the selling of the cattle had been concluded. Already some had got so far in liquor as to be trading horses, though this usually flourished best after nightfall. Everything promised a riotous evening.

Coming around from my stable I found Mrs. Hendershott plying the knocker on my surgery door.

"Oh, doctor, here you are! I want to see you. Can I see you alone?"

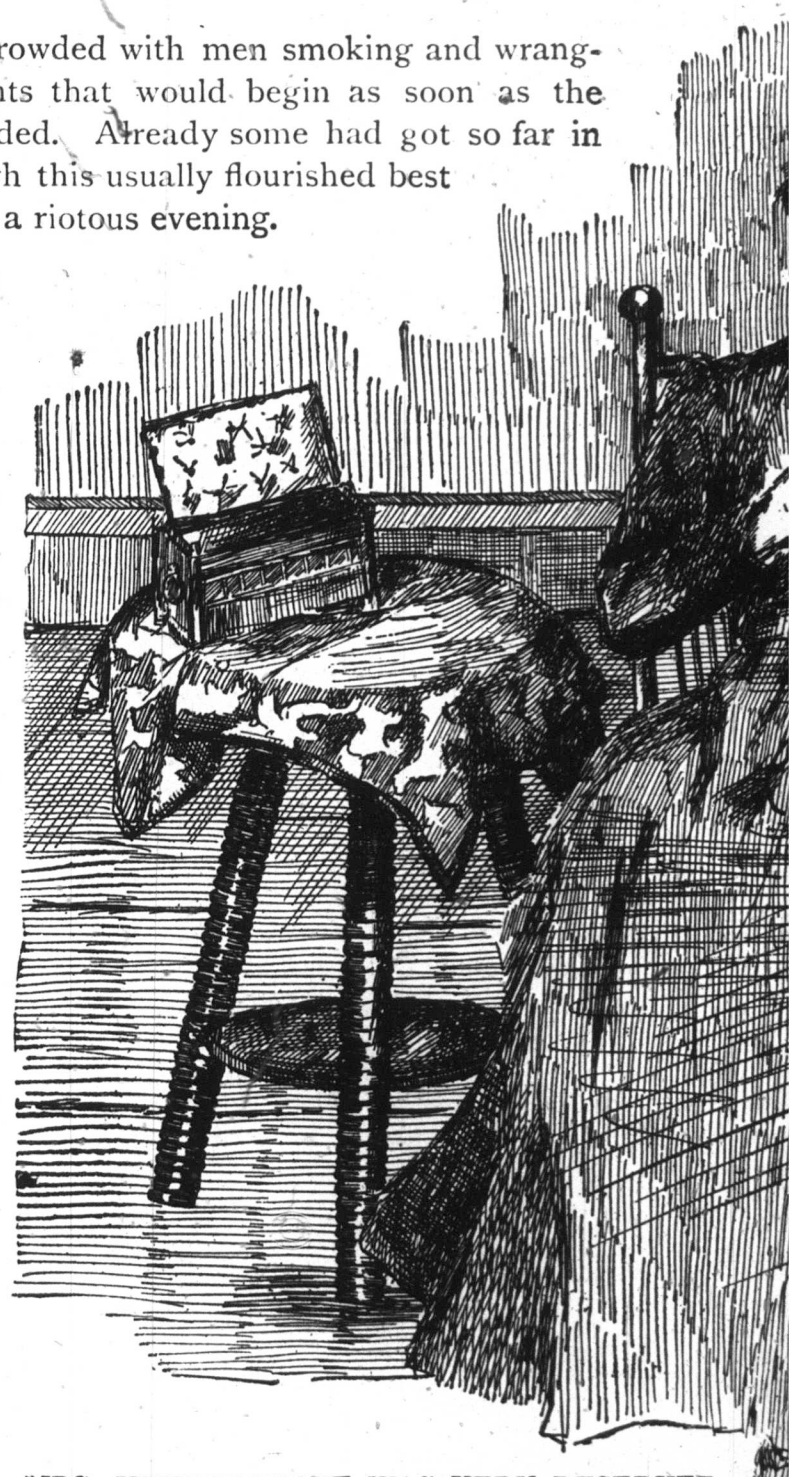
"Certainly. Come inside," and I showed her into my office. She was in great agitation and looked into an inner room to see that no one else was about.

"Doctor, I believe you would do me a kindness if I asked you, and I believe you are a friend of Peter's. This is going to be a wicked day in Strathgannon, doctor, and I want you to take Peter away somewhere until all these drunken, quarrelsome men have gone home."

I shifted in my chair and could not well answer.

"You will, doctor, won't you?"

"Well, Mrs. Hendershott, I don't know. It seems to me that this is the very day when Pete ought to be here."



MRS. HENDERSHOTT WAS VERY RESERVED.

"Oh, doctor, don't tell me that," she cried, and there was a beseechment in her hard, homely face that stirred me. "Don't you tell me that. You are a man. You're different from the rest of them. Think of me. Think of what I suffer when I see him called for and see him rush out whenever those great brutes go mad and try to kill each other. I have seen him, I don't know how many times, throw himself in between them, and they will kill him yet. It is sure to happen. He can't always escape as he has done."

"Now, Mrs. Hendershott, you are allowing your nerves to get unstrung. Pete can take pretty good care of himself. There is not a tough of them all that will not slink away from him, and if they don't they'll wish they had."

"But I don't want him to fight or go near a fight. I don't want anyone to get killed. It is a disgrace to a Christian land. But, doctor, you don't know the worst. Jack Collins has come into the village with his crowd and has given out that he is going to fight with Peter."

She spoke of this as a crushing horror, perilous for Peter. I reflected that unless I was mistaken in the gentle Peter for whom she was so solicitous, I would be practicing surgery upon the aforesaid Collins ere the day was done. But I sought to comfort the woman.

"Don't you believe it, Mrs. Hendershott. Collins will back out of the contract as he has done several times before."

"He won't. I know he won't. A lot of rowdies are urging him on. I have foreseen this day for a long time, and oh, doctor, if you are a friend of Peter's and mine, hitch up your cart and drive him out into the township somewhere. Do it at once, before he hears about Collins. I couldn't ask this of anyone but you.'

"Then he doesn't know that Collins is looking for him?"

"No, I'm sure he doesn't. He is in his office. But everybody is talking about it, and once he hears what Collins is saying he will refuse to go with you. See him, quick then, doctor, and make him go."

Spurred by her entreaties I got out my rig and drove up to the auctioneer's office, and told him that I wanted to go back to see the wood-chopper whose foot I had dressed in the morning, and asked him to come along.

"Now, say, Doc., that's awkward; but I really can't go. I've got a little business on hand. I'll tell you what I'll do, though—you wait until four o'clock and I'll be free then."

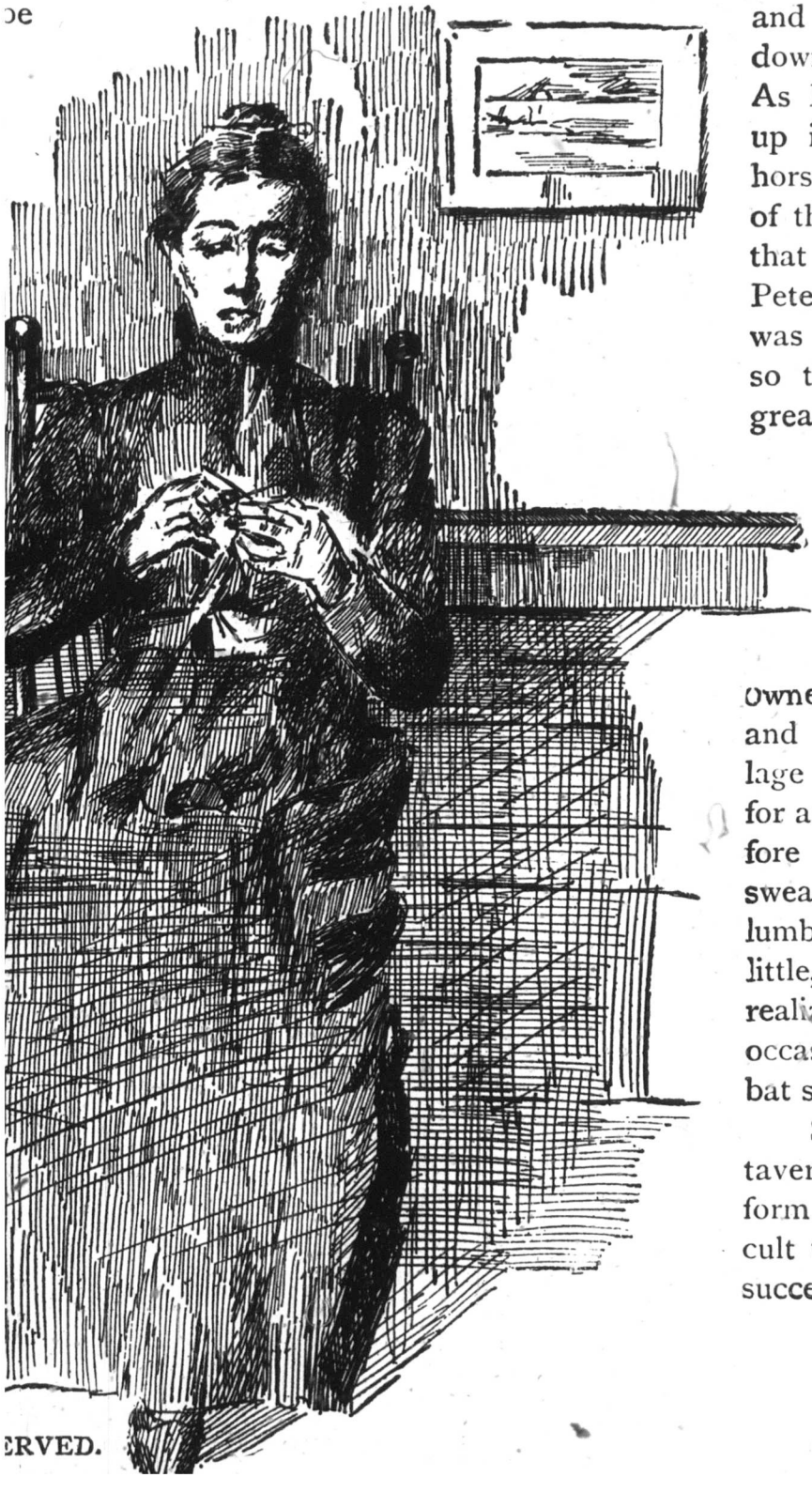
I expressed a fear that my patient might develop lock-jaw unless seen to, and urged him to come.

"No, I can't. I'm sorry you've got to go, for I expect you'll be needed here. You know Collins? The fool is drinking down at the tavern and says he's going to give me a trouncing. It's time that fellow was disciplined. I knew it would come to this some time, and perhaps it would have been better if it had happened a long while sooner. But I'll make such a job of this that these rowdies will quit coming to Strathgannon to do their fighting. I've made up my mind at last. The place has been disgraced long enough and I intend

to drop a heavy hand on it to-day.

It was useless now to urge this man to leave the village. It would seem cowardly for him to do so, and as I did not really require to see my wood-chopper until the next day, I decided to stay also. Remembering his wife, however, I sought to persuade him to remain in his office and avoid Collins if possible, but, looking at him as I spoke, I felt ashamed of my counsel. He only remarked that when a thing had to be done it might as well be done in a businesslike way and thoroughly.

Having returned my horse to the stable I was about to enter my surgery, when loud voices came upon the air, and looking up I saw men running down the street towards the hotel. As I stood thus, a villager, standing up in a buggy, came driving his horse at a gallop from the direction of the tavern and called out to me that Collins was going to fight with Pete Hendershott. This good citizen was going posthaste for his brother, so that he too might witness the great encounter.

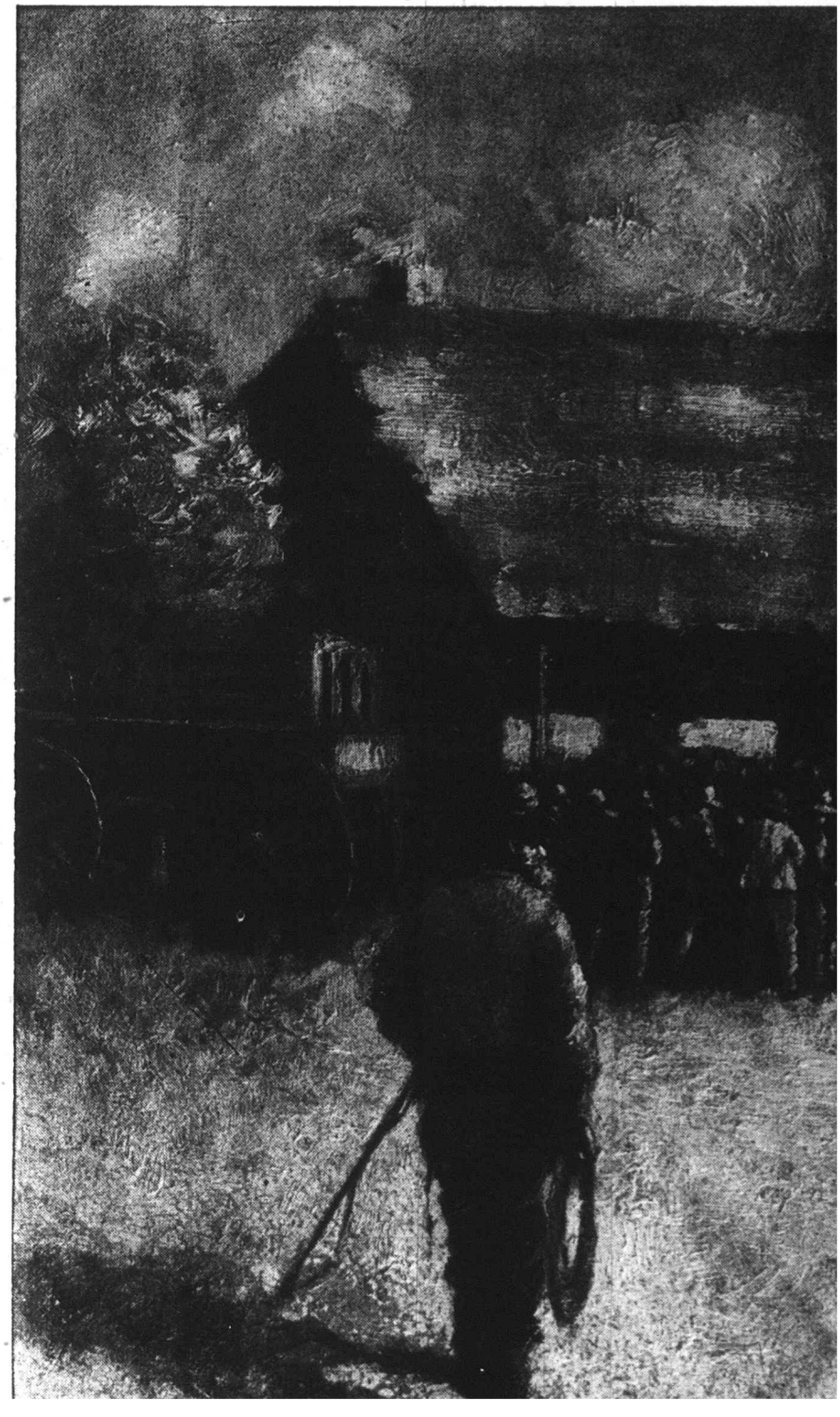


I ran at my utmost speed and passed many stouter and older people, who mentally cursed their handicap of flesh or years. A score of cattle, no longer guarded by their owners, came riotously up the street and scampered away from the village to find their homes and fatten for another month. In the road before the hotel was a surging crowd, swearing and talking. Farmers, lumbermen and villagers, big and little, old and young, crowded in, realizing the importance of the occasion. The excitement of combat shone in every eye.

Several big lumbermen and the tavern-keeper were attempting to form a ring by joining hands, a difficult thing to do, but in the end they succeeded. The ring was almost

ERVED.

the width of the street in diameter, yet so many were the spectators that every link in the chain had to exercise its strength to preserve its integrity. Both combatants were outside the ring, surrounded by allies. I could not see Hendershott, so hemmed in was he by admirers, who knew that an epoch in the history of the village had arrived. Collins was surrounded by big fellows from the lumber camps, yet amongst them his shaggy head and bull neck loomed large. The whole thing struck me as brutal, and the recollection of an agitated, homely woman's face and the thought of that woman's emotions at the present moment, if she knew what was going forward —as who in the village did not?—prompted me to do what I did.



Dodging between two men forming part of the ring, I started to speak. By virtue of my profession I had standing in the community, and before I had said a dozen words there was comparative silence.

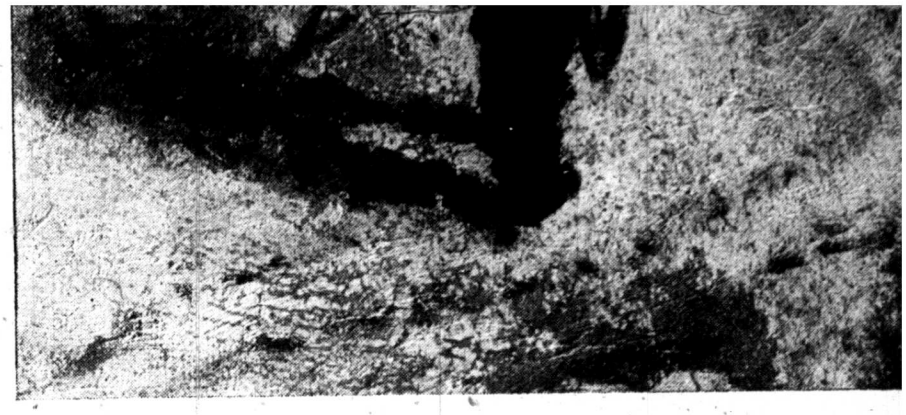
"Look here," I said, if I can recollect what in my excitement I did say, "this has got to stop. Is there no law in this part of the country? Is there not a constable in this village? Is there no magistrate in this crowd who will come forward and prevent these men from killing each other?"

Two or three old men seemed to support me, but they did not represent public sentiment.

"Man alive! Don't make a fool of yourself."

And with the words I felt an iron grip on my shoulders and Hendershott stood beside me. Then I called out that I would lay information with a magistrate and have both

and Hendershott stood beside me. Then I called out that I would lay information with a magistrate and have both principals and every man assisting in the matter hauled up for breaking the peace. Hendershott caught me by the arm and swung me out into the crowd, but I had time to see that my threat did not cause a man to resign his place in the ring. The auctioneer returned to the center of the open space, but seized by an afterthought he came over to me.



BEFORE THE H

"Doctor!"

I bent to him.

"I'm going to throw some business into your hands. Shut up!"

He got no answer, and stood there as Collins, held back by two stalwart companions, forced himself into the ring. It was plain that they were trying to save him, even at the eleventh hour. My friend was paler than usual, but his eyes were afire and his face set with that quiet fury that only few men have. Yet, as I looked at his antagonist, it seemed impossible that the smaller man could withstand him for an instant. The woodsman outweighed him by fifty pounds and was all bone and leather. A belt girdled his waist, his arms were bare to the elbows and his gray woollen shirt was open on his chest. He seemed a man born in riot and made for fray.

"Now I want to say about seven words," remarked Hendershott, quietly advancing. "I seek a quarrel with no man. I have always used my influence to keep order in this village. The doctor hasn't lived here long, but he ought to know that much. I'm going to give this big rowdy a dressing-down that he won't forget for some time, and what he gets every rowdy will get who from this day forward comes here to disgrace Strathgannon."

"You're a heller to talk," yelled Collins, "but ye can't fight."

His face was red and he was beyond control. He waved and swung his arms impotently and his great fists, formidable weapons, beat the air.

"Well, I'm going to try." That was the quiet answer.

The smaller man stood perfectly still. He also was stripped to the shirt, his braces around his waist; his left foot and his left side advanced, his left arm extended full length, his fist level with his shoulders, the elbow slightly bent for freedom of action, while his right forearm crossed his chest, the fist covering the heart. I am something of an amateur boxer myself, and his posture pleased me. It burst on me suddenly that I had never seen a man of his inches so perfectly poised, and I could have hugged him.

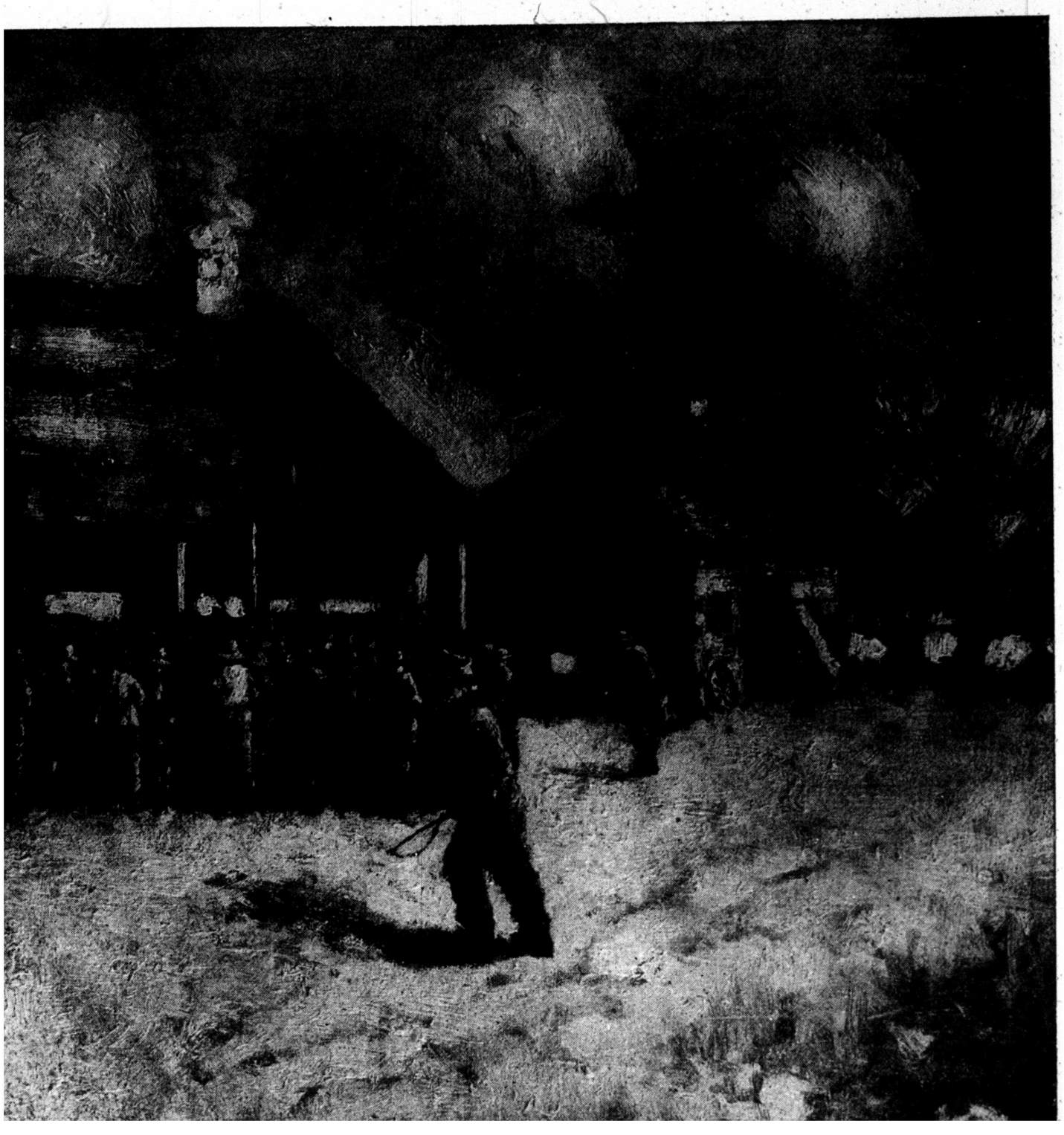
Collins made a rush at his seemingly immovable opponent and smashed at him a blow that might have killed him, but Hendershott jumped aside and struck with his right at the back of the big fellow's neck as he passed. It was a clever ruse, but Collins was out of reach and, turning, rushed again. Again

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Hendershott dodged, but not free enough to escape being touched, and he fell.

With a curse the giant threw himself at the fallen man. We gasped, thinking that this was the death, but Hendershott with a quick bound regained his feet and eluded his foe.

Then he stood still, inviting attack. The rush came. He did not dodge, but braced himself, threw his body as far forward as possible, with his left arm extended like a rod. But I saw something, quick as their movements were! My friend's tactics were good, even admirable, but I saw that as his antagonist

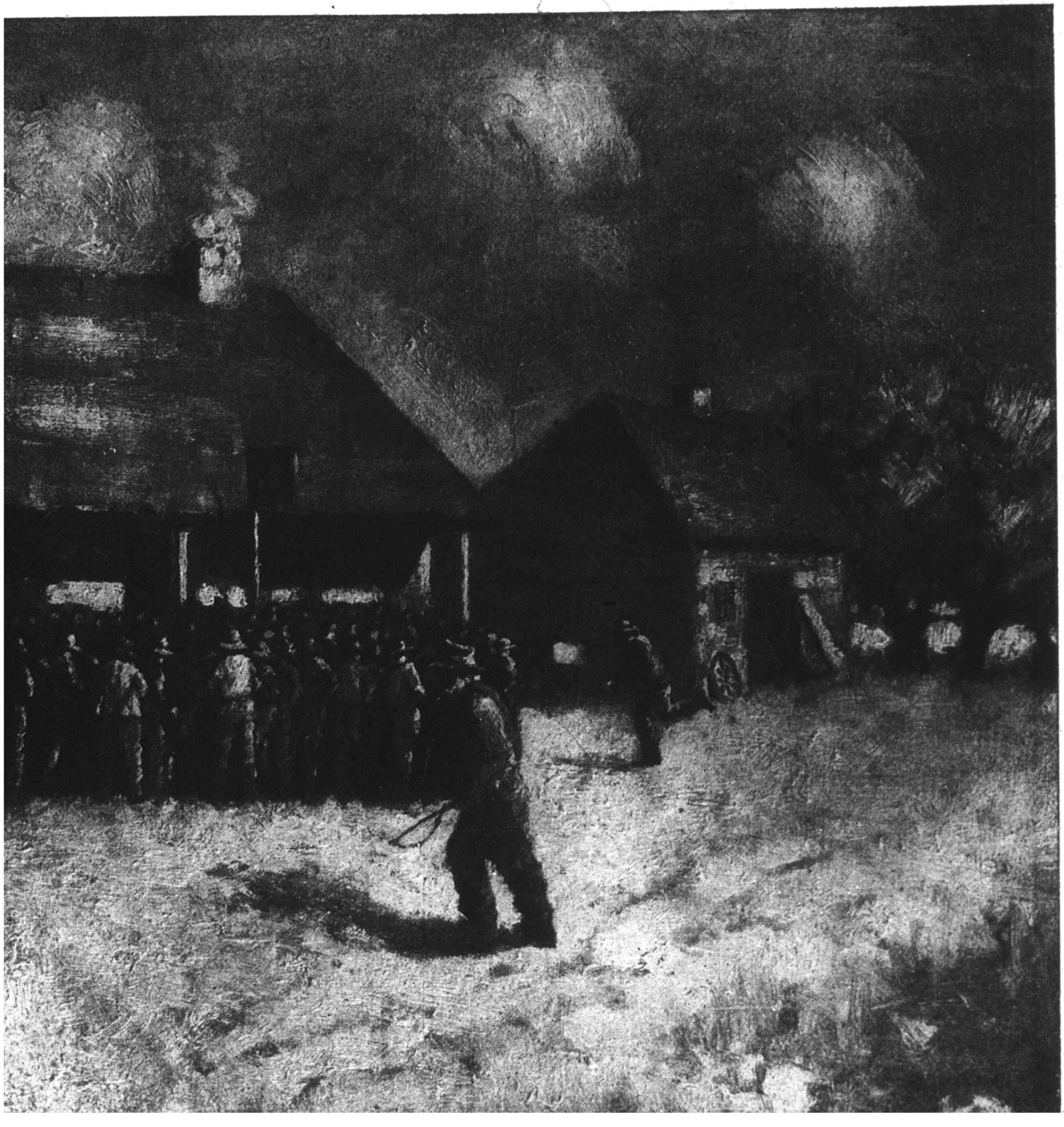


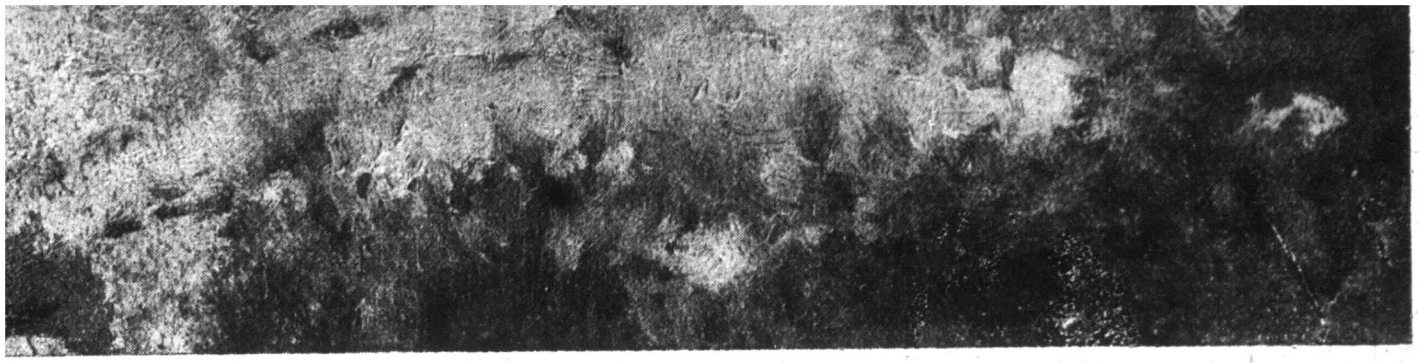
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BEFORE THE HOTEL WAS A SURGING CROWD

came on he shut his eyes and averted his head. I was the only one there who knew the meaning of that—knew that it meant a man without training or a trained man without practice. That is a good position for a man to take to stop a rush, but Collins had the longer reach and his blow fell on poor Hendershott's face, whose arm naturally went up in air as his head went back.

He staggered, was struck and struck again, his arms moving in pitiful adherence to the rules of boxing, yet not guided by sight and sense, protecting each part after the blow had fallen. His jaw was set, he faced the giant without shrinking, but his eyes did not open. He struck a pretty body blow that hit nothing, gave an upper cut that cut only the air.

Then a mighty brute blow from the lumberman, and Hendershott of Strathgannon lay crushed and bloody in the road.

The whole thing could have occupied only a minute. The crowd, stupefied at first by the unlooked-for outcome of the combat, was dumb for a few seconds. Then riot began. People pulled and scrambled over each other. I hit somebody, hard and fierce, and got hit in return. I felt the hot blood in my face, blurring my sight. Rumor has it that it was Collins with whom I exchanged tokens, but I cannot say as to that. Then I blindly fought a path to my fallen friend, striking without sight or heed whomever I could reach until the mob fell back to give him air, and then—then a woman came with wild eyes that saw nothing but what she sought, a woman who, seeing what she sought, said never a word, but clutched at her breast and fell unconscious upon the other unconscious and battered form.

That night when I had driven away the women who had come to the house out of a pretense of rendering assistance, but in reality to gratify curiosity, I assured Mrs. Hendershott that her husband would be as well as ever in a day or two, as he had not sustained serious injuries.

"He'll never get over it. We must leave this accursed place."

I pointed out to her that the village must have a constable and that her husband should not be required to preserve the peace. Moreover, I said, he would now realize the fact that he was out of practice and that the science of boxing was valueless to a man unless he kept his hand in. But the woman caught me by the arm fiercely.

"Doctor, don't you see the truth? Don't you know that it's all a crazy notion? He never could box. He never took a boxing lesson in his life, and

he never had a fight in his life that I ever knew of. Oh, the thing has nearly driven me mad—to see him rush into these frequent fights and order them to stop or fight with him. It has been terrible! I knew that some day one of the big brutes would take him at his word, and I knew just how it would end. He read everything he could get about prize-fighting; he sent for books and papers; he studied it all, but he knew nothing about it save what he had read. For years his mind has not been right on this question."

"But, Mrs. Hendershott," I managed to explain, "you forget about him knocking Macpherson insensible in one blow."

"Yes, that was the worst thing that ever happened. Only for that he would have doubted himself at heart. He was always reading about pugilists before that, but I did not fear that he would get into a row until after. It was just an accident that he hit Macpherson the way he did, but he thought it was skill and people talked, and he let them talk, and really believed himself able to handle any man in the world. He even talked to me about fights that had never happened, in which he had handled two or three men. He believed himself that they had happened. His heart will break now unless we leave here, and I fear to go anywhere else, for he will grow into the same way again. If he would stay here they would know about him and he wouldn't be tempted. If we go away it'll be the same thing over again. It was a good deal the same in the last town we lived in." She began to sob. "He will build up the same reputation wherever we go. He can't help it—I know he can't help it. If he isn't killed now he'll get killed some day."



Pete Hendershott sold out his property and his business without mingling again in the daily routine of Strathgannon, and with his family departed none knew whither. His case throws a strong light upon a phase of human nature seldom studied, yet most interesting.

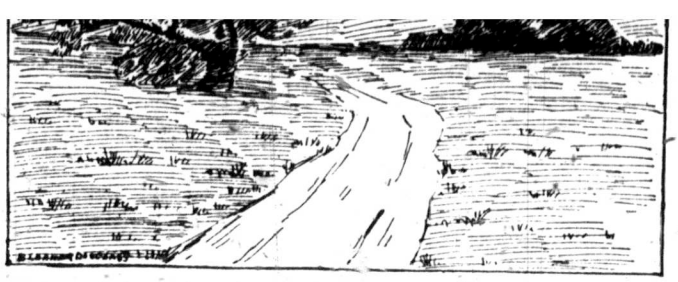
Men may say things in joke and live to repeat them in their prayers. A man may delude himself into anything if he set his pace in that direction. I have known a man to think himself a great

The Way of All Men



Life is a road.

At the outset it is very smooth and inviting to travelers, and as far as the eye can reach it stretches like a ribbon of white over a cloth of green. Yet, even at first, the road is winding, this,



it stretches like a ribbon of white over a cloth of green. Yet, even at first, the road is winding, this, however, being apparently meant to bring travelers nearer to rich meadows, noble trees and purling streams.

As we walk the road we say: "What a glorious day in June!" We loiter, and laugh, and sing, for it is so easy to travel, and such a joy.

Then a valley lies below us and a splendid city, with its steeples and domes, is revealed. The enchanted road leads to an enchanted city—it is at our feet. What a magnificent sight! Could we in dreams have fancied anything so beautiful? The steeples, the domes, the roofs, the chimes coming to us from afar, and away off the harbor with its ships. To reach it, to be in it and of it, is the passion that seizes us, and with giddy senses and eager feet we hurry down the hillside and into the magic city. Its brilliant lights, gaily dressed people, endless music, enthrall us for a time, and we push and crowd and hurry, we grow an hungered and fall ill, and the glamor soon wears off; the lights make our eyes ache, the dresses entail slavery, the music palls, but we cannot find any road that leads out the way we came or on the way we would go. Search and seek—it is in vain. Others come, we know not whence, others go, but we cannot follow. Up and down the streets we wander in search of a way that leads back to the height where we stood when the city burst on our sight, but no such way can be found. We recall that when we first overlooked the city we saw away beyond it a road winding up over the hill and across level country. Where is that road? Worn, exhausted, spiritless, we seek it in vain. 'Tis a walled city without a point of egress.

Emotionless, at last, the road beyond opens to us and we take it, but without much sense of relief, or pleasure, or hope. We plod along it and find that it ends at a churchyard.

Life is a short road.



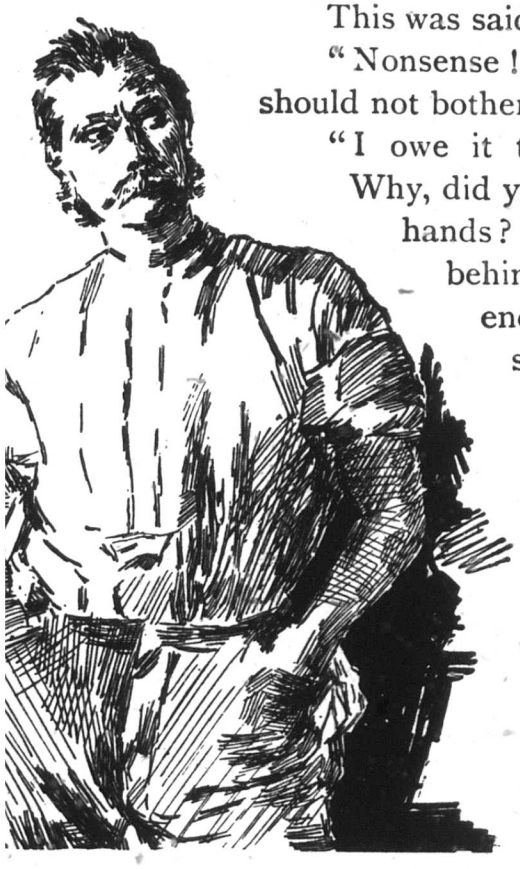
Christmas With the Queen.

CHRISTMAS brings with it to the Queen a variety of very diverse associations. It was on a Christmas morning, 1838, that her engagement to the late Prince Consort was announced. Twenty-three years later she went to Osborne, a lonely and almost heart-broken widow, after the funeral of the late Prince Consort, to spend the most joyful season of the year in the saddest manner. For years after that melancholy date the Christmassing at Osborne was of the most perfunctory character. It was Princess Beatrice who gradually persuaded the Queen that

rifle shot and to back his imaginary proficiency with money, while he had never owned a rifle in his life and could not pull a trigger without shutting his eyes. Pete Hendershott was a man physically without fear and in his mind was this crotchet, that he was possessed of all those arts of self-defence upon which he pondered so tirelessly. He may not have had even natural courage. His courage may have been the product of his delusion.

I saw him as he was leaving the village for the last time, and after we had exchanged our regretted farewells he made reference to the tragedy.

"Doc., the trouble was he had the reach on me by two inches. That way I have of stopping a rush, it never failed me before, never. But I'm out of practice—I'm quite out of condition. After I get into training again I'll bob up here some day."



This was said with marked significance and unruffled self-confidence.

"Nonsense! A respectable man like you, a man with a family, should not bother with such low business."

"I owe it to my self-respect though, Doc., to polish Collins off. Why, did you notice, the fellow didn't even know how to put up his hands? After I settle his score I'll put my whole past life behind me. I've been in the semi-professional ring long enough. I'll enter it just once more. I just want about six minutes with Mister Collins, Doc., and then I'll drop it. Good-bye, Doc., good-bye!"

And so he went. It is as well that he did go, for the moment he fell vanquished on the village street he ceased to be the public idol and became at once the butt for the coarse humorists of Strathgannon, the men who for eight years cringed beneath his confident eye.

Somewhere, to-day, he is no doubt occupying a large place in local attention—carefully discharging his every duty, yet building up with infinite care a reputation that he cannot sustain for a moment.

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it is not good to weep for ever, and it was under her influence that Yuletide at Court gradually resumed most of the features which it had worn during the lifetime of the lamented Prince.

For some time before the actual date the stir of preparations is in the air. The Royal warrant-holders obtain permission to send in samples of their Christmas novelties, and the same license is often conceded to other tradesmen. In consequence, large consignments of goods arrive at Osborne, and Her Majesty is able to indulge in all the pleasures of Christmas shopping and present-choosing without leaving her own boudoir. There is, moreover, a great deal to be done in this way. The list of presents which the Queen

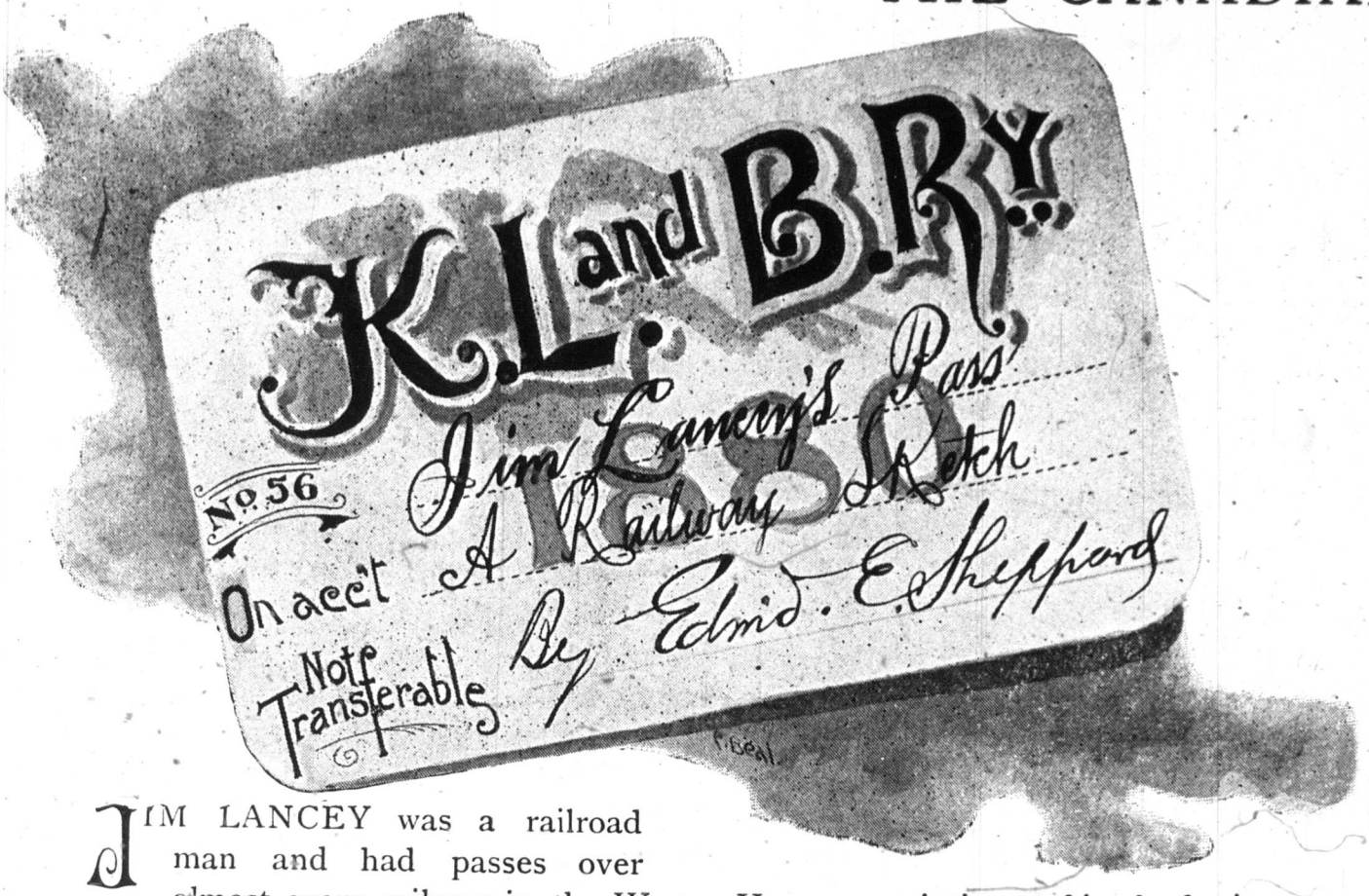
Majesty is able to indulge in all the pleasures of Christmas shopping and present-choosing without leaving her own boudoir. There is, moreover, a great deal to be done in this way. The list of presents which the Queen bestows in honor of the festal season of the year is a very long one and would amaze the great maiority of our readers. First, there are the members of her own family and the long roll of her posterity, to each of whom is sent a token which is at once of value and suited to their individual tastes. Then there are many personal friends and attendants to whom the arrival of the souvenir, which shows that the Queen has not forgotten them amid her numerous cares, forms the brightest spot in all the festal season.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROSSLAND.



MAIN STREET, ROSSLAND.



JIM LANCEY was a railroad man and had passes over almost every railway in the West. He was an intimate friend of mine, and assuring me that no one knew him out there, he once—in violation of the cast-iron rules of all railroads—loaned me his "annual" when I undertook a journey to look after some of his business and my own, over a road which, for the sake of the story, we will call the K. L. & B. The first half of the journey was without incident, but within a couple of hundred miles of home a conductor with a big blonde mustache and a penetrating eye looked first at my pass and then at me in a way which made me uneasy. I hate to be made uneasy by a conductor, for I have traveled some and found it much more pleasant to make the conductor uneasy and myself comfortable. After writing down the number he handed back the pass and dropped into the seat opposite me with the remark, "You don't remember me, do you, Lancey?"

"Well, now, your face is familiar," I exclaimed, with guilty alacrity; "and if you'll give me just a minute I'll think of your name. Confound it, I know you just as well as I do my own brother! Danged queer, isn't it, how we forget people's names?"

He began to talk and ask questions, making it his business to avoid the discussion of abstract questions. This is not nice in a gentleman who invites himself into your seat. Moreover, a young lady had told me not long before that it was "not pretty" to become personal; that, indeed, "form" demanded the discussion of things on totally impersonal grounds. I tried to run the conversation on general lines, but the conductor wouldn't have it.

"Don't you remember the Sanderses out at Hanover Center?" enquired the ticket-puncher, with a slight lifting of his blonde mustache which suggested

conversation on general lines, but the conductor wouldn't have it.

"Don't you remember the Sanderses out at Hanover Center?" enquired the ticket-puncher, with a slight lifting of his blonde mustache which suggested a grin hidden behind it.

"Well, I should say I do. How are you, Sanders, old fellow?" I reached over and shook his hand, slapped him on the knee and leaned back and laughed heartily. I had forgotten him for a moment, so I said, but I was a poor off-hand liar, and a moment afterwards it struck me that maybe I overdid the recognition.

"Great times we used to have out there, wan't they, Jim?"

"Yes, those were the best times in my life. I guess those are the best days in everybody's life, when we are young and haven't any responsibility or care and our hearts are unsullied and er— How long is it now since you have been running on this road?" I enquired, anxious to change the subject and aware that my English, if nothing else, was getting mixed. I had never heard of Hanover Center and felt liable to make mistakes if we got talking about township geography.

"Let's see," answered Sanders ruminatively. "It must be fifteen years. I had just begun 'brakin'' when old Dad Wilson died. How long ago was that?"

"Well, it must be fully twelve or fourteen years anyway," I answered. "Poor old dad was quite a character, wasn't he?" I ventured, with a very bored look and a yawn as big as a wash-basin.

"Character!" exclaimed the conductor. "Well, I should say so! Do you mind the time he broke your father's nose in a fight over the line fence?"

"Oh, I don't think he broke his nose. I remember they did have a dispute of some sort. Been running the passenger train long?" I asked, with another frantic attempt to get away from Hanover Center.

"Oh, yes, I have had this run for nine or ten years I guess. It was me, you know," he continued, somewhat ungrammatically, "that telegraphed to your father when your sister ran away with Bill Scott. The old man was wild and didn't know what had become of them. That itself must be pretty near twelve years ago."

"Yes, just about that." I shuddered. This family history was becoming very difficult to handle.

"It wasn't true that Scott had a wife living, was it? All sorts of stories afloat at that time, you know."

"No, not a word of truth in it. I suppose you have queer experiences with your passengers?"

"Yes," said he reflectively, "deuced queer," and again his big thick blonde mustache was lifted in a way that I did not like. I determined to write an article advocating a law or by-law, or a railway regulation of some sort forbidding employees of a transportation company forcing their society upon passengers.

"How did you get out of that marrying scrape with old Mam Snider and her daughter?" demanded Sanders as he sorted his tickets. "She was a reg'lar snappin' turtle, wasn't she?"

If there is one thing more than another that I pride myself upon it is my reputation. I may have been bad, but I have never been found out, and I dislike men who always classify me with themselves as a general all-round tough. Consequently it was easy for me to insist that this was a sore subject, which even at this late date I did not propose to discuss. I dwelt on the unfortunate propensity of human nature to be uncharitable, hinted that my life had been saddened by the miserable attempt to coerce me into the hateful marriage to which he referred, and finally begged him to re-open no more old sores, hinting that I might burst into tears or a rage if the public insisted on digging into the dead past.

I turned my back on him and looked out of the window, hoping to impress him with my unspeakable grief and desire to be left alone with it. At last I thought I had him squelched, but he continued sorting his tickets, leaving them in the seat with me when he went out to see who got on the train at the stations where we stopped. Trusting his official belongings in my care was a mark of confidence which I esteemed as being bestowed upon me as a fellow-railroader, but I did not like it. I was tired of him. In fact, I hate reminiscent busy-bodies and avoid them if possible. They are sure to stumble on to one's record or into one's feelings, and I was not in a position, as the acting Jim Lancey, to be interviewed. The strain grew unendurable, and during the next absence of the conductor I asked the porter to make up my berth, though it was only eight o'clock.

"Yes, sah," he grinned; "jess as soon as de boss takes dem pace-boa'ds away. Yeh see, I hain't let tech 'em."

It must have been anywhere from fifty to five hundred miles from that station to the next, and the conductor sat and talked with me all the way, though I told him I had a frightful sick-headache and was fretting myself to death about a sick friend in Kansas City whose symptoms I described as minutely as a doctor-book.

"I took up a ticket a while ago from an old woman who reminded me for all the world of Aunt Julia Jones," he went on. "You mind her—out on the town line? By gosh, she was more like her than you are like the Jim Lancey I used to know." Again the nasty bushy mustache was lifted as if the owner of it were trying to take soup into his system without dripping the *consomme* all over his vest. "You remember Aunt Jule, don't you?"

I had lived long enough in the country to know that every familiar feminine character was known to the people as "Aunt," but for the life of me I was unprepared to venture an opinion upon the particular variety of "aunt" in question. The crisis was on, however, and I had to meet it, so inwardly cursing Jim Lancey's pass and his relatives, and Hanover Center and the "town line," and myself, I dashed into the thing again:

"Well, I should say I do remember Aunt Jule. Once when she was down at our place sewing and helping to make cider apple-sauce—you remember what a talker Aunt Jule was, never let her tongue stop a minute; people said

at our place sewing and helping to make cider apple-sauce—you remember what a talker Aunt Jule was, never let her tongue stop a minute; people said she kept on talking even in her sleep. Well, once when she was up at our house helping make cider apple 'sass,' as she called it, she was carrying in a big dish of boiling cider, when she slipped, down she went, the boiling stuff flying all over the porch! She was telling something about a s'prise party that came to her place six years before, when she tumbled down, and she only stopped to scream out: 'Scald myself—no I hain't—wish I had!' then on she went about the marble-cake and two pumpkin-pies that Emmeline Wilson brought and got full of hayseeds out of the sleigh." I thought I did that yarn pretty well, for I picked up the Wilson girl's name from my tormentor's talk about "old Dad," who of course must have had some relatives.

The conductor laughed immoderately at this story and insisted on taking me out to see the woman who looked like Aunt Jule. I said I was sleepy and didn't care to bother, so he sat with me and asked questions, driving me, in self-defence, into further wild flights of untruth. I would have given fifty dollars for a ticket and a chance to punch his head, but there was no relief; I must protect Jim Lancey's pass, even if I had to break the record and meet the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, his wife.

"I suppose you're married?" looking up from his tickets interrogatorily.

I was married and proud of it, but Jim Lancey was a bachelor, and I got single at one desperate gulp. "Not yet, Sanders, not yet! Still looking around! How is it with yourself?"

He was through with his confounded tickets and rose up yawning and stretching himself as he replied: "Yes, old man, I'm married; been trottin' double these ten years." The horsy brute, to refer to his wife in that way, I thought, as with joy I watched him pick up his satchel. "My missus," he continued, "was Jennie Williams—Hiram Williams' daughter, you know, at Feldersburg."

"Why, she's my wife's cousin!" I blurted out; "she—she—married Jeff Porter——"

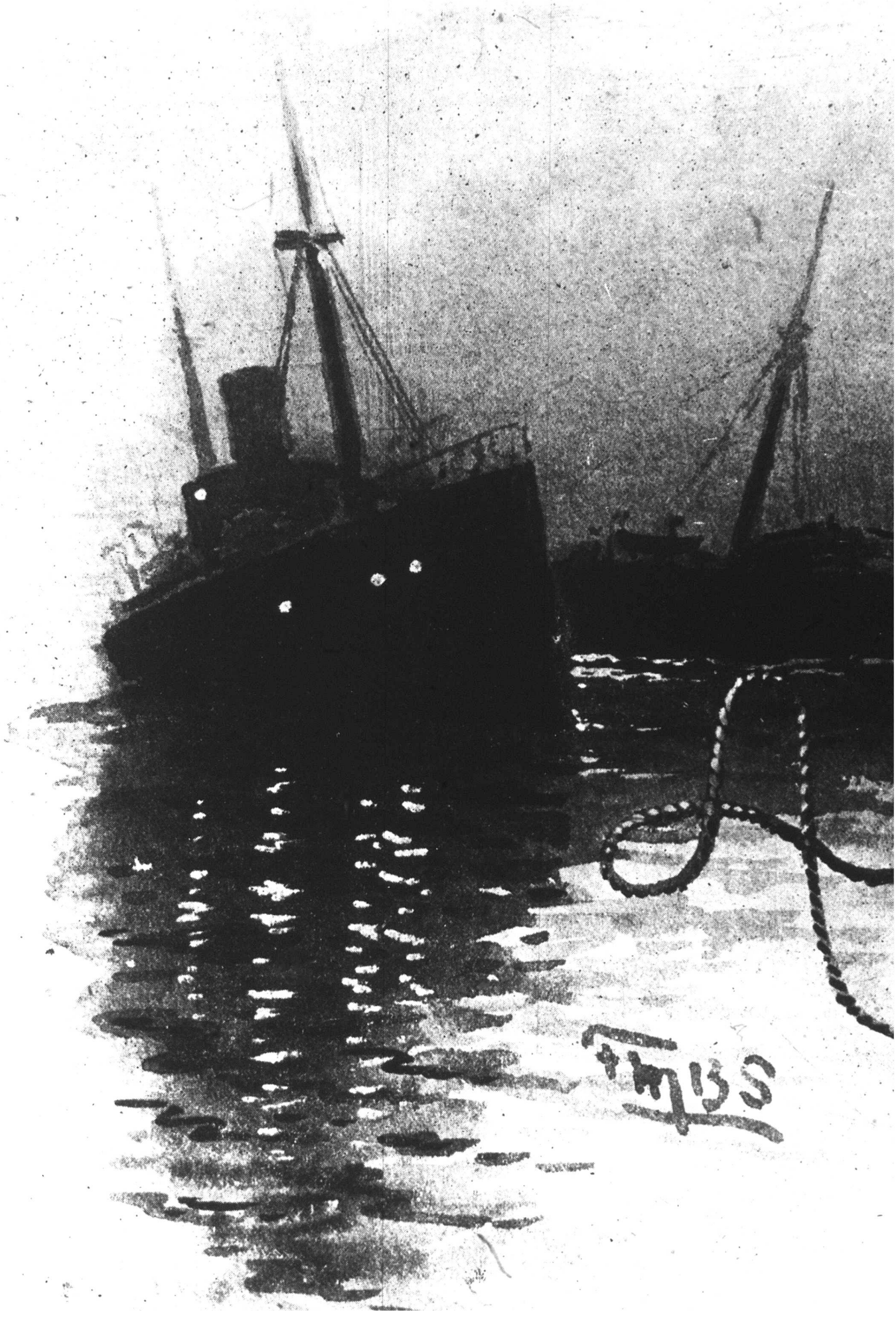
"Yes, that's right, I'm Jeff Porter and you're—not Jim Lancey—" and he sat down and laughed and laughed till I wanted to kill him. I knew him then, of course, for we had been schoolmates fifteen years before, when I was twelve and he was nearly twenty.

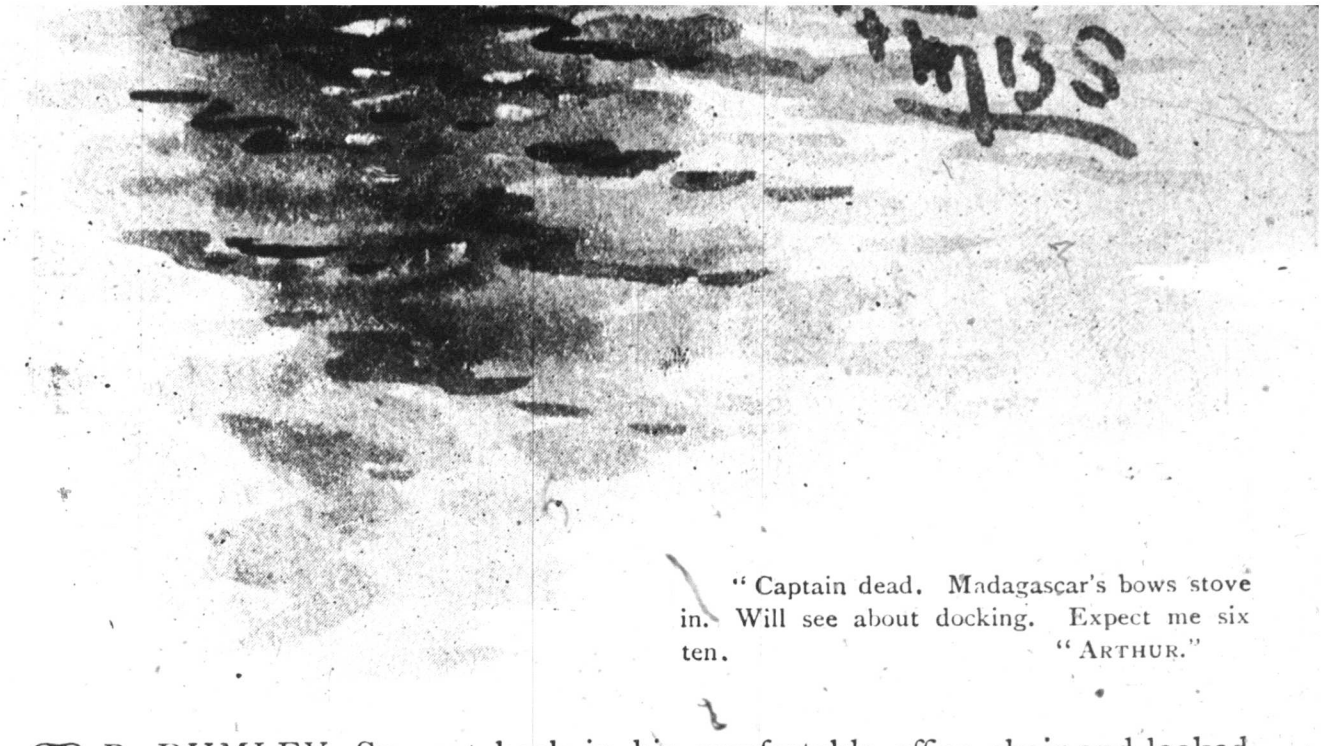
"Say, 'Jim,' do you remember"—here he exploded again after emphasizing the 'Jim'—"say, do you rem—mem—ember old Dad Wilson at Han—Hanover Cen—Center?"

I was too sick to laugh. My face was swollen with blushes and shame; all I could do was to get mad and swear.

"Say, 'Jim,' how did you get out of that sc—sc—sc—scrape—" here he nearly took a fit—"say, how did ye, with—th—th—that Sn—Sn—Snider girl?"

I was getting too hot, so he let up on me for a while and then asked me out into the next car to see who it was looked so like "Aunt Jule." "I'd never known you if it hadn't been for that passenger. Come on and see Aunt Jule. She got on at Jefferson, where I took the train." At last I followed him into the next sleeper, and there in the smoking compartment was that infernal scoundrel, Jim Lancey, laughing himself sick.





"Captain dead. Madagascar's bows stove in. Will see about docking. Expect me six ten.
"ARTHUR."

MR. DUMLEY, SR., sat back in his comfortable office chair and looked vacantly out of the opposite window at the atmosphere of a murky Liverpool lane; then swore. A further perusal of the telegram persuaded him that the message could give him no further information.

"Morrow dead, hey!"

A shout that resembled the roar of an angry lion brought from the outer office a little, old, bald-headed clerk.

"Scott, how much were the repair charges to the Madagascar last September?"

"A trifle over a hundred and ninety pounds, sir, I think."

"And the docking charges?"

"Nearly that amount, sir."

With a snort of indignation the firm of Dumley & Arthurs, shipowners (Mr. Arthurs was dead these fifteen years), gathered together its thoughts, and recollected that last August it had refused to sell the Madagascar for an offer less by sixty pounds than the price asked.

"At the least we've lost four hundred pounds by it, Scott."

The clerk, in response to Mr. Dumley's glare, said nothing.

"How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing?"

Now, Scott had heard the same question for twenty years past.

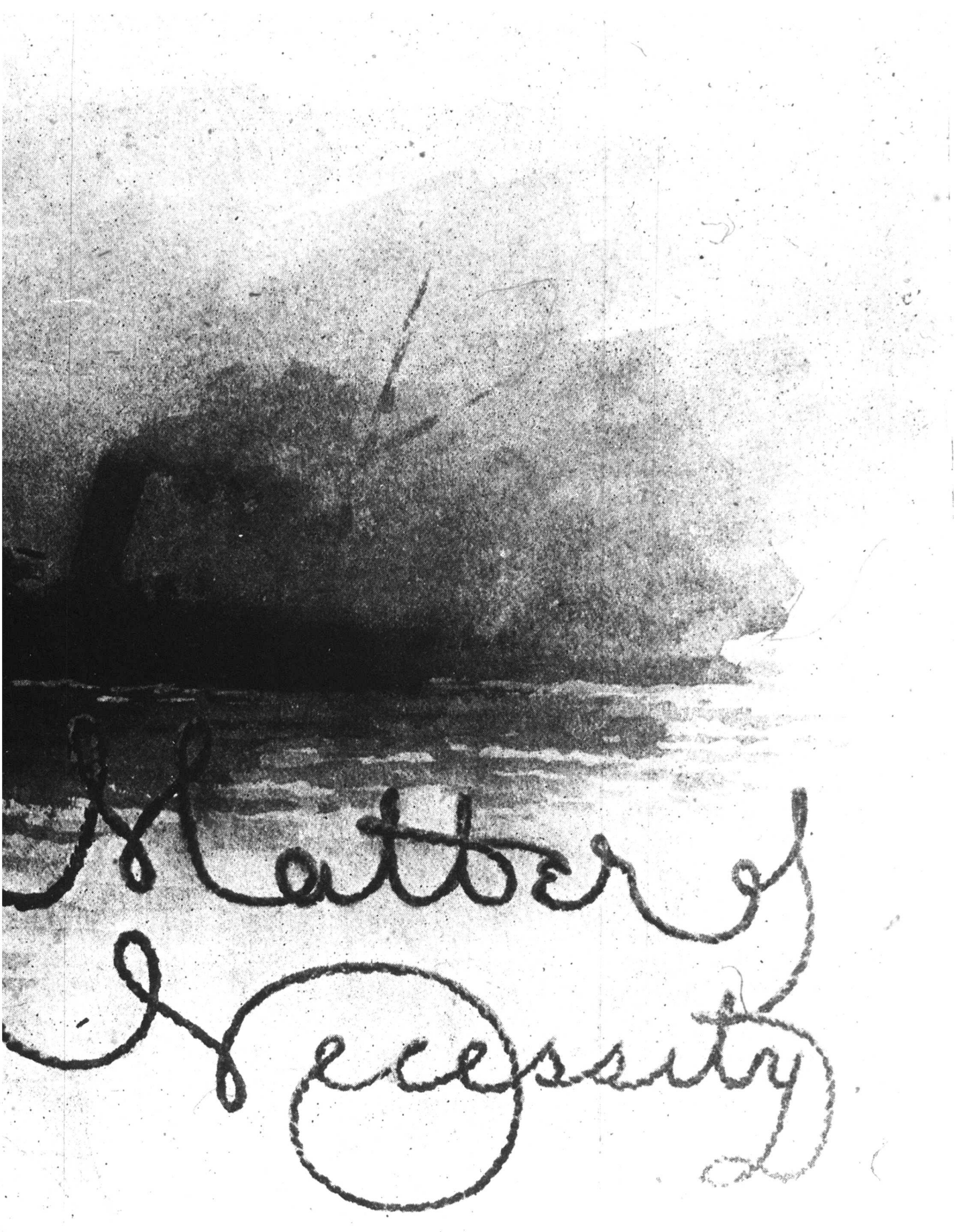
"Not long, sir, not long," he said, as he reflected upon the pittance that would remain when four hundred pounds were taken from a round hundred and twenty thousand.

"Too bad, too bad!" growled Mr. Dumley.

"And Mr. Arthur, sir, he's well, I hope?"

Whatever Arthur had or had not done, the thought of him seemed clearly connected with disaster—stove-in bows and untold docking charges.

"Oh, confound Mr. Arthur!" and away stamped the irate firm of Dumley & Arthurs.



BY JOHN MCCRAE

BY JOHN McCRAE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.

Promptly at ten minutes after six a dark, good-looking young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, with innumerable bags, wraps and umbrellas, stumbled from one of the compartments of a London and North-Western car almost into Mr. Dumley's arms. No sooner were they seated in the carriage than a fusilade of questions began, to which the young man replied as he best could.

Captain Morrow, he explained, had been drinking heavily all the time the Madagascar was in port. The second day out he had been seen going to his cabin. McGinnis (the mate) and himself had done most of the duty on the day previous; search late in the evening of the second day had revealed the fact that the captain was missing.

"Perhaps delirium tremens," broke in Mr. Dumley.

"At any rate, he had gone overboard—so McGinnis and I had everything to do after that."

At dinner the old gentleman resumed his discourse.

"Yes, and you managed to run her into the only iceberg within a hundred miles of you," for so far had Mr. Dumley learned of the mishap. He had a rooted objection to accidents befalling his ships.

"Do you mean to say that McGinnis doesn't know ice when he sees it?" continued the old gentleman. "Ah, dark night be hanged! Old Phillips can smell ice as far off as the North Pole, and why can't you? Besides, it was smooth, wasn't it? It was lucky you didn't go right down. I'll wager it wasn't your fault."

"Still, sir, we had all the bulkhead doors shut. The right one was scarcely tight, so she listed a little."

"Humph! they just happened to be shut. Where was the lookout?"

"The lookout gave no alarm."

Mr. Dumley's eyes fairly bulged with the astonishment he felt; Arthur's glance was earnestly fixed upon the stem of his wine-glass, which he was fingering uneasily.

"Well, well," said the old man, softening, "there's no use making a fuss, but, dash it all, Arthur, our smallest office boy could command a ship better than that. If your name wasn't Dumley I'd discharge you. Poor old McGinnis

has been so long with us that we'll have to keep him till he dies. A decent fellow, McGinnis."

"Yes, he is."

"Oh, by the way, what time did the smash occur?"

"About three o'clock. It was a very dark night, I know, and I locked at my watch just before we struck them, and it was——"

"Them! Do you mean to say you ran into more than one?"

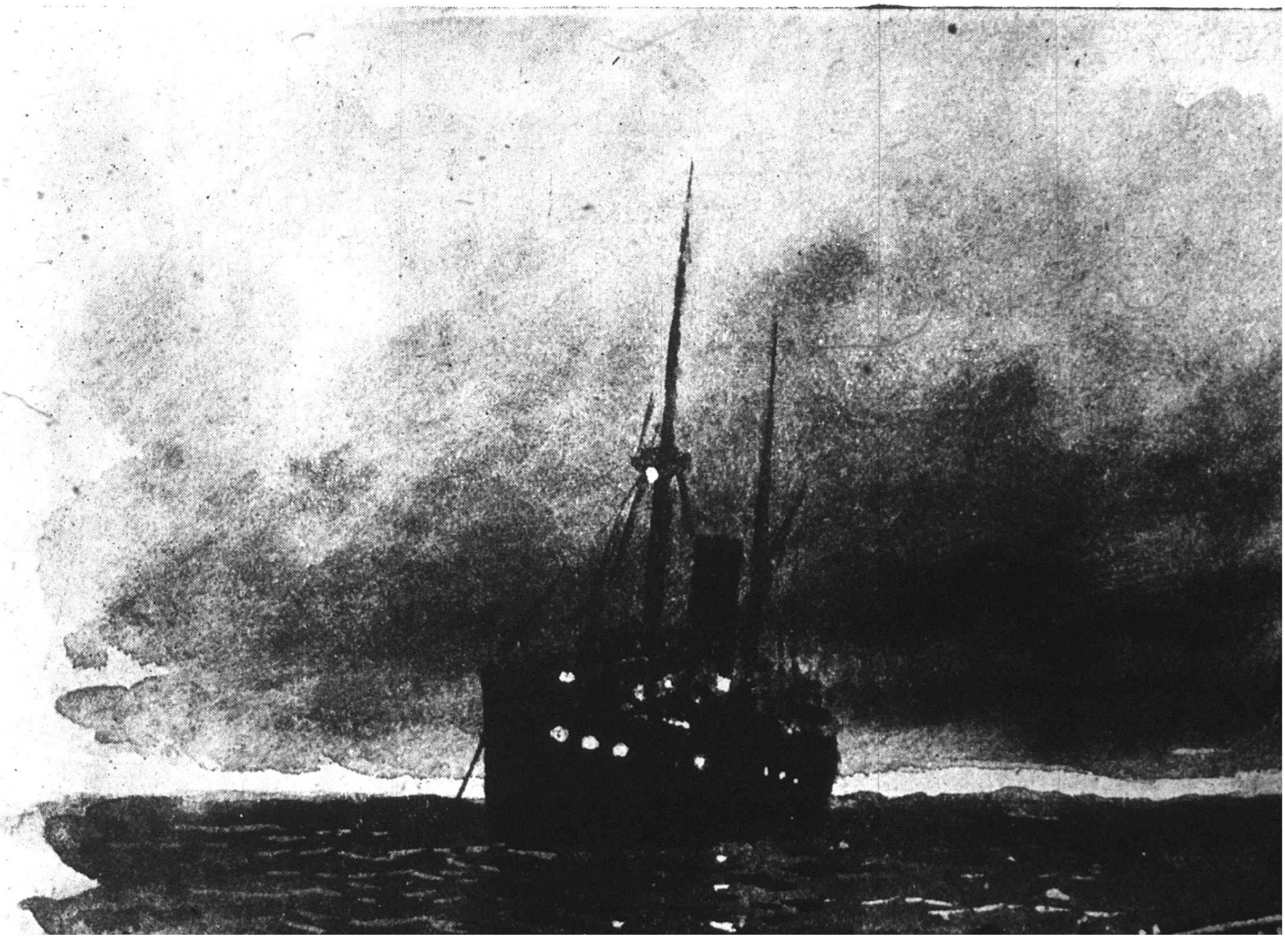
"Oh, I mean—that is—why, yes, there were several——"

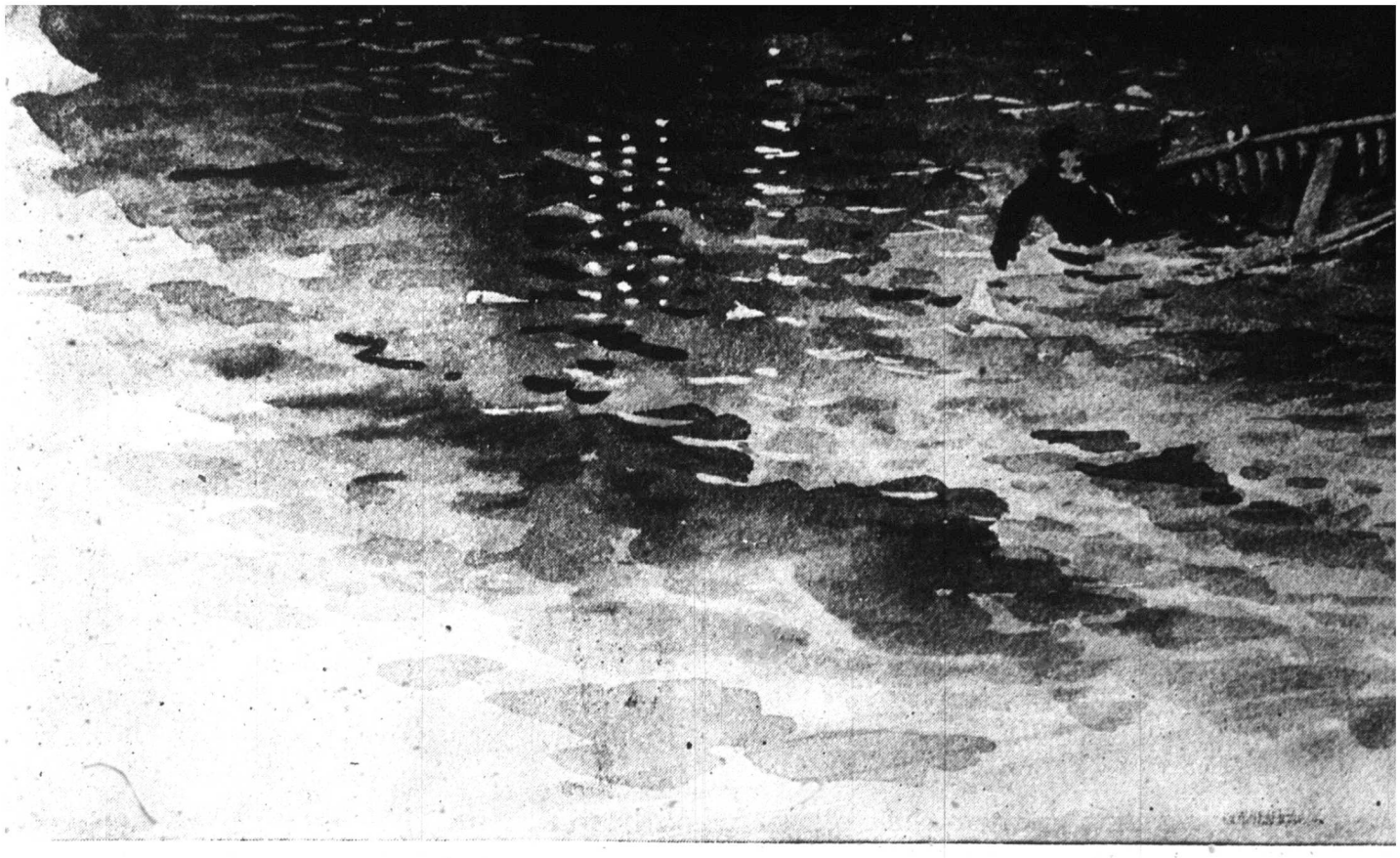
"Several bergs?" queried Mr. Dumley.

"Yes—decidedly, decidedly—why, I should say——"

"But you said before——"

At this juncture a knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and, much to Arthur's relief, Mr. Dumley was summoned to the library. The young man's eyes followed the retreating figure to the door, and as it closed he lifted his brows. "I am afraid I am a liar," said he to himself, with which soliloquy he dropped his chin upon his hand pensively and proceeded to perfect a few details in his evidence in the Madagascar case. Yet, one week before, in the haze of an Atlantic dawn, this same carefully dressed and careless-looking young Briton had gone to his cabin and looked in the glass to see if his hair





AS HE SPOKE THE MULATTO V

had turned gray; which, in the light of the events to be narrated, may not seem totally unreasonable.

CHAPTER II.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Surely Captain Morrow of the Madagascar has his employers' interests at heart, that he so carefully consults his charts and marks out the route suggested by his friend John Bilby, master of the steamer Edith M. Page, as they sit, heads together, in the chart-room of the Page the night before she sails from New York. John Bilby, he of the low forehead and the squinting eye, has sailed the Atlantic and the Pacific—nay, has even had experience in the carriage of passengers (black ones, be it said) from the west coast of Africa, if reports do not lie.

The two men sit, elbows upon the table, intent upon the words of a certain young lawyer (not yet a pleader in the Supreme Courts) who, with a handful of papers and letters, evidently foreign, dilates upon the advantages to be derived from the course they intend to pursue.

"He guarantees sixteen thousand apiece, you see: paid under a distinct agreement with each of you separately; so—excuse my saying so—there is nothing to be gained by any one of us playing false to the others. I see you laugh, Captain Morrow! Well, no doubt it is an unnecessary precaution—perhaps it is only my client's little joke."

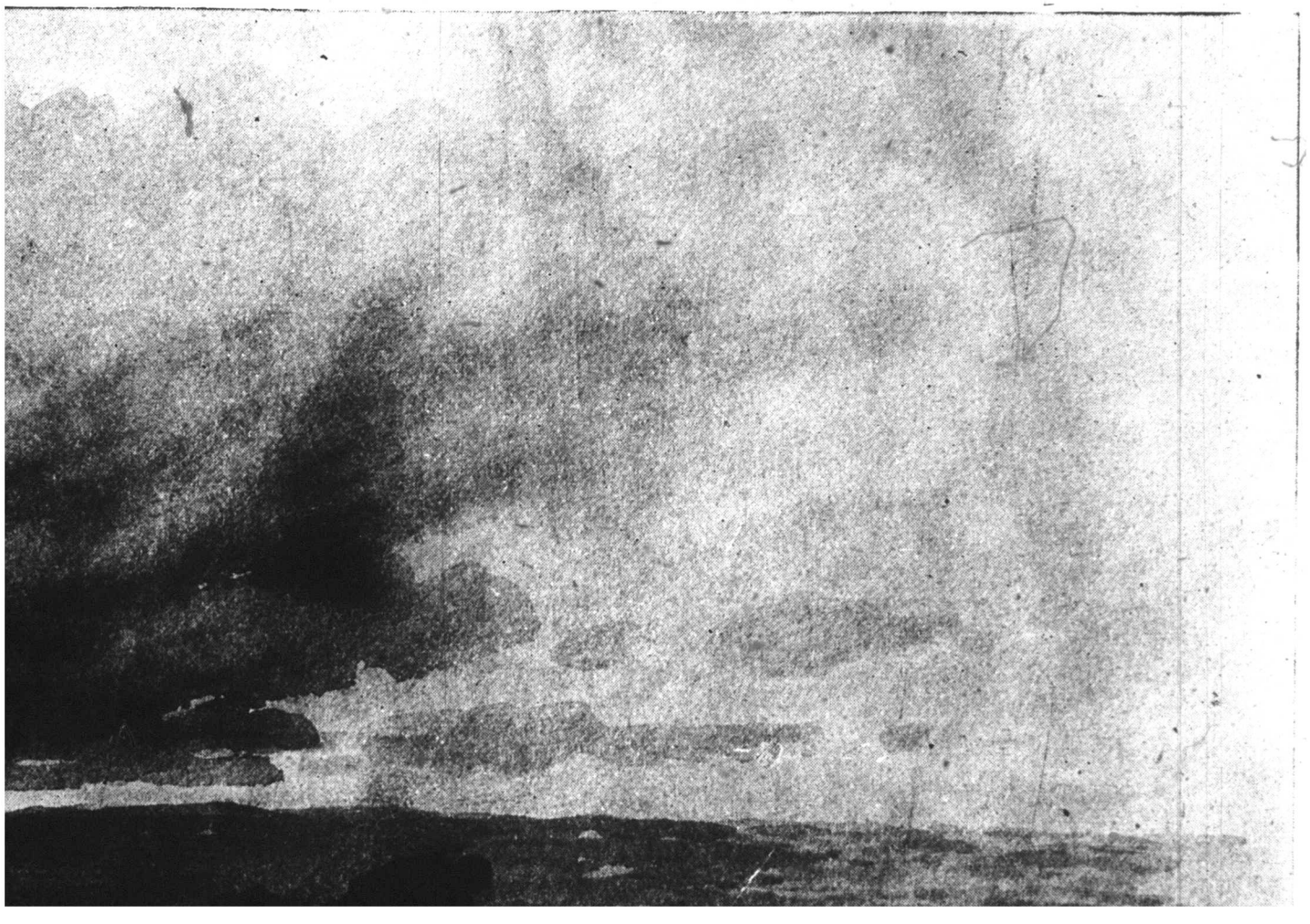
A few moments' silence ensues, during which this astute young man scans the faces of his companions.

"Then, you see," he continued, "you provide six men who can be trusted; he will pay them liberally—but of course we can settle that afterwards, when we are sure of our men——"

A little whisky all around will mellow these already half-clouded minds; it is forthcoming, thanks to legal forethought and marine generosity.

"Ah, now to continue. You, Morrow, will command the Madagascar, henceforth the Cormorant, re-rigged, re-painted—in fact, till her own mother wouldn't know her. Ha! ha!" laughs the worthy youth, "you sail her to Rio—where, by the way, the Cormorant will be expected. There you will make the final settlements with my friend—my client, I should say—and myself. That will be better and more satisfactory than any arrangements we can make now."

"Of course, I should add, if the regular crew of the Madagascar will not accept terms that are satisfactory, they must just go to Rio, or," the bland young man added with a meaning smile, "perhaps they will not go so far." The tone in which this methodical person clothed his last remark caused both men to glance up for an instant. Truly, his young shoulders carried a cool and a calculating head.





MULATTO WENT OVERBOARD.

"However," added the youth, looking up, "we must hope for the best, always. I guess you think I lack experience in these matters. Well, possibly, possibly——"

Bilby broke in, disregarding the last remark, "But the boat's worth a lot more than thirty-two thousand; it's worth——"

"Of course, of course, Captain Bilby, but my good client must protect himself against loss; must make *his* percentage, so to speak."

Thus long into the night they talked and drank; charts were compared and marked, routes discussed and fixed, as if one ship were to be guided by the wake of the other, until, in the early morning, Morrow staggered ashore, threading his uncertain way amid boxes, bales and all the various accompaniments of a departing ship. Five hours later the Edith M. Page, bound for Amsterdam, was leaving behind her a trail of smoke and a track of foam.

. . . . . .

"Here I am, Morrow, or at least my remains," laughed Arthur Dumley as he stepped into the lee of a deck-house on the Madagascar and "took in sail," as he expressed it, by lowering his dripping umbrella.

"I've sent for my traps. What can I get in the way of a cabin?"

A mental oath formed itself in the recesses of Captain Morrow's brain, but it took no form of speech. There had as yet been no hitch in any of the plans that had been hatched two nights before, but the presence of young Mr. Dumley seemed a cloud on the horizon; but, as a member of his father's firm and part owner of the Madagascar, Mr. Dumley, jr., could not be denied.

"Glad to have you, sir, but—well, our cook ain't what he might be."

This was strictly true, for the cook had been shipped as one of the men "who could be depended on," and cooking was not his forte.

"Besides, the boat rolls a good deal; but," as if afraid he might cite too many disadvantages, he added, "you're a good sailor, I've heard McGinnis say."

"Yes, good enough," replied the young man.

"I suppose you'll be in a hurry to get home?" queried the Captain insinuatingly.

"Yes, I am."

"Because, the Egypt sails to-morrow morning; she'd be a lot quicker."

"Oh, hang the Egypt. I'm going to leave my things in the cabin next to



"IT IS ONLY MY CLIENT'S LITTLE JOKE."

McGinnis'. We'll try the cook," and Dumley disappeared, leaving a very ill-pleased man.

"However," thought Morrow, "Bilby's sure to find some way out of it."

That morning Captain Morrow undoubtedly did tell Mr. Dumley that the Madagascar would sail at three p.m., whereas it was certainly the intention of that wily seaman that she should sail promptly at two p.m.; but the young man's lucky star brought him to the dock in time to see the last rope cast off, and a run of a hundred yards and a frantic spring for the rail completed the troubles of the "inevitable late passenger."

"Confound you, Morrow," gasped Arthur as he mopped his brow, "why did you tell me you weren't going till three?"

"I told you two, sir," calmly replied the inwardly chagrined Morrow.

"If you did, I'll—— But I suppose I ought to eat the bread of thankfulness that I got on board at all, or rather, drink the drink of thankfulness," he added as he disappeared aft in search of some bearable kind of American

ness that I got on board at all, or rather, drink the drink of thankfulness," he added as he disappeared aft in search of some bearable kind of American beverage.

During the next few days the monotony of the passage was scarcely broken; all the days were fair and sunshiny, except one, when a westerly breeze chopped the sea a little. The Madagascar plodded on, sighting now and then a passing sail. Morrow's brow betokened a shade of anxiety that was quite unnoticed by Dumley and McGinnis, who were too much occupied, the latter by his duties and the former by any means of killing time he could devise. Many an hour had the Captain passed over that marked chart, and, to the credit of his seamanship be it said, he had deviated but little from the course he supposed the Page had taken. Morrow had sought many a way, high and low, fair and foul, of achieving his dreams of success; never until the present had he seen an opening that seemed to promise so well. True, it was pure villainy, but what of that? He wished no harm personally to Arthur Dumley, but that was not *his* business; as for McGinnis, he wished that salt anywhere but aboard; his men, especially two former sailors of his own, were, he thought, a judicious selection. So the Madagascar sped on to her uncertain tryst.

Towards evening on the sixth day out, Dumley and McGinnis stood talking on the bridge, watching the smoke of a steamer towards which the Madagascar's course had been directed. Before long they were sufficiently near to make out a steamer of the "tramp" kind, not unlike the Madagascar herself. From the funnel a thick column of black smoke poured, and the ensign hung stars downwards on the halyards. The two men had their glasses fixed upon her, when they were joined by Morrow.

"No," said the latter, in response to Dumley's question, "I don't know her. She's a Yankee, there is no doubt, but beyond that I can't say. I never saw her before."

"Nor I," added McGinnis.

"Why is she hove to? She seems to have steam up."

"You see the pumps are going; but there may be something wrong with the machinery and the fires are for the pumping engines," the Captain explained.

"We must stand by, then," said Dumley, "in case she requires assistance."

"Just what I was thinking, sir."

In a short time the Madagascar brought up a few cable lengths from the stranger, from the scuppers of which the water streamed with a constant, monotonous splash. The name on her bow could now be distinctly read; there it was, in gold letters, Edith M. Page.

Just at dusk Morrow and the two seamen who had sailed with him on previous voyages, started; if they could be of any use they might be away some time. In any case, would it not be best to bank the fires and stay by the Page till morning? Dumley acquiesced, and so it was agreed.

About one o'clock in the morning, as McGinnis and Dumley stood talking at the forecastle rail, a hail was heard: by the light of a flare a boat was seen approaching. As soon as it came alongside, a rope was thrown and a young

mulatto scrambled up, followed by a boy, who had slipped on board the Page unnoticed on the day she sailed. The mulatto brought a letter from Morrow to Dumley, and, not understanding anything beyond his instructions, had allowed the boy to accompany him, who, seeing the Madagascar, considered that it might yield more of the material comforts of life than the Page vouchsafed him, and concluded to transfer his allegiance. When Dumley left the Madagascar, in compliance with Morrow's request as sent by the letter, he was too much occupied by present circumstances to think of the boy. The mulatto, though a vicious enough youth, was no plotter, and the boy was entirely forgotten. Indeed, it might not have been an easy matter to find him, as he had already concealed himself behind a spare spar on the lower deck.

The night was intensely dark, but the sea was calm, and as they rowed away it seemed to Dumley that there was no danger of missing the Page, whose lights twinkled faintly in the darkness. No word passed, but the mulatto rowed steadily, until they were several hundred yards from the ship.



"Hold on," said Dumley, shifting the rudder. "Turn back. I don't believe I'll go till morning." This was quite unprovided for in the instructions the mulatto had received. He stopped rowing, and Dumley thought he leaned forward. At the same instant the young man felt the cold water around his feet.

"We're leaking!" he shouted, as he put down his hand to feel the depth of water in the boat; but even as he spoke the mulatto was overboard, and by the impetus given to the boat by his spring, Dumley was thrown into the water. There was no chance of emptying the already sinking boat, and with a shout to the mulatto to follow, Arthur struck out for the lights of the Madagascar. There was no answer to his shout, but the alarm reached McGinnis and in a moment or two a boat was being lowered. Guided by his shouts the men quickly found the almost exhausted swimmer and in a minute more he was lifted on deck.

Before he had been in his berth a minute, McGinnis returned to the cabin, having despatched the boat to search for the mulatto. A knock at the door interrupted them.

"Come in!" shouted Dumley.

The door opened and disclosed the new passenger in the grasp of a sailor, whose grip seemed to afford him no small degree of discomfort. Dumley, though weak, could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"Why, who's this, Wilson?"

"Don' know, y'er honor. He don' know himself."

"That's the boy that came in the boat. Aren't you?"

The boy nodded, while McGinnis stared at him in silence. He seemed like a wharf-rat, but at the same time he lacked the quickness of intellect that usually characterizes that class.

"What do you want here?" asked Dumley.

The boy explained, volubly, with many embellishments and strange expressions that were as Hebrew to Dumley's ears, that the treatment he had received

"What do you want here?" asked Dumley.

The boy explained, volubly, with many embellishments and strange expressions that were as Hebrew to Dumley's ears, that the treatment he had received on the Page was not in accordance with his ideas of comfort; he wished, in short, to stay on the Madagascar. Dumley looked dubious and was about to resume his conversation with McGinnis regarding the strange event of the sinking boat, when the youth interrupted:

"See them pumps?" he volunteered, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction in which he supposed the Page to lie.

"Well?" said McGinnis blandly.

"But ye'r didn't see the hose on th' other side!"

Dumley sat up in his berth excitedly. "Do you mean to say that they pump it up and over again?



"SEE THEM PUMPS?" HE VOLUNTEERED.

"Yep!" retorted the youth.

"And isn't there any leak?"

"Naw!" again replied that worthy. Then he went on, regardless of the astonished looks of his auditors:

"An' I hears yer Cap'n say, says he, 'Keep it up till mornin', boys, an' we'll git 'em.' So you'd better *git*," said the boy, with an expressive but jocular leer and a gesture significant of speed.

"And what else?" said Dumley sharply.

The boy sobered instantly. "They says, 'What'll ye do with 'em?' An' *your* Cap'n, he draws his finger crost his neck. Oh, I've seed him afore; he's a good 'un. An' then he says, 'Oh, they'll fall ov'board, mebbe.'"

Dumley was already on the floor drawing on his trousers. Suddenly he stopped. McGinnis stood helpless.

"What can we do, McGinnis? Run quick and get the fires raked and steam up!"

McGinnis disappeared like a shot. Wilson had already bolted with the news. The boy, quiet enough now, stayed.

"How fast can they go?" The boy shook his head.

"Faster'n you fellers. One of 'em says they'd give two knots an' ketch you."

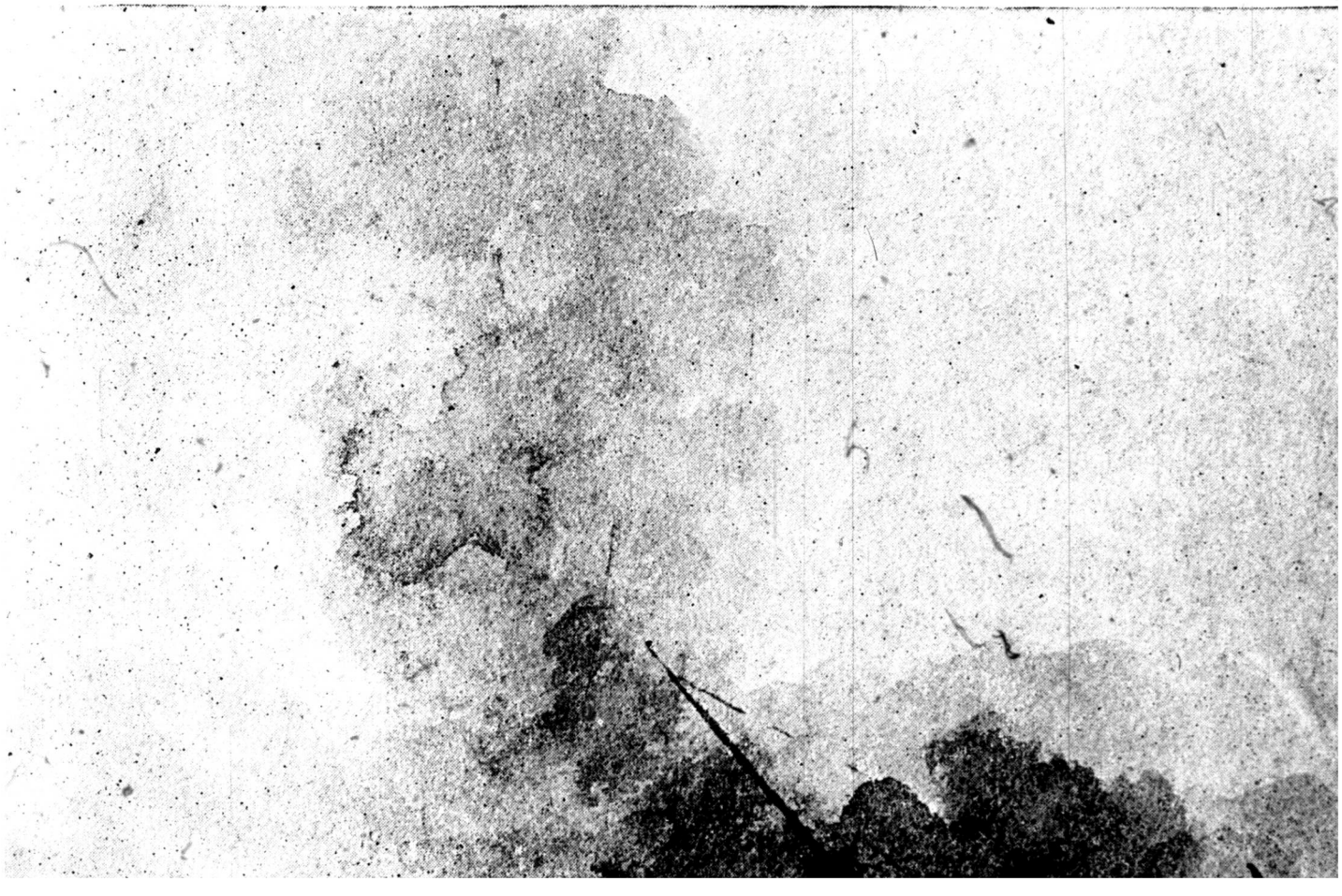
"Two knots!" groaned Dumley.

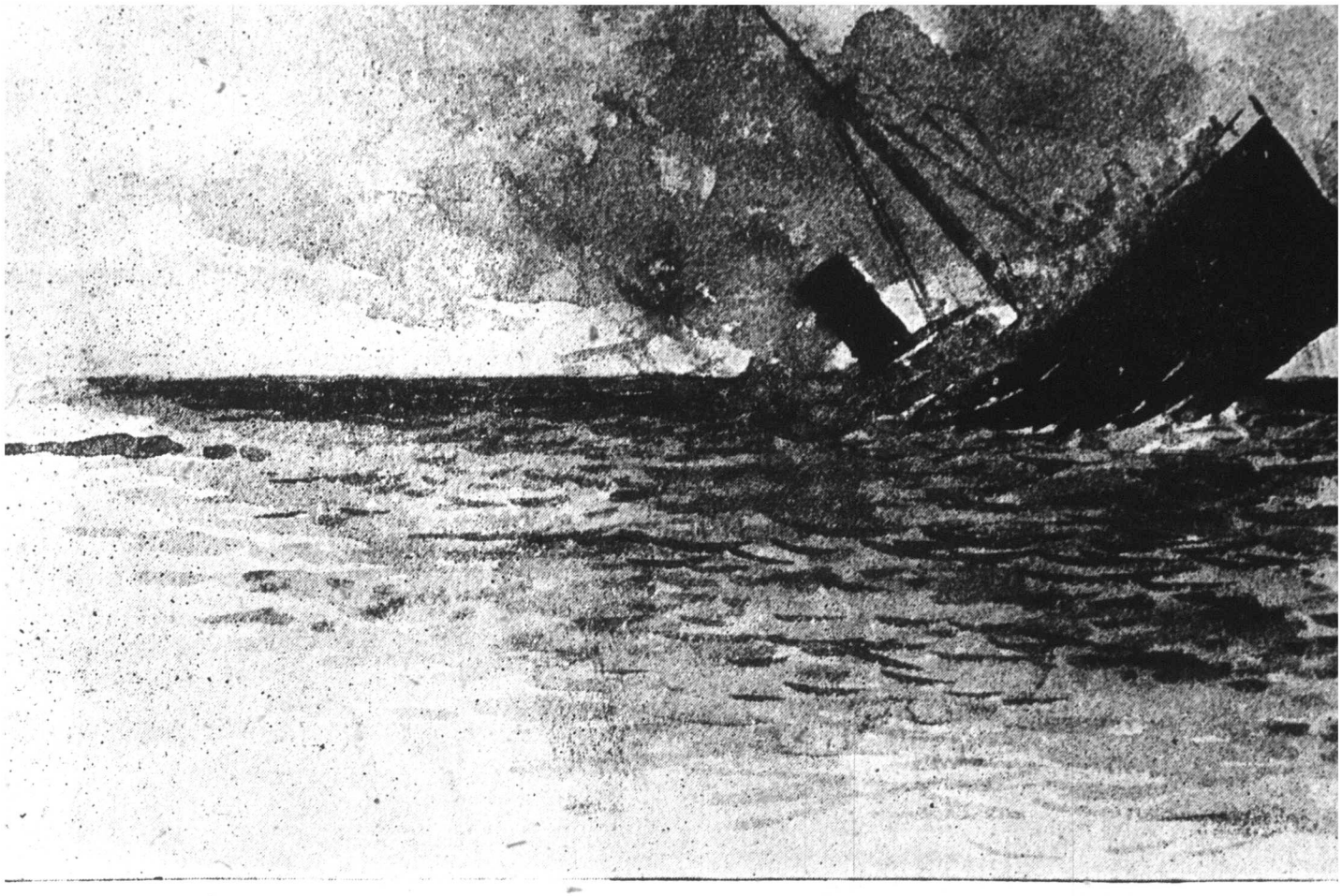
When McGinnis returned Dumley sat half-dressed on the edge of his berth, with a kind of stunned look. Then, in a monotone, "I'll wager that fellow sank that boat. I remember——"

McGinnis broke in: "Steam 'll be up in twenty minutes."

"But that will almost be daylight. In an hour at the furthest. We can't get enough start, can we? They won't stick at anything now," said Dumley in a voice that was almost plaintive.

The same thought had just struck poor McGinnis, and he was silent.





FOR A MOMENT THE LIGHTS OF THE PAGE FL

Dumley jumped up. "Call back the boat and close all the bulkhead doors!" McGinnis started, but Dumley called him back.

"Get boxes, cargo or anything! Quick! Burn a hole in the boilers, but get steam up. Quick!"

Fifteen minutes later, when McGinnis climbed the wheel-house ladder, Dumley was sitting by the wheel, trembling with very excitement.

"Well?" asked Dumley.

McGinnis seemed calm enough now.

"Every man swore, 'So help me, God!'

"Did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then listen." Dumley stretched up his hand in the darkness. "I swear never to tell what we do to-night. So—help—me—God!" His words came slowly and very deliberately.

"Put out every light, and see if Edge is ready."

McGinnis stumbled out of the wheel-house, down the bridge-ladder, and in a moment stood at the door above the engine-room. Far below, amid the great dim machinery, he saw Edge standing at the levers with a bull's-eye lantern.

"Edge!" he called.

"All ready, sir!"

As he entered the wheel-house Dumley was standing by the wheel.

"Ready?" asked he, in a voice that he could not prevent from trembling.

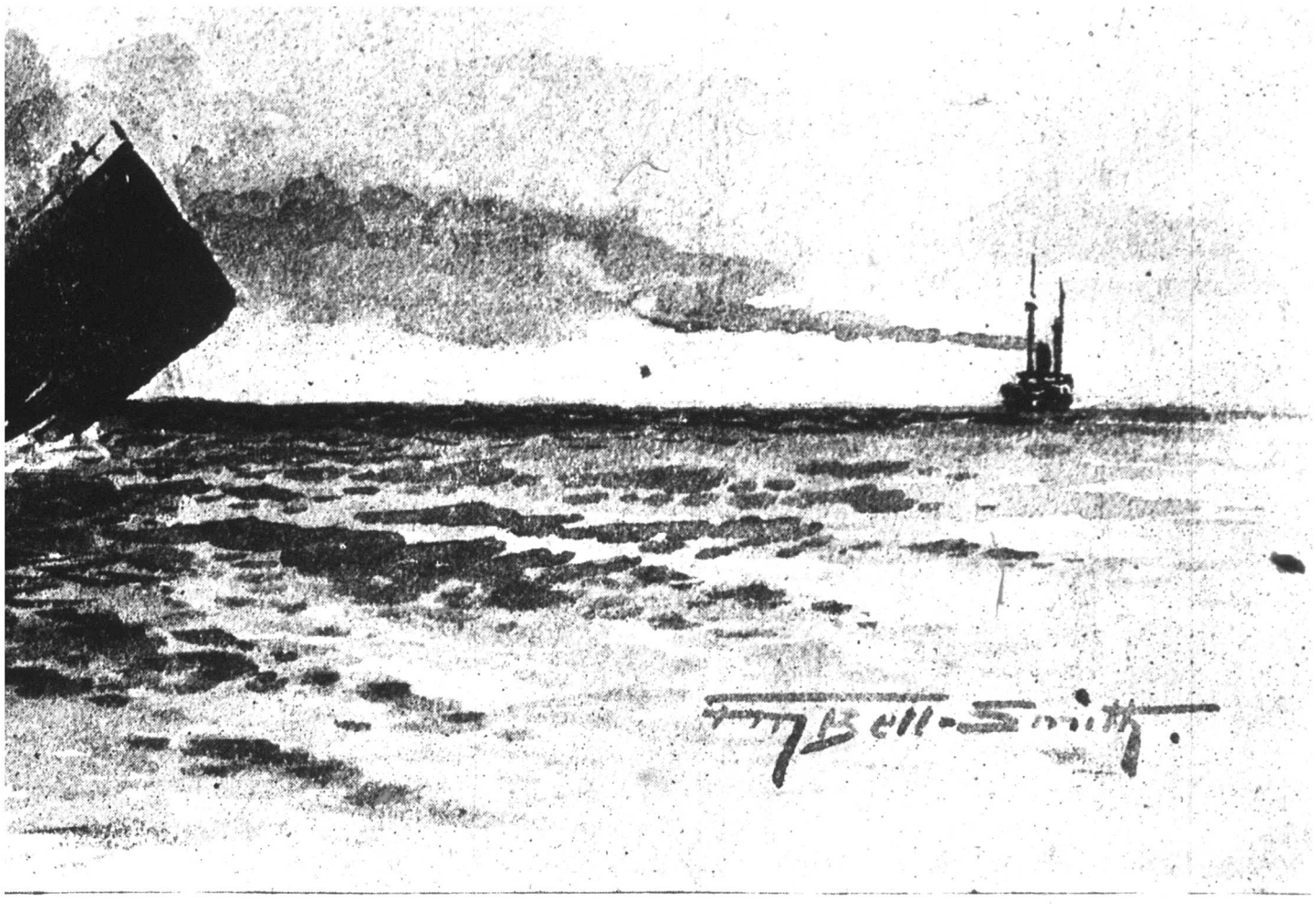
"Yes, sir."

"Then full speed ahead!" McGinnis pulled the wheel-house telegraph. The hull quivered with the throb of the engines and the bows swung slowly around with the gathering impetus, till the twinkling lights appeared right ahead.

Meanwhile, on board the Edith M. Page the boy's absence had been noted, and it was to be feared that the alarm had been given to those on the Madagascar; and though the mulatto had not yet returned, the shouts had been heard, and Morrow and Bilby, now, once more, in deep consultation, therefore judged that in that respect things had prospered. At any rate, further concealment was probably useless and the pumps were stopped. The fires were raked and the steam was already hissing from the valves, when suddenly the lights of the Madagascar disappeared. Had she got the alarm? In any case it would soon be daylight, and then a chase for it!

In the wheel-house of the Madagascar stood McGinnis, scarcely daring to breathe. No sound could be heard save the grind of the engines and the creak of the wheel as Dumley shifted it. The lights of the Page were scarcely a cable length away, as, with sheer fright, the old mate fell back upon the seat. A hoarse hail rang out from the darkness ahead.

Dumley reached out his hand and down below the telegraph-gong clanged.



HE PAGE FLARED WILDLY, THEN DISAPPEARED.

The engines stopped. Then came a crash that shook the ship like a leaf. Confused shouts, oaths, orders—a pause. Again the clanging, the ship slowly backing free—then she gathered way into the night. For a moment the lights of the Page flared wildly, then disappeared.

Hours after—or was it only seconds?—McGinnis came to himself to feel the cold night air blowing in on his face.

As he sat there with the whole fearful chorus ringing in his ears, beside him that statue-like figure still stood at the wheel and he felt the ship surging sullenly on; away astern, in the darkness, the Atlantic, with a few swirling eddies, was hastily covering up every trace of the latest secret entrusted to its keeping.

. . . . . .

Five weeks later Mr. Dumley, sr., sat at the breakfast-table reading his morning paper.

"Hullo, Arthur, listen to this! 'The Edith M. Page, steamer, of Boston, Bilby, master (that's the boat Miller's firm sold, you remember!), New York to Amsterdam, has now been at sea forty-three days, and the gravest fears are entertained for her safety.' That's serious, isn't it?"

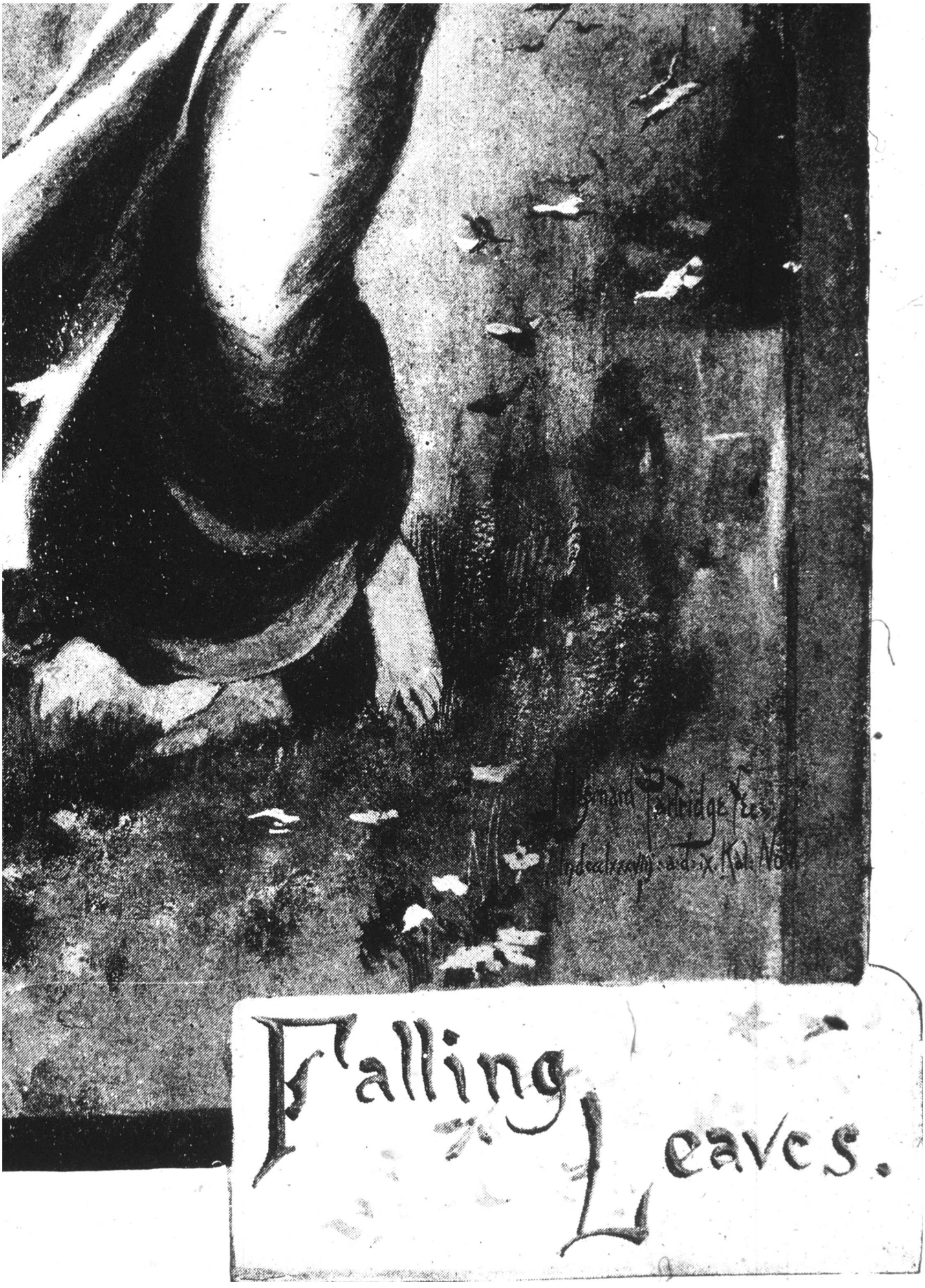
Arthur, at the opposite side of the table, picked at the fish on his plate and said nothing.





Fa




Falling Leaves.

The Victory of Love.

A BOY and a girl played by the roadside. They were plucking the wild flowers, still sweet and heavy with the dews of the morning. It was spring; the hills were green; there was music in the forest; the sky was clear and serene.

"I love you," smiled the boy, as he gave her the violets he had gathered.

"I am glad you love me," she said.

Methinks that a mist swam before my eyes, and when it grew clear once more I saw Love and Death standing close to the boy and the girl. Death moved impatiently.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine."

A youth and a maiden leaned on the stile in the meadow. Her eyes were downcast, yet in his hand hers passive lay. It was summer; the golden grains swayed restlessly to the breathing of the wanton breeze; the harvest moon rose r und and yellow, frosting the purpling hills in the east.

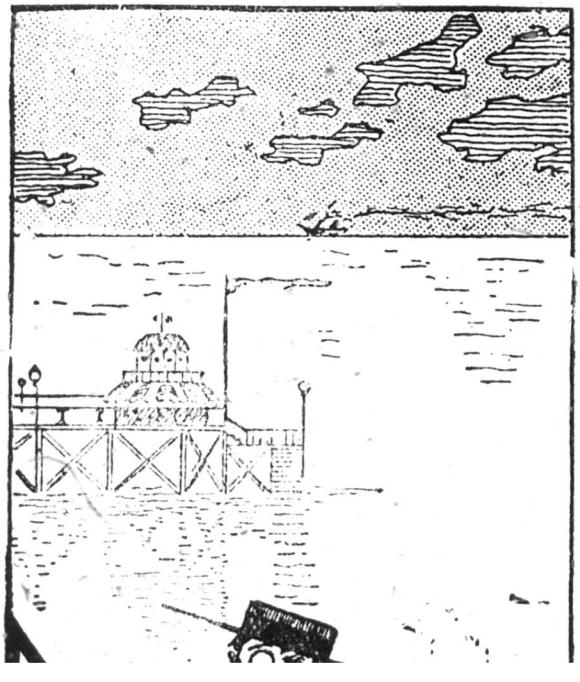
"I love you," whispered the youth.

The maiden spoke not, but raised the timid lids of her eyes and gazed into his. Her lips were mute, but there is a language of the eyes which lovers can read. He drew her face to his own and kissed her mute lips and speaking eyes.

Again I saw Love and Death.

"I have waited long," said Death, impatiently.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine."



The brown leaves of autumn fluttered and rustled; from the gaunt forests, where song no longer awakened the dim echoes, they came, whirling over the stubble-fields, whispering to the lonely earth that the glory of the year was dead.

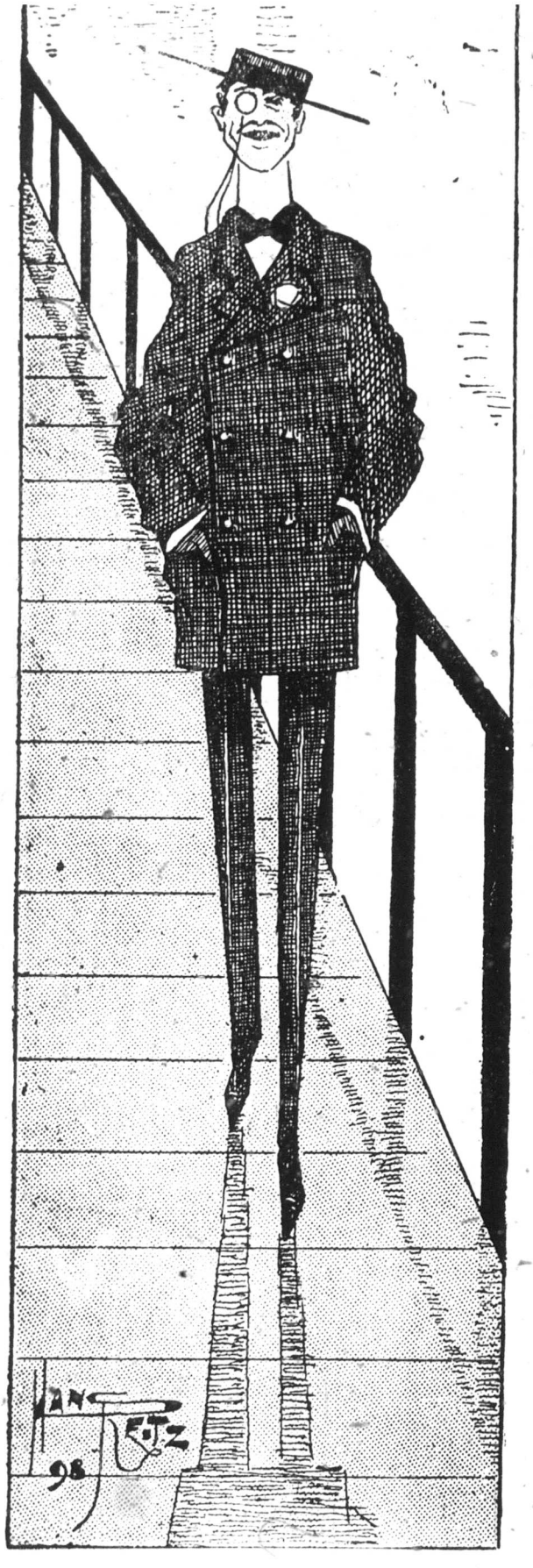
An old man and an old woman came slowly down the lane. Their thin locks were as white as the fleecy clouds overhead; their faces were as withered as the apples that lay forgotten in the orchard.

"It was here," said the old man,



M

years.



LETTER FROM FRED

"On Monday night the gals all went to the town hall to raffle me. I'm the only Chappie down here at the summer resort, and the gal who wins takes me out boating for the rest of the week."

in the orchard.

"It was here," said the old man, pointing to the roadside, "that we used to pluck the wild flowers in the spring."

"It was here," said the old woman, pointing to the stile, "that you told me you loved me. Let us sit upon it again."

So they sat there in silence, looking into each other's eyes, knowing that the love which shone from their peaceful deeps was as pure and fresh as in the glorious golden days.

"It is good to have lived and loved," said the old man

"Yes, as we have done," she added.

"I shall not wait any longer," said Death, grimly.

"Let them be," said Love, "they are mine!"

. . . . . .

The Christmas snows fell noiselessly on two new graves; the winter winds brawled through the tree-tops.

"Now," cried Death exultingly, "where is your vaunted life? They are mine!"

"Vainest of creatures!" said Love, "dost thou think that such as these care for thy grubbing worms? Thou hast followed me all these years to no purpose. Take man and woman to the grave if thou wilt, and give their bodies to thy worms and sad decay; but there thy task endeth. But I—I am beyond the grave, for I rule not over the clay, as thou dost, but over the Soul, for I, Love, am the Soul!"

And Death stood beside the graves as Love passed beyond into a light more brilliant and dazzling than the light of a thousand suns!

HAROLD MACGRATH.



THE LAST CHANCE.

First Convivial—Shay, I (hic) s'all turn over a new leaf—New Year's day.
Second—So shall I.
Third—Same 'ere.
All together—That leaves us over a week (hic) to enjoy ourselves.

A Calculating Bore.

MY friend Bings is one of those habitual calculators—one of the kind that says if all the teeth that have been extracted since the first dentist began business were to be used for paving purposes in Hades, the good-resolutions contractor would be out of a job for ten thousand years. He thinks in numbers, and if he were a minister he would get all his

dentist began business were to be used for paving purposes in Hades, the good-resolutions contractor would be out of a job for ten thousand years. He thinks in numbers, and if he were a minister he would get all his texts from the same source.

The other day he saw me first on a ferry boat, and immediately button-holed me. Said he: "How sad it is to think that so much labor goes for naught!"

I knew that I was in for one of his calculations; but I also knew that it would be useless to try to head him off.

He stroked his beard, and said, with an imitation of thoughtfulness:

"Every day in this Empire State one million human beings go to bed tired because you and I and the rest leave butter on our plates, and don't eat our crusts."

I told him that I was astonished, but that he would have to elucidate.

"The farmers sow 8,000,000 bushels of useless grain—grain that eventually goes out to sea on the refuse scows—they milk 50,000 cows to no other purpose than to produce sour or spilled milk, they allow their valuable hens to lay 1,654,800,001 eggs that will serve no better purpose than to spatter some would-be Booth or lie neglected in some out-of the-way corner, while their wives are making 1,008,983 pounds of butter that will be left on the edges of plates and thrown into the refuse pail. If they didn't sow the useless grain, or fuss over the hens that lay the unused eggs, or draw the milk that is destined to sour, or make the butter that is to ornament the edges of the china disks, they would be able to go to bed merely healthily tired instead of overworked, and fewer farmers would commit suicide, and fewer farmers' wives would go insane." His eyes gleamed, and I knew that, as he would put it, his pulse was going so fast that if it were revolutions of a locomotive wheel it would take only so long to go somewhere.

"And what is your remedy for all this?" asked I, with becoming, if mock, interest.

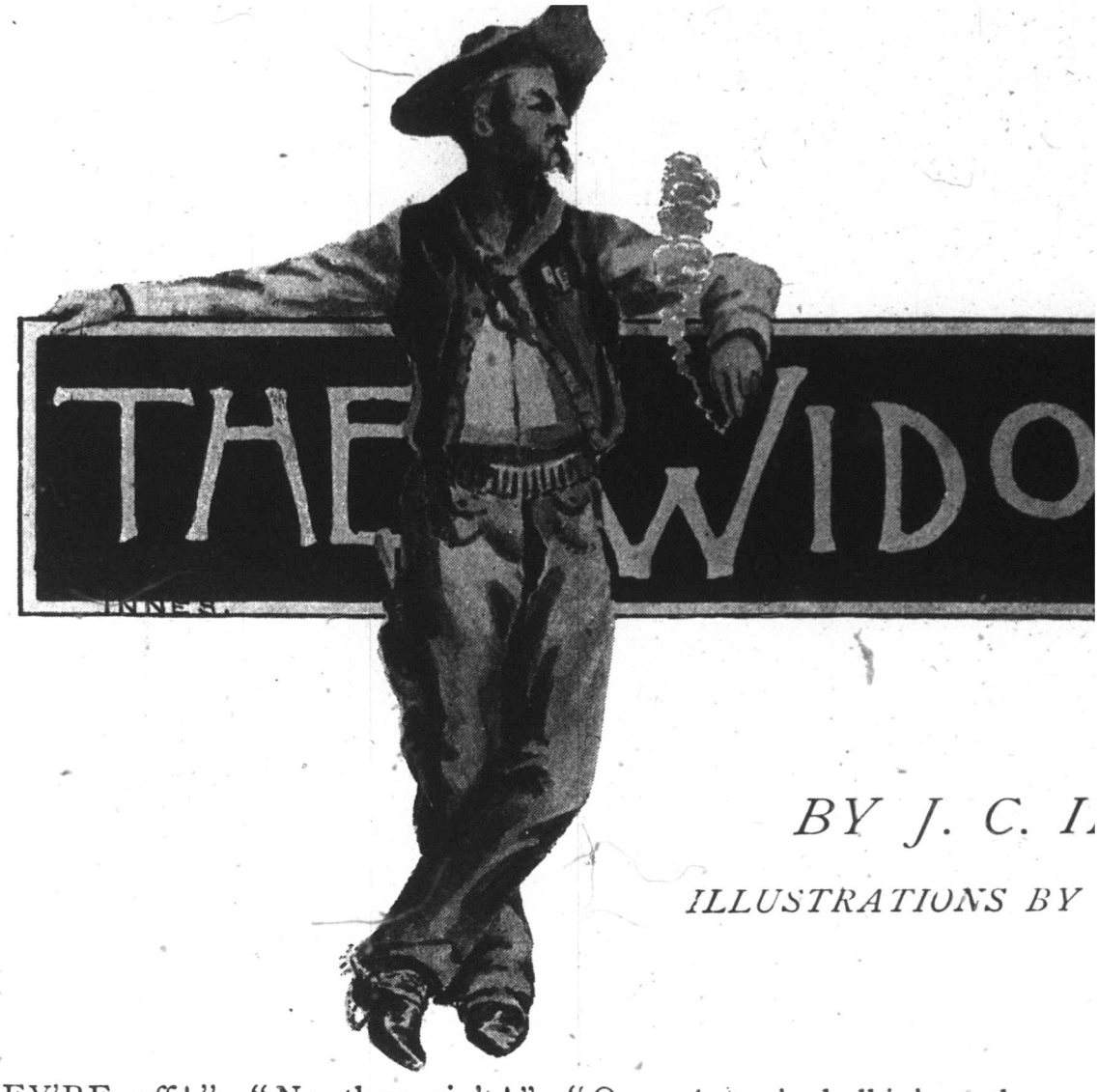
"Let us help ourselves to no more than we want at table, buy our eggs a week earlier, drink our milk the day before, eat our bread before it is too dry, and in six months' time there will be a reduced State death rate, more vacancies in the insane asylums, 1,456,608 rosy cheeks where to-day there are that many pale ones——"

Just then the ferry boat's gates were lifted, and as we went our several ways, in the hurry that is characteristic of 7,098,111 Americans out of eight millions, I thought that, if all the brains of all the arithmetical cranks were used in place of wood pulp to make into paper, we writers would get our pads for nothing.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir.

Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.



BY J. C. L

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

"THEY'RE off!" "No they ain't!" "One of 'em's balkin' at the line!" Such were the exclamations that broke from a motley crowd of prospectors, cowboys, "breeds," Indians, and police, gathered at the finishing line of a well worn race track, stretching, straight as an arrow, along the level greensward of a sunlit Western valley. All eyes were turned on a little bunch of ponies, dancing and jumping far in the bright perspective. "Here they come!" was the yell, as the band were seen to suddenly draw together and a cloud of light dust arose, against which they showed out darkly. "Clar the track, fellers!" howled the judges, and the crowd drew back on either side, giving a full view of the racers. On they came amid a dead silence, which was at length broken by comments and speculation as the race progressed and gave a view of the individual horses. "The bay's ahead!" "No, the roan!" "That pinto's creepin' up!" "The rest ain't in it!" Excitement ran high. The little ponies were doing their level best, and their half-naked Indian jockeys, with colored cloths bound over their foreheads to confine the flying hair, plied their "quirts" with vigor and drummed with their moccasined heels on the sleek sides of their rushing beasts.

The yells of the spectators were redoubled as the decisive moment approached. The roan, the bay and the pinto were abreast in the van; the others were hardly visible in the dust that arose in their wake. "Bay! bay!!

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The yells of the spectators were redoubled as the decisive moment approached. The roan, the bay and the pinto were abreast in the van; the others were hardly visible in the dust that arose in their wake. "Bay! bay!! bay!!!—Pinto!!—Roan!! roan!!!—Pinto!!—Bay!—Pinto!! pinto!!! pinto!!!! Hooray! Yah! Whoop!!!" A wild shout went up as the pinto crossed the line a head to the good of the roan, who ran with the bay's nose at his shoulder. The yells were quadrupled, hats went flying in the air, guns were fired. Gray-headed old sinners hopped and jiggled around like schoolboys, waving their dirty buckskin tiles and chuckling in their joy over the success of their favorite.

It was a motley crowd. There rode or stalked the Blackfoot and Sarcee, gorgeous in yellow and red paint, with feathers, red flannel, brass beads and tacks to match. There, too, were the "cow-punchers," in their broad-brimmed head-gear and with their lower limbs encased in the shining leather "chapps." Prospectors, storekeepers, police, toughs and half-breeds held high carnival together. Of course there was a section of the crowd that did not give external evidence of great and consuming joy; they composed that portion of it who had lost on the event. Any demonstration on their part was not to be expected.

It was an ideal place for sport, the whole bottom being flat as a billiard table, while from either side the grassy slopes rose in a series of terraces to the upper prairie land. At the extreme end they were covered with dark pines that seemed to carry with them a breath of their mountain home as they stood, straight and tall, amongst the willows and cotton-wood that drowsed over the waters of the glacier-fed stream to which the valley owed its verdure. Far in the west, forming a background to this bright scene, could be faintly discerned the distant peaks of the Eastern Rockies, towering in cool majesty high in the sunlit air.

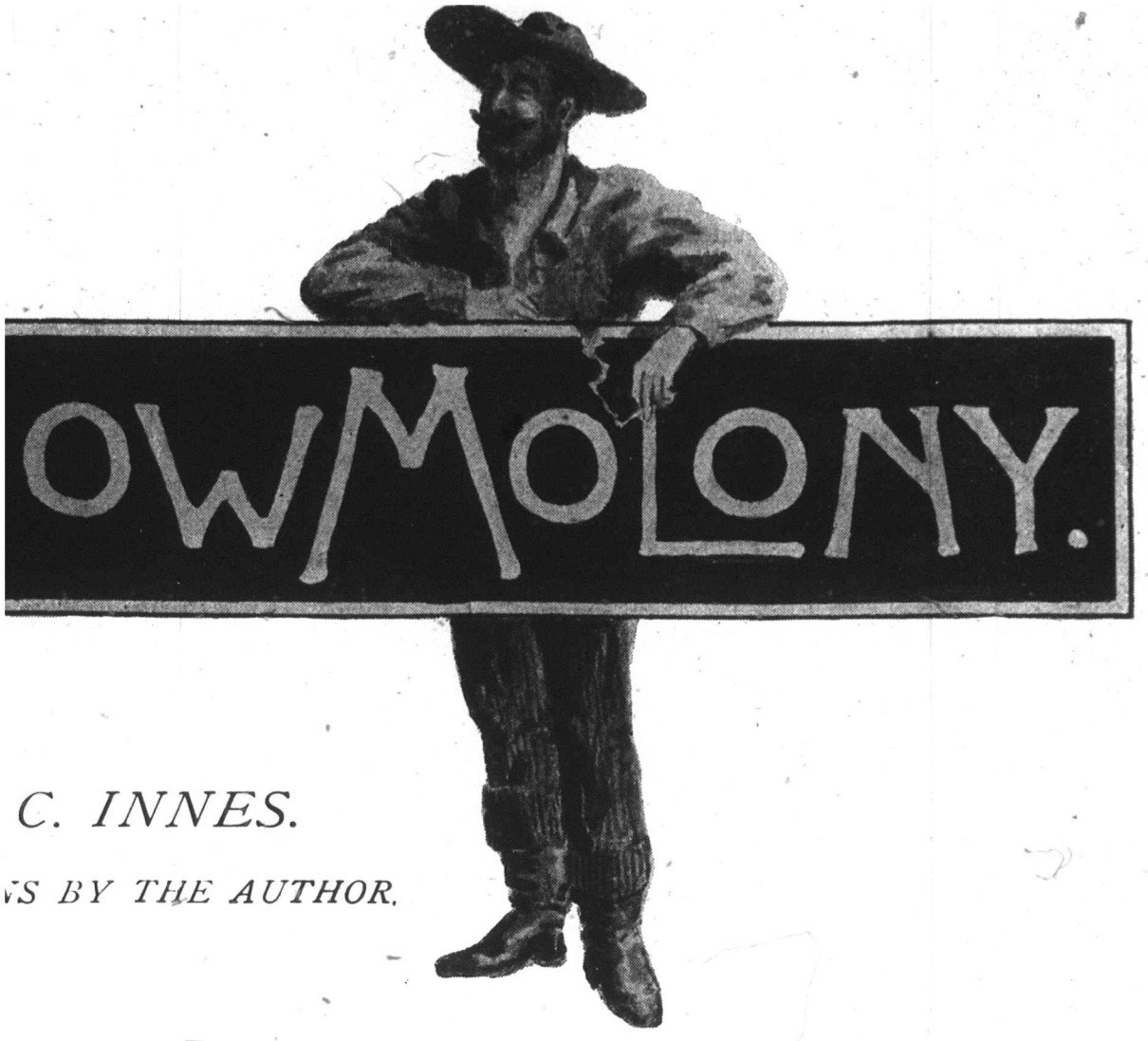
Race followed race in quick succession, and the gathering assumed larger proportions as the inhabitants of the valley, hearing of the sport, came galloping over to join the festivities.

At length two riders drew out from opposite sides of the crowd and rode eastward towards the little cluster of tents, log stores and wooden shanties, that formed the existing metropolis of that section of the great Alberta ranching country early in the "eighties."

Slowly their paths converged, but so occupied were they with their thoughts that neither noticed the other's presence till they were almost abreast. Simultaneously they raised their eyes.

"Hello, Fred."

"Hello, pard."



C. INNES.

'S BY THE AUTHOR.

Then they relapsed into silence.

They were two uncommonly fine types, those men, as they sat their springy little steeds with easy grace of the trained riders whose lives were spent in the saddle. He who was addressed as Fred was dark and tall, with bright black eyes, black curling hair and close-cropped beard. A broad-brimmed new hat shaded his face, a red shirt covered his body, trousers turned half-way up the tops of his boots encased his lower extremities; a cartridge-belt, sheath-knife and long black-barreled revolver completed his personal outfit. His horse was black, like himself, and had a white star on his forehead: his saddle, which was of the old military type, at once proclaimed that he was not a rancher.

His companion, although tall, was in other respects his opposite in appearance. He was fair and ruddy, with a bright, gray eye and face shorn of all save a long blonde mustache that drooped at the corners and lent to his thin, well proportioned features an expression of profound laziness. There was no mistaking his profession; his seat in his heavy stock saddle, which, with its wide skirts and coiled rope at the horn, almost covered his handsome little bay "cow" horse, the plaited bridle with spade bit, that skirled and jingled as the bright chains chinked to the motion, the "tapadaras," "chapps" and heavy spurs with their tinkling bells, all proclaimed the "cow-puncher." His hat, too, had

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His dark companion, Fred Allan, was ten years his senior and by profession a prospector, miner, general roust-about and heavy drinker. He would



THEY'RE COMING.

gamble, fight or make friends with the utmost *sang froid*, and, though generally called Mad Allan, had never been known to do a mean action.

They rode in silence till the capering of their spirited little bronchos, which traveling abreast became at once keen for a race, gave them something to occupy their minds and shake them into a realization of the present.

"How're you fix'd, Frank?"

"Bust, pardie. How're you?"

The dark man dug his hand into his pocket and pulled out a few big silver dollars and some small change, which he counted over slowly.

"Four dollars 'nd seventy-five cents this side of strapped," he answered.

Again they relapsed into silence, and giving rein to their bronchos sped through the sunlight toward the ramshackle collection of tents and houses. They clattered and jingled a-down the open lane between the improvised edifices, called by courtesy Main street, and pulled up before the log shanty in front of which was a red, white and blue board with the announcement that this was "Poker Bill's Tonsorial Palace." Tying up their mounts, they entered.

Within all was still; the tonsorial artist was evidently at the races, so the two friends sat them down in silence.

"Frank, we're in a mighty slim sitooation," remarked Fred at last.

"You're right, pard."

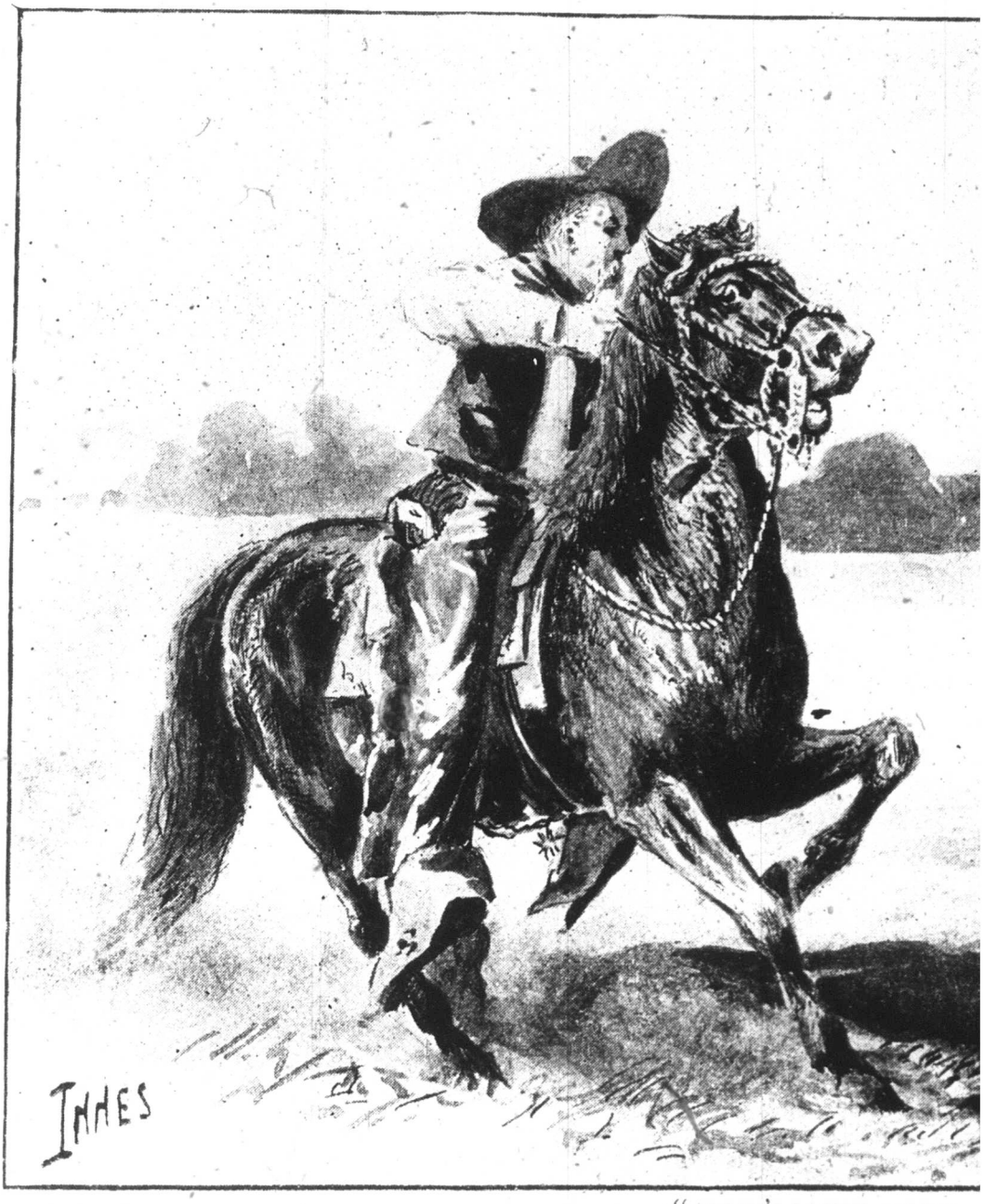
"Let's have a drink."

No objection being forthcoming, Fred arose, slipped his hand along the board that ran beneath the joint of the roof with the walls, produced a black bottle and a cracked shaving-mug, from which they pledged each other. The bottle was stealthily consigned to its previous position and the two again sat down.

"Pard," said Fred, "you and I have pulled together for many moons and have never been busted, dead, stony, eternally busted afore."

A grunt of approbation rewarded this effort and he proceeded.

"How much did you lose on these here races, Frank?"



"HOW'LL WE RIDE,

approbation rewarded this effort and he proceeded.

"How much did you lose on these here races, Frank?"

"Three hundred and twenty-seven dollars and two horses."

"Wall, that's tough, old boy; I lost more'n four hundred and my best pack mule."

"That don't make things any better," ventured Frank.

A period of silence ensued. Suddenly Allan jumped to his feet with a "Whoop!"

"Pard, I've got it."

"Got what?"

"Whatcher suppose? Measles? No, sirree. I've got a gilt-edged idee."

"Let 'er go; I can stand it," said Willis, with sudden interest.

"The Widder Molony!" shouted Fred in triumph.

"What in blazes has she got to do with it?" enquired the cowboy lazily.

"Got to do with it, you sway-backed loonatic? She's got the cash, she's got the land and the stock that 'ed give us a start for life. She ain't never looked at a man since Billy Molony died, three years ago, 'ceptin' us. Her land's next ours, pard," he added slowly. "I'm leavin' for the mountains to-day, bust. When I git back I'll marry that widder; you'll live on our land; I'll live with the widder, and we'll be right on top of the percession, you bet. Why, we've been her best friends, and I shouldn't be over surprised if she was wonderin' why in blazes I didn't marry her afore this."

"Whar do I come in, Freddy?" enquired Willis. "Strikes me you want the earth."

"Whatcher want?"

"Wouldn't it be a sight better if I married the widder myself? You're away most of the time and I'm right to hand. I reckon she'd be a sight happier with me."

This side of the question seemed to strike Allan as reasonable.

"Thar's somethin' in them remarks of your'n, pard; but durn my skin if I wouldn't kinder prefer doin' the marryin'."

"So'd I," exclaimed Willis, jumping to his feet.

Mad Allan's black eyes glittered and he half rose, then with a laugh he sat down again.

"Frank, old man," he said quietly, "I hope the sun 'll never rise on the day that you and I quarrel, for when it does thar'll be a devil of a row. It looks kinder like we couldn't agree on the widder business, don't it?"

"Right y'ar, Freddie," said Willis, somewhat appeased.

"Do you mind, pard, that we allus had a little difference of opinion as to which of our bronchos could run two hunderd paces, with a turn, fastest?"

"I do," replied Willis; "and I hold, Freddie, that my little Bay Charlie kin lick Star over that course, and I bet—or I would if I warn't plumb bust—that he kin."

"I'll bet you the widder he can't," said Allan tersely.

"I'll go you," shouted the rancher. "When'll we try?"

"Wall," said Allan, his face ablaze with excitement, "as I meet Harry Cross and the rest of the boys at the Big Hill this very evenin', I reckon we'd better try now."

No sooner was the thing settled than they mounted and made for the race track. The fun there was slightly on the wane when they arrived, but no sooner had it become known that Long Frank and Mad Allan were going to have a race, than interest was redoubled. Something was surely in the wind when these old partners undertook to compete one against the other.

"How'll we ride, Frank?"



WE RIDE, FRANK?"

"Whatcher say to bare saddles?"

"It's a go. How about slips?"

"No slips, sudden death, pardie. Standin' start at the line, one hunderd paces to each peg, turn free of the peg and then back. Pegs must be standin' when we cross the finish; the cuss that knocks down his peg loses. Is that a fair deal?"

"Fair en square," answered Allan.

"Shake, then," said the cowboy.

They shook hands, dismounted, and discarding all superfluous clothing and fixtures, such as chapps, ropes, blankets, etc., laid them at either end of the starting line, about thirty feet apart. Each man then chose a judge to watch the finishing line and one to watch each peg. Those thus

them at either end of the starting line, about thirty feet apart. Each man then chose a judge to watch the finishing line and one to watch each peg. Those thus chosen stepped off one hundred paces and drove in their stakes ; then, stepping to one side, signaled that all was ready. The starter stood with revolver raised. It was a pretty sight. Up the space between the excited crowd they rode, trying to curb their spirited mounts, for well the fiery little brutes knew a tussle of speed and skill was at hand.

Long Frank had discarded everything with the exception of his white shirt, neckerchief, trousers and boots ; Mad Allan had done the same. Star looked fit and nervous and showed to good advantage as they came prancing and sidling towards the starting line ; the light saddle did not obscure the lithe proportions and the fine muscles moving under the sleek skin. Bay Charlie was almost hidden under the huge stock-saddle, but his round barrel, his broad chest, clean limbs, reined low, and easy gait, gave promise of a hard tussle for his more lightly burdened rival.

Bang ! went the gun and they were off. The spectators had only time to realize that there was a rush, snort and a cloud of dust before the racers were nearly at the pegs. With a swift, graceful movement, of which none but a cow-horse is capable, they swung about simultaneously, seeming to ride over the turning post, so close was the movement. The horsemen flung the reins loose and leaned over the necks of their beasts with yells of encouragement. The crowd were breathless with excitement as, like a pair of thunderbolts, the bronchos, with distended nostrils and ears laid flat, tore up the earth in their mad excitement. A flash and it was over.

"All bets off ! Dead heat !" yelled the judge.

Allan and Willis rode back, amid the acclamations of the crowd, to hear the decision.

"How is it?" they queried with one breath.

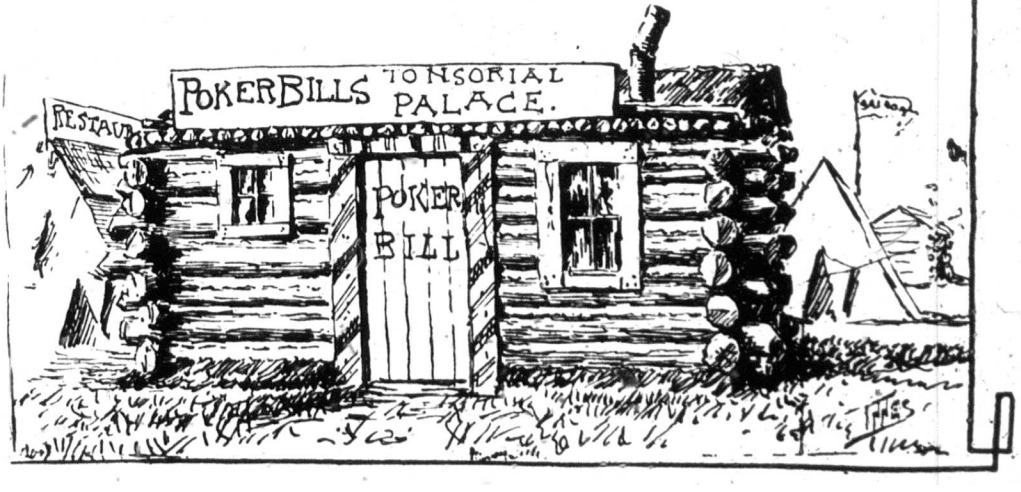
"Dead heat," repeated the judge, who, by the way, was none other than Poker Bill, the tonsorial artist.

"Hard luck, Freddie," said the cowboy.

"Damned hard luck," replied Mad Allan

"Suppose we'll have to run again."

Just at this juncture a series of shrieks from up the track drew attention to the men at the stakes, who were dancing a sort of can-can and waving their hats in a frenzy of excitement. With one accord the mob scooted off in



the direction of the turning point. The cause of the demonstration was soon explained; Willis' stake was down, and a hoof mark close to it explained the cause.

"Wall, Freddie, the widder's yours," said Frank, moving away.

"She is!" said Allan.

For a while they pressed on in silence, then the prospector spoke.

"Old man," he said, "I'll be away a mortal long time and thar's no sayin' what may happen. Will you do me a favor?"

"Will a duck swim?" said the rancher.

"Jist tell any rooster that happens to float about that widder of mine that he'd better look somewhars else for steady company, as she is already spoke for."

"I will, Freddie."

"An' kinder see that she don't want for nothin', old boy. Durn my socks if I ain't feelin' the cussedness of married life already. Ye'll do this, Frank, won't you?"



"Sure thing. I'll nurse her like a sister, pard, en see she's delivered over in good shape when you come back."

This didn't seem to altogether suit Allan, for he spoke up sharply: "No monkeyin' with the band wagon on your own hook, Frank."

The rancher's face turned deep red and the lazy eyes contracted in sudden anger. He was about to speak, when his partner turned and said: "Pardon, Frank, I was wrong; shake. Good-bye, old man."

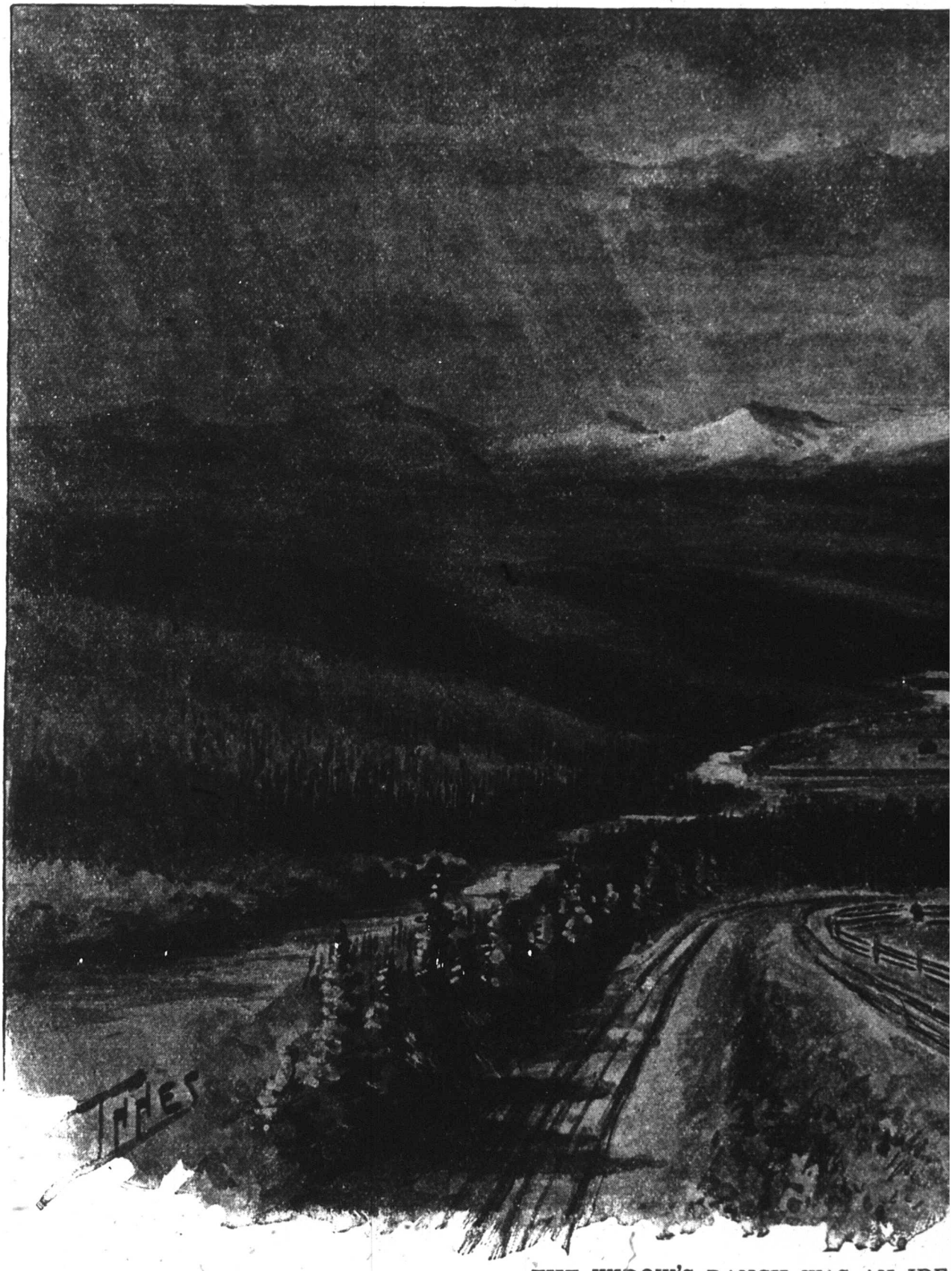
"Good-bye, Fred."

A clasp of the hand and they rode in opposite directions. Allan turned westward in the direction of the distant mountains, and Willis cantered slowly towards the town, cogitating deeply on his new duties as custodian of a young and pretty widow. . . . . .

The Widow Molony's ranch was an ideal spot. The buildings nestled on the south side of a high bluff that afforded protection from the winter winds, and a running spring bubbled in the midst of the enclosure that surrounded the house. It was a long, low, log structure with a veranda in front, from which could be had a view of the river valley, with its clustering trees, grassy slopes and cut banks, while beyond the foothills rolled westward, billow upon billow, growing ever larger, and finally merged their individuality in one grand haze of varying purples. Above all, in simple grandeur, rose abruptly the huge forms of the Eastern Rockies, their scarred and wooded sides mellowed by the distance into cloudlike beauty, the glaring whiteness of their snowy crests softened by the warm atmosphere into a very dream of tender light.

The widow's household consisted of herself, her child, her mother, Moll the half-breed servant, and Jefferson Persimmons Washington Smith, a nigger boy who looked after the stock, broke horses occasionally, and was a capital

the half-breed servant, and Jefferson Persimmons Washington Smith, a nigger boy who looked after the stock, broke horses occasionally, and was a capital hand about the house and farm. She had a goodly bunch of stock on the range which were increasing in a satisfactory manner, and also a bank account at the trading post, the proportions of which made her a power in the land. Her late



THE WIDOW'S RANCH WAS AN IDE

husband, Bill Molony, was a brute of the first water when on this planet, and his call to another sphere had been looked on with much satisfaction by those whose daily occupation called them within range of his obnoxious personality.

It was a warm September evening. The Widow Molony stood on the veranda holding her little one by the hand. She made an attractive picture with her five-feet-three of perfectly moulded humanity, her wavy black hair, her large dark eyes with their long lashes and clearly penciled brows, that showed with marked distinctness upon a skin, smooth, though dusky, through which the warm blood betrayed the glow of perfect health. Her child was fair, as her father had been, but had the big, dark eyes of her mother. In spite of the hard life and rough surroundings to which the little woman was inured, she had never lost her love of all that was beautiful in nature, and liked to stand or sit looking at the far-off mountains change in ever varying beauty as the shadows of the big clouds chased each other up the great slopes and subdued for a moment the glitter from their ramparts of ice.



Just now, however, her thoughts were not of the scenery, for her pretty face was flushed and her eyes were fixed on a little ranch house nestled in the valley at a distance of about half a mile from her own. It was not an interesting shanty; it had no veranda or garden plot to recommend it, and yet the little widow's thoughts all centered there. "Why," she pondered, "did that strange Frank Willis pay her so much attention? He used not to. Ever since that big, dark partner of his had gone prospecting she had been the object of the most constant care on his part. Not a day had passed all that summer but he had ridden over on some pretext or other to see if he could be of any service. Then, his strange behavior to such stray men as happened to stop in. Why, he was as gruff and savage as a bear; they all seemed scared of him. Scared of Frank! (The widow laughed softly at the idea). He was the kindest friend she had ever known; no man had ever been so kind to her before—that is, without making love." Then she began to wonder why he had not come to-day; it was evening and he had never been so late before. How tiresome if he didn't come at all. From the way the red blood flushed hotly through the clear skin, an unbiased onlooker might have conjectured that "tiresome" did not quite express what the widow meant.

The sun sank in glory behind the western hills and the beautiful valley was bathed in cool shadows. Little Pet had toddled away long ago, and the air grew chill with the breath of the autumn evening, and still the widow mused alone.

At length the clatter of horses' hoofs aroused her, and she smiled as she heard the well known voice of Frank yelling to the darkey factotum:

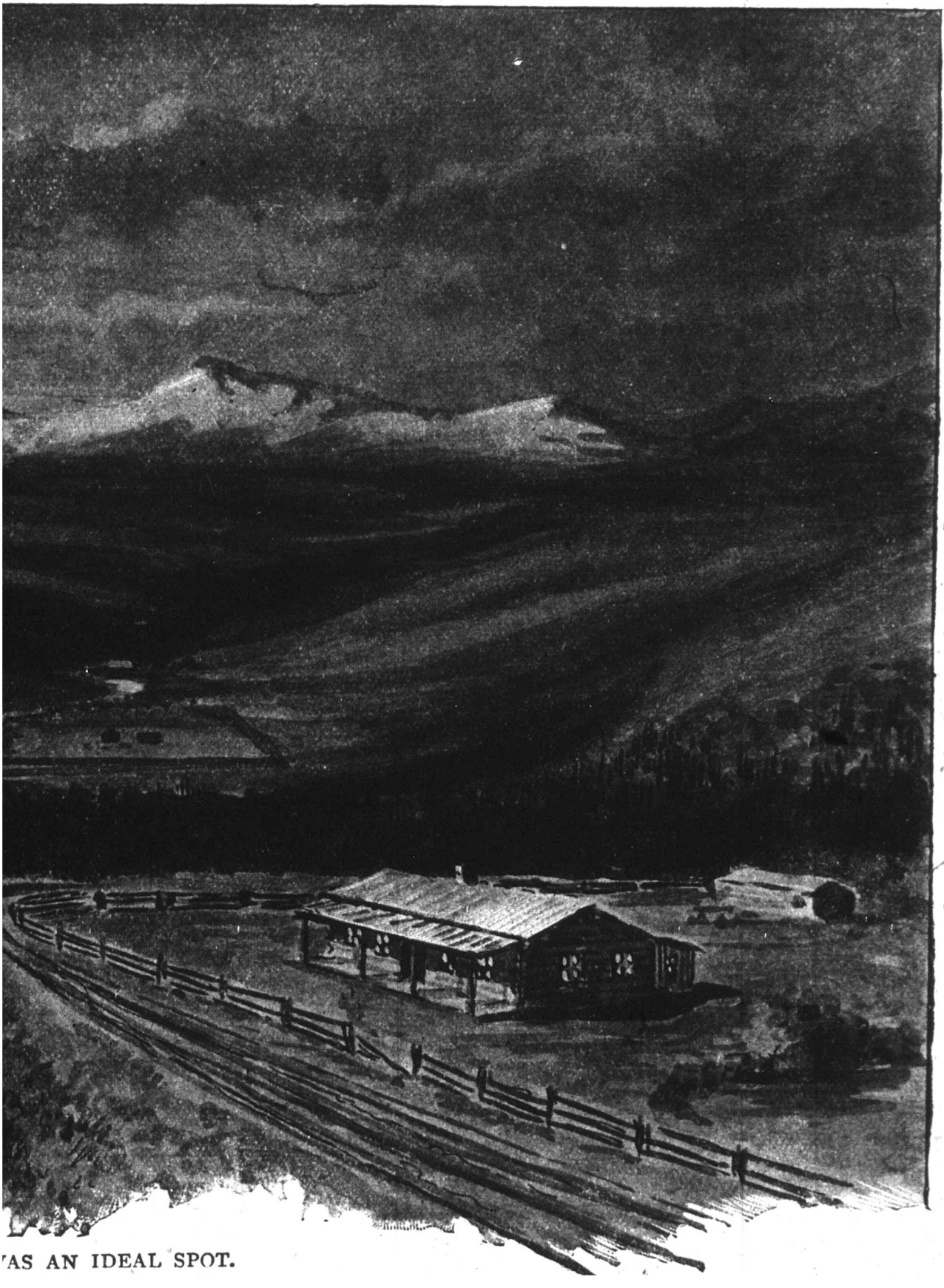
"Hello, thar, Jeff!"

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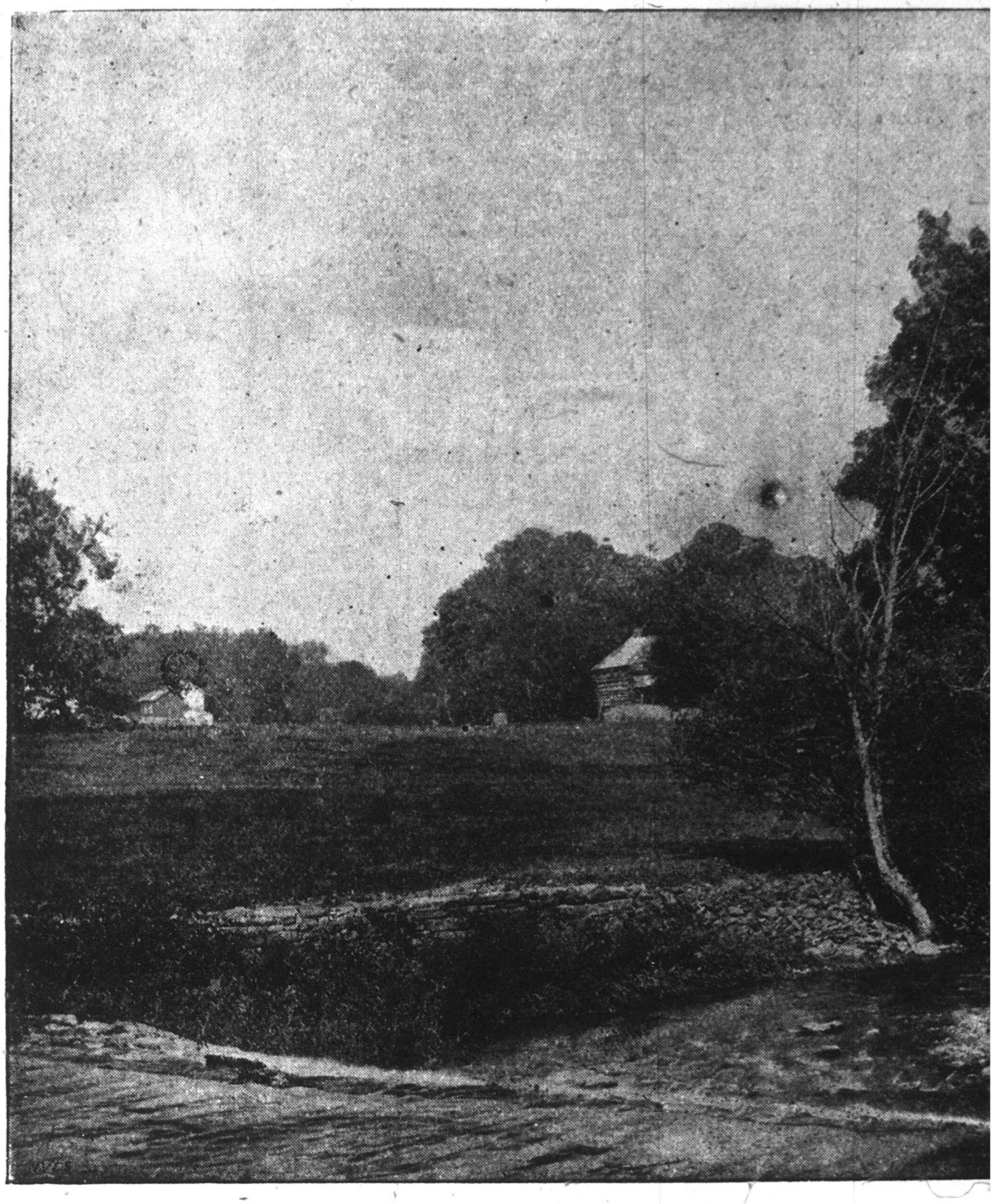
"Hello, thar, Jeff!"

"That you, Mistah Willis?"

"I guess it must be, you little pale face. How's Moll, Jeff?"



'AS AN IDEAL SPOT.



"Moll, Mistah Willis? What d'yer think I know 'bout Moll? I ain't no chicken."

"Ef yer had been, Jeff, ye'd never have been 'llowed to live 'mong niggers."

"That's 'nuff, now, Mistah Willis; that's 'nuff. Maybe I ain't as white as you, but I ain't no niggah, I want yer to understand, ef I am dark complectionated."

"All right, my lily. Is the missus in?"

As Jeff's feelings would not admit of a reply, Willis jingled up to the house enclosure and dismounted. He raised his eyes; they fell on the object of his search, laughing quietly at Jeff's discomfiture.

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"Evenin', Mrs. Molony."

"Good evening, Mr. Willis."

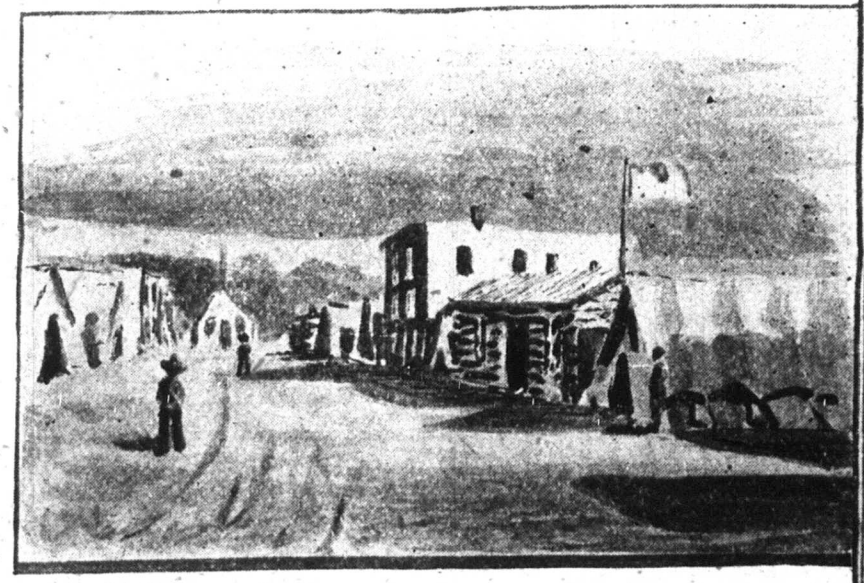
Little Pet, who had come tumbling out the instant his voice had reached her, toddled to the veranda edge and held out both hands. In a moment the big sunburned rancher hoisted her up and she, pulling his long mustache apart, gave him the customary kiss. The widow looked at the pair and was silent; there was something away down in her heart that told her the handsome, kind man who nursed her child might some day be more than a friend. Her woman's wit had divined the fact that Willis loved her, though she was at fault in believing that he himself did not realize it. So she sighed softly, did this little woman, and prepared to wait.

"Fwank, why doesn't oo cut oor 'taches?" queried Pet suddenly.

"Why, Pet?" said Willis.

"They tickles Pet when oo kisses. Don't they tickle, muvver?" she added, turning to the widow.

To probably ninety-eight persons out of a hundred the remark would have caused a laugh and destroyed sentiment utterly; for sometimes even Master Cupid has to lay down his bow and let many ripe bachelor and spinster hearts go gaily by, whilst he almost splits his fat sides over a ludicrous situation. Not so, however, did it affect Willis. The widow was inclined to give way to mirth from sheer confusion, till she looked up and saw the great, handsome gray eyes blazing into hers. The blood rushed to her face and her glance fell, but not for long. Something seemed to draw it up, and again she was looking steadily into those eyes of his. They had grown so strangely tender now





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"Evenin', Mrs. Molony."

"Good evening, Mr. Willis."

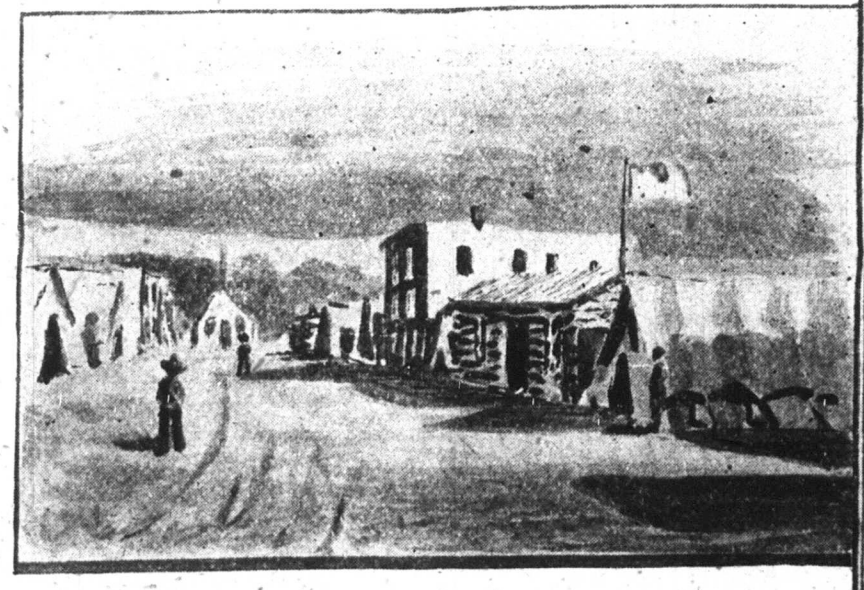
Little Pet, who had come tumbling out the instant his voice had reached her, toddled to the veranda edge and held out both hands. In a moment the big sunburned rancher hoisted her up and she, pulling his long mustache apart, gave him the customary kiss. The widow looked at the pair and was silent; there was something away down in her heart that told her the handsome, kind man who nursed her child might some day be more than a friend. Her woman's wit had divined the fact that Willis loved her, though she was at fault in believing that he himself did not realize it. So she sighed softly, did this little woman, and prepared to wait.

"Fwank, why doesn't oo cut oor 'taches?" queried Pet suddenly.

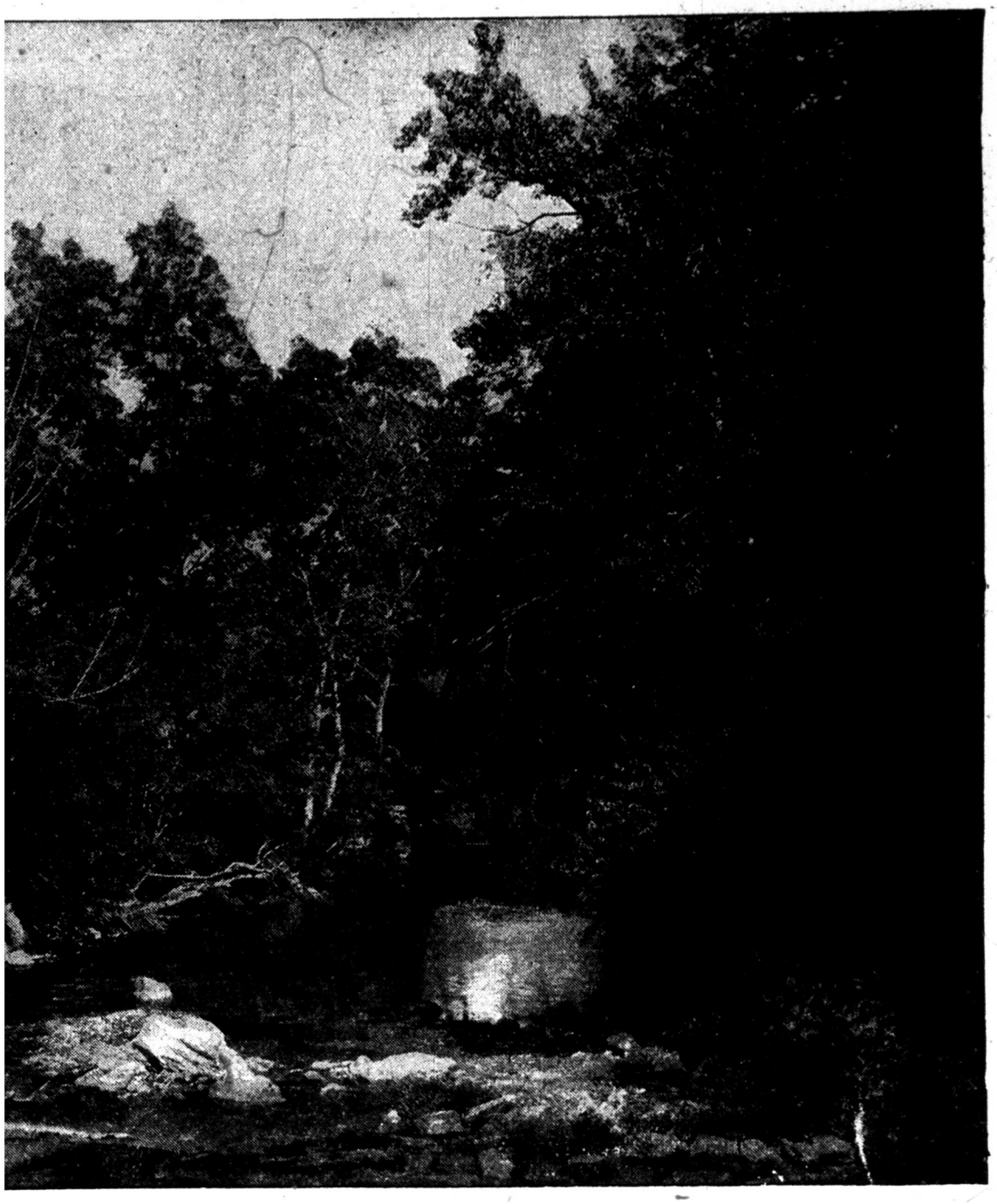
"Why, Pet?" said Willis.

"They tickles Pet when oo kisses. Don't they tickle, muvver?" she added, turning to the widow.

To probably ninety-eight persons out of a hundred the remark would have caused a laugh and destroyed sentiment utterly; for sometimes even Master Cupid has to lay down his bow and let many ripe bachelor and spinster hearts go gaily by, whilst he almost splits his fat sides over a ludicrous situation. Not so, however, did it affect Willis. The widow was inclined to give way to mirth from sheer confusion, till she looked up and saw the great, handsome gray eyes blazing into hers. The blood rushed to her face and her glance fell, but not for long. Something seemed to draw it up, and again she was looking steadily into those eyes of his. They had grown so strangely tender now







that her own heart crept into her gaze, and for one brief moment those two rough prairie folks read each the soul of the other as truly and clearly as though their thoughts had found vent in words.

"Get me a drink, Pet," he said suddenly. It was the little tot's delight to get a "dwink for Fwank," and she accordingly toddled off.

"Mrs. Molony," he said, standing facing her, "I've known you a long while, en I wish you to say whether you ever knowed me to do a mean thing."

"Never!" she replied, and wondered at the pain which had crept into his look.

"Nor go back on a friend?"

"Mrs. Molony," he said, standing facing her, "I've known you a long while, en I wish you to say whether you ever knowed me to do a mean thing."

"Never!" she replied, and wondered at the pain which had crept into his look.

"Nor go back on a friend?"

"Never, Frank Willis. I don't believe ye'r the sort of man that ever would; leastways, I hope you ain't."

"You're right, marm; and may God forget me if I ever go back on my word."

There was silence for a moment.

"Mrs. Molony, mebbe you'll think me a fool; mebbe you'll think I've done wrong comin' here. I must git out—right off somewhars—en I mustn't come back."

The little woman raised a face so full of startled pain that his heart almost failed him, but he bravely held out his hand and said "Good-bye."

"But why?" she asked in a hushed voice.

"Good-bye," he repeated, as he took the small, plump hand in his own and bending low raised it to his lips. No cavalier could have bidden farewell with nobler grace than did this rough cow-puncher. His spurs clanked adown the path; a rush of hoofs and he was gone. The widow sat gazing after him, hardly able to realize what it all meant, till she was aroused by a pull at her skirt and looking down saw little Pet's fair face with eyes brimful of tears gazing up at her

"Fwank's goed wisout sayin' dood-bye to Pet!" she wailed, as her mother with a stifled sob pressed the sweet face to her own and whispered almost unconsciously, "We're all alone again, darling."

Willis rode wildly through the gathering darkness; down under the deep shadows of the trees by the river, then up the winding trail, over the terrace slopes, till he reached the prairie, lying flat and gloomy. Boundless and





cheerless, it struck a responsive chord in his soul. He turned Charlie's head away from the valley and into the sombre hush of the wilderness. The cloud rack swirled low and chill over the dark expanse, the wailing yell of coyote was borne upon the breeze that moaned to the land the tale of the dying summer. Still the night deepened as he rode, and ghost-like patches of pale moonlight crept across the waste, glooming, growing; then disappearing, only to leave a blackness more intense. On and on he spurred, cursing the day he had made that bet with Fred. Unwittingly he had treated the woman who had become as the very life of him as though she were a chattel, to be discarded or won on the turn of a race. She! Why, the man didn't live who was good enough for her—himself last of all. Yet she loved him. He knew that. He would go away from her, for that was the only way to keep his word to his pard.

He turned his horse's head homeward and rode slowly. To reach his own shanty he must pass the widow's house. The light shone brightly from the little parlor window across the dark trail he followed, and an overpowering desire to see her once more swept over him. He dismounted, and creeping stealthily to the veranda looked in. The room was empty, but he waited, with his hungry eyes fixed upon the inner door. At last he was rewarded; the widow entered and sat by the fire. She looked pale, and the big black eyes seemed larger than ever. Again the door opened, and, set off by the dark background, stood little Pet in her white nightdress, with the golden hair like a glory about her innocent face and her dark eyes shining. She pattered over to her mother and kneeling down clasped her little hands. The feeling stole over him that if he could hear that little prayer it would help somehow. He drew close to the window and, kneeling in the blackness of the chilly night, listened with his head close to the pane.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," came the clear, sweet, little voice and continued till the end of the verse. Back through the long years, like an echo from dreamland, stole into his heart a memory of those words repeated by another child at its mother's knee, and the child was himself.

"God bless muvver an' Granny an' everybody, an' Fwank, and make him come back to us."



THE WIDOW MO

at its mother's knee, and the child was himself.

"God bless muvver an' Granny an' everybody, an' Fwank, and make him come back to us."

He glanced up now; the room and its occupants were strangely blurred; the widow's head was bent very low over her child.

"For Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Frank as he stole back to his horse and rode through the darkness to his desolate shanty.

He prepared his pack, made everything ready and lay down to rest. It was no use; his mind was busy with the present, and the upshot of all his arguments was that he was in the wrong.

He had passed his word to his chum that he would not interfere or try to gain the affections of the widow, and his only honorable course was to go away and leave the coast clear. At length, worn out, he slept.

When he awoke, the sun was high; he threw open the door and dressed hastily, for now that his mind was made up he longed to be off. A shadow fell athwart the patch of light on the floor. Then a tall figure darkened the opening.

"Fred!"

"Frank!"

Willis held out his hand; Mad Allan did not take it, but drew back.

"Not yet, pard," he said.

Frank looked at him in amazement and was about to speak, when he interrupted.

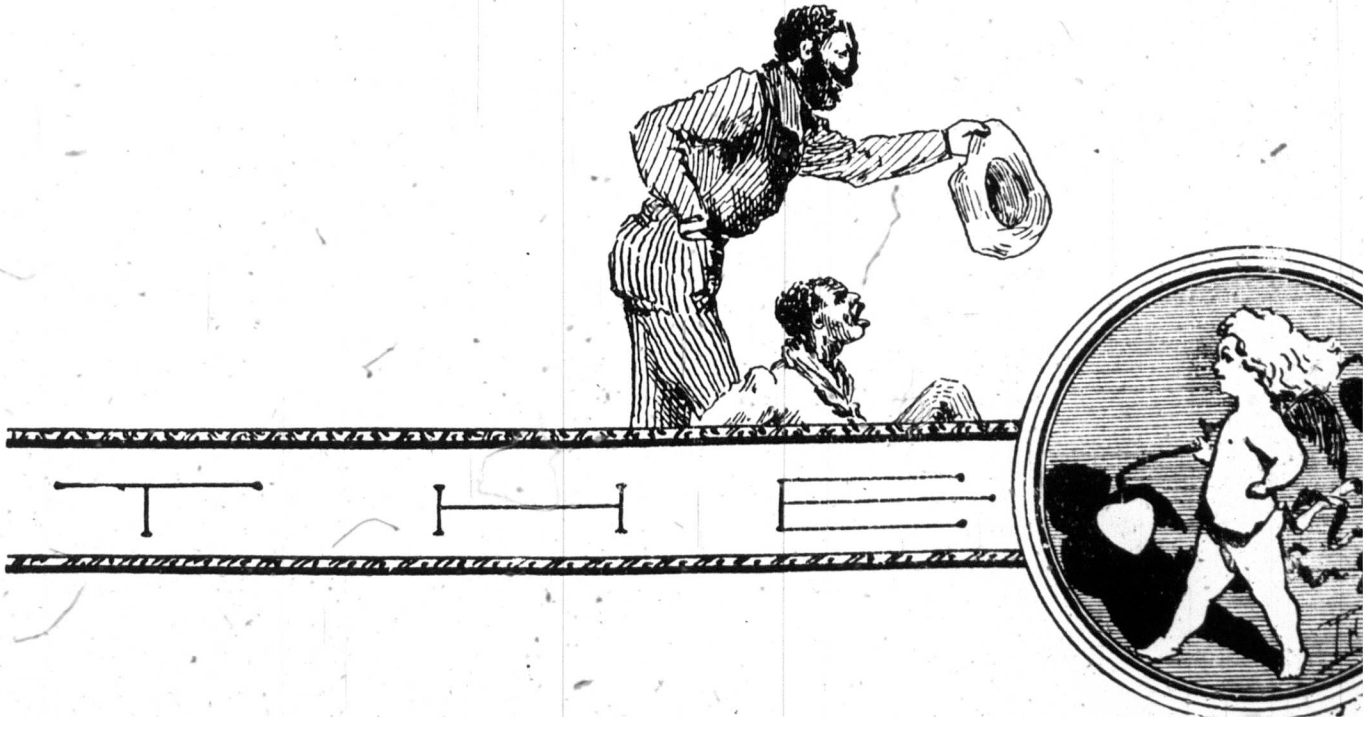
"Do you remember a bet we had afore I went prospectin'?"

Did he remember it? Had it not cost him all that was worth having?

"Yes," he replied.

"I didn't shake hands with you just now; have you any idee why not?"

"I am not sure," said Willis.



"Wall, I'll tell you; but first I want to know if I ever did anythin' mean to you or went back on me word as long as you knowed me?"

"You never have, Fred," said Willis, as a mad desire for a fight crept over him. For one brief moment he wished that he and his old pard would kill each other.

"Wall, Frank, I've broke my word now and I ain't fit to be shook hands with," said Allan in a humble tone.

"For God's sake, whatcher mean?" queried Willis in hopeless amazement.

"Didn't I promise afore I went away that I'd marry the little Widder Molony and start fresh in business with you fer my pardner?"



WIDOW MOL NY.

"Yes," said Frank.

"Wall, pard, I meant it then, s'help me Moses; but I was took sick up Kootenay way en was took care of by some folks, en I—I——" He hesitated.

"You what?" said Willis, wild with an undefined hope.

"I married one of the gals in the house and she is the finest wife on airth. I wouldn't give her for all the widders this side of hell, and if you don't like it, Frank Willis, damn yer eyes, come and fight it out."

But Frank didn't want to fight just then. He held out his hand and gave his old partner a grip like a vise. He could hardly realize that his struggle was over, that, instead of being a wanderer, owned by none, the whole heaven of a woman's love was his. The cloud was lifted from his mind, the sunshine seemed dazzling, the air was life itself. Through the open doorway his ear caught the joyous murmur of the waters and the rustle of the foliage as the zephyrs frisked and darted in the autumn light; the very soul of nature rejoiced in his joy.

Neither spoke for a few moments. Then Allan said, "I've done the best I could and apolergized all around. I'm mighty glad it's over."

"Apolergized all around! Whatcher mean?" exclaimed the cow-puncher.

"What do I mean? Why, as I come along I just stopped over at the widder's and blowed off the whole story, tellin' her how I was real concerned at not bein' able to marry 'er."

off the whole story, tellin' her how I was real concerned at not bein' able to marry 'er."

"What did she say?" gasped Frank in horror.

"By thunder, old man, saddle up. She said how she wanted to see us both right off. I couldn't tell whether she war mad or not."

With a heavy heart Willis saddled Charlie. He feared his hopes were shattered now indeed by his old chum's frankness.

Arrived at the widow's they knocked, and entered the parlor. She was there and proceeded at once to business.

"Mr. Allan tells me," she said, "that he cannot fulfil his first intention and marry me." Then she looked hard at Willis.

He was looking at her in such an appealing way that she had not the heart to go any further, but let her eyes drop nervously. Mad Allan looked from one to the other and a light seemed to break upon his mind.

"I reckon you folks can fix this deal up by yourselves," he gasped, and vanished, closing the door behind him. He almost ran over Jeff, who was about to enter. The prospector seized him, and throwing him down sat on him, yelling, "If you try ter git in that door for a while, you son o' Satan, I'll put a head on you."

"No, I wouldn't," he murmured a moment later, "for a nigger with two hard heads 'ed be pretty nigh indestructible."

So he sat on Jeff till the door opened and the widow appeared, followed by Frank with Pet's arms about his neck.

"Fred, old pard, we have arranged this here difference in a bully way."

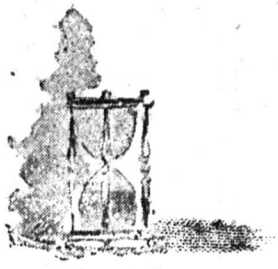
"How?" said Allan.

For a reply the big cow-puncher leaned over and kissed the Widow Molony.





END



The Hero.

ON Queenston's hill we reared thy lofty shrine,
Where sleeps thy fiery heart, our gallant Brock;
Our many-voiced acclaim shall here unlock
Time's chest of honors, proffering what is thine.
Thy name is with the glorious names that shine
O'er war's red flood, a beacon on a rock.
Thy soul, which bore its hour's consummate shock,
All-valorous, thou didst to fame consign.

Sheathed be the blade; nor seek through blood a name.
Thy foes are of thy household; mingled rife
Through hourly needs there rings the vital strife
With doubt and sin, the lust of honor, shame:
O soul, live greatly; thy self-conquering life
Shall breathe an inextinguishable fame.

REUBEN BUTCHART.



The Frosts of Age.

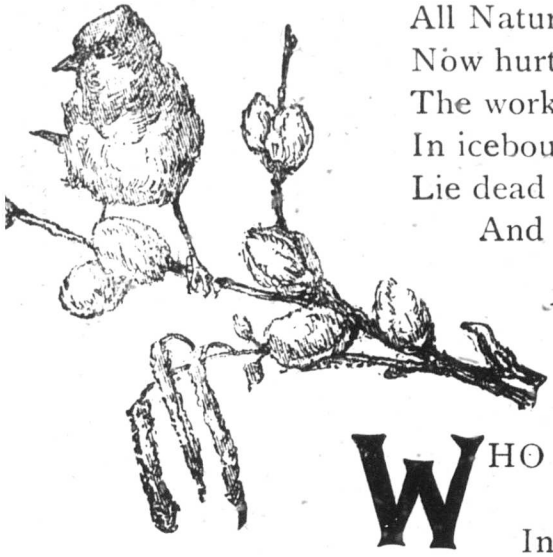
AH! see the fiery spirit burn!
The wild, aspiring rage, discern!
The soul on wings of impulse borne,
By heaven-striving passion torn;
Ambition's eagle-pinioned flight;
The conscious glow of nascent might;
The molten thoughts, the mad desires,
The burst of frenzy-kindled fires,
Ah, this is Youth!

But flames so fierce have ne'er the eye
Of man appalled, but burned to die:
The fire of Youth, the quenchless will,
The madness, frenzy, calm and still,
Lie dead below the Winter's snow
And Frosts of Age.

Yea, e'en this world of throbbing life,
In turmoil plunged, convulsed with strife
Of struggling souls; the ceaseless roar
As races, nations surging pour
Their turbid streams into the Void
Of Time: the sun, effete, destroyed

Their turbid streams into the Void
Of Time: the sun, effete, destroyed
With weary years, when his death throes
Have plunged these planets in repose;
All Nature's frame, her mighty spheres,
Now hurtling on their vast careers;
The works of man, his perished race,—
In icebound, frozen seas of space,
Lie dead below the Winter's snow
And Frosts of Age.

SAMUEL MABER.





Cecilia's Eyes.

WHO knoweth the blue of the frail harebells
That cling to a pillar gray
In the roofless nave of an abbey old,
And look on the choir alway?

The hue they may seem of the azure sky
That arches the ruined fane—
The eyes of a rose white girl are they
Made dim by her love's deep pain.

The eyes of a girl in their azure bells
Keep watch from the place alway
Where, sweet as a rose in the olden time
She knelt with her beads to pray;

Keep watch of the vacant crumbling choir,
Long since where a young monk sang,
Where, clear as the voice of a skyward lark
His Jubilate Deo rang,





The while that she knelt in the peaceful light
The dim, stained glass let through,
Whose face as a rose from its sheath was sweet,
Whose eyes were the harebells' blue;

Whose eyes were the blue of the frail harebells,
But ah, that they sought alway
A face that the saints from her gaze would shield
With a cowl of monkish gray;

And ah, that the saints from her heart could hear
No prayer but a wordless cry,
A cry from the depths of a maiden love
For a love the saints deny.



Long past is the time when the youthful monk
Went forth to his endless rest,
And found, in the radiant angels' choir
His place with the good and blest.

But what of the soul of the rose sweet girl?
Who now her abode can tell?
Doth she fare afar with the holy saints,
Or dwell in the blue harebell?

But though she abide with the saints, I ween
She sees not the face most dear
Where she wanders dark in the sight of him
Whom her eyes seek ever here.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

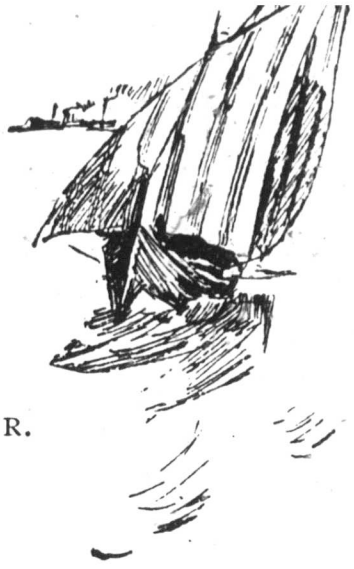
Christmas.

SOME days are tragic and more dark than night,
The sun's last glimmering beam seems to have fled,
The latest spark of all—the soul—seems dead,
And followed by thick gloom departs delight;
But Christmas is the day—fair, rapturous, bright,
Heaven's holiest halos seem around it shed,
The perfect happinesses through it spread,
Thrill as the dreams wov'n of the soft twilight.
Its mighty pleasures are for it alone;
Let each his meed of golden bliss enjoy,
Lest pleasures formed for ends, which they knew not,
Please now no more, but, being aside thrown,
Become instead great griefs which gods annoy,
As through all times they roll with sorrows fraught.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

Will I Forget?

WILL I forget?
You ask me in the twilight
Of this sad day of tears and vain regret,
And you I'll answer thus whene'er you ask me
With these same wistful words,
Will I forget?



Will I forget?

Will I forget?
When hope is strong within me
Will years still leave your thought unanswered yet?
When others love and others have forgotten
I, who no longer grieve,
Will I forget?



Will I forget?
Yet when you see me passing
With smiling lips or eyes with glad tears wet,
Weep in your heart stilled from its faint repentance,
E'en so be not too sure
That I forget.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

R.

Winter Snows.

SCARCE have tiny songsters trilled
All their praise of bud and bloom,
When their liquid notes are stilled,
And, to shroud them in the tomb,
Comes, from gloomy heights, the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!



Tender breezes scarce have told
All their love in Flora's ear,
When their ardors chill, and cold—
Cold the breath of Winter drear,
Fades the sun and falls the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!



Dulcet echoes of the past
Seem to sing of yesterday,
While the touch of Time is fast
Changing locks of gold to gray.
Summer, Autumn—then the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!

Life, that runs with rosy feet
All aglow in Summer bliss,
Runs the magic Frost to meet,
And must lay her hand in his.
Comes, to hand and cheek, the snow—
Silently—a spotless flow!

JAMES C. MCNALLY.

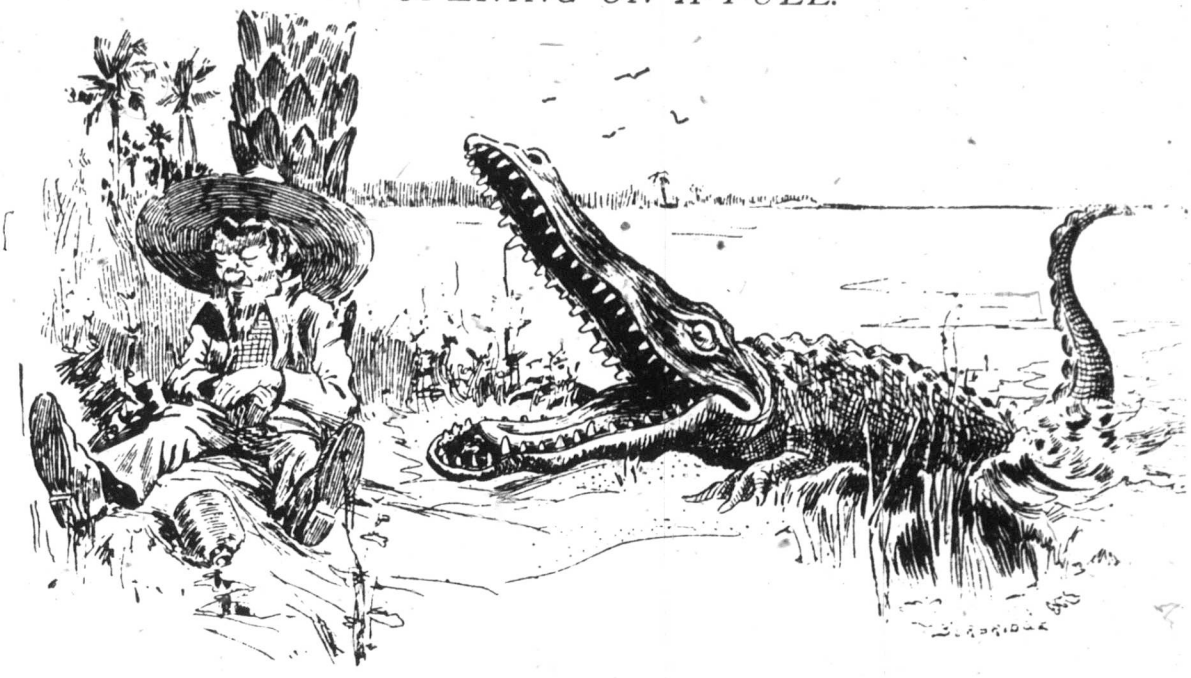
THE TRAMP REPULSED.



She—What do you want?
Tramp—Rest.
She—Well, you better call in at the graveyard down on the next lot.

"OPENING ON A FULL.

"OPENING ON A FULL.



"NOT FOR JOSEPH'





"Only think of it, Soosan, if we'd been born a dog we might ha' bin somebody's pet!"



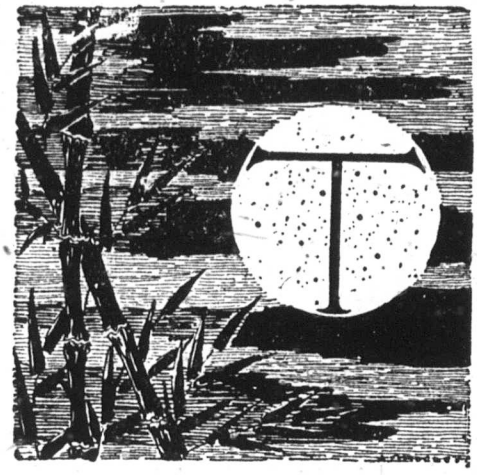


Clerk—Want a return ticket?
Pat—Phwat for wud I want a return ticket when I'm here already?



He—Now, if you will give me your hand——
She—This is so sudden.

Of Long Engagements.



THEY say there is no marrying in heaven, so if we can imagine that an engagement might occur there we are at liberty to invent for it an indefinite continuance. There is an exclusiveness about an engagement which somehow does not consort with the prevalent notion of the advantages of that place, but if it could exist there at all it might go on forever, and be a pleasure all the time. It is not altogether so here on the earth, where clearly enough public sentiment is against permanency in engagements, and only tolerates them as a temporary condition. Of course the very young like to be engaged. The very young who have healthy tastes like everything. They are usually delighted to become engaged, glad to be married if possible, and if being married is not immediately practicable they are glad to keep on being engaged. If youth was a continuous state the chief objection to long engagements would disappear. The trouble is that youth is a skittish and fugitive thing, here before you fully realize it, and gone before you know it. It is particularly so in girls. A man is marriageable up to the time when he loses his courage, and even then his case is not hopeless, for his powers of evasion and resistance may wane in the same degree as his daring, and even when his will has grown too feeble to carry him through a courtship he may still be chosen and landed by some woman who knows her mind and sees in him the making of a desirable husband. A bachelor of fifty, with nothing against him but his age, will do to marry at a pinch or in times of scarcity, and of course a widower of that age in good standing may be an excellent match. But with a spinster of fifty it is different. While she may be a charming person, an ornament to society and an adorable companion, there is no doubt that in ordinary estimation she will be felt to have passed the marrying age. There would be no serious objection to an engagement of an indefinite duration, provided the parties to it were over fifty; but for marrying, the earlier years of life, especially of a woman's life, are better, and society has sound reasons to be jealous of



earlier years of life, especially of a woman's life, are better, and society has sound reasons to be jealous of the expenditure of too many of those years in mere betrothal.



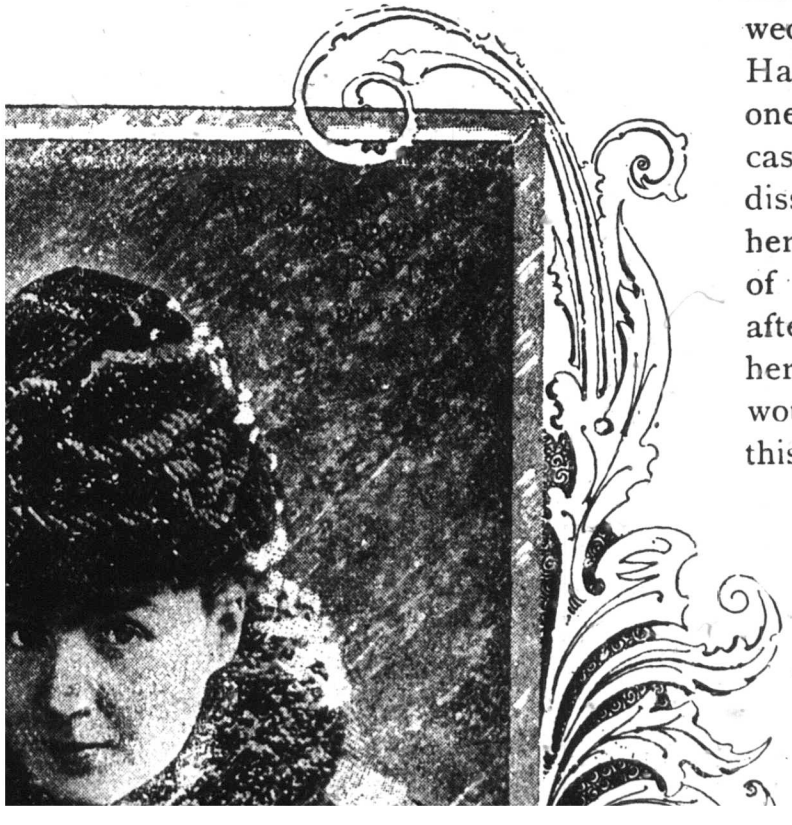
There is a sentiment, too, that an engagement that comes to nothing, while bad for both the parties to it, is worse for the girl than for the man. It is apt to happen that a man who falls in love, falls in love, more or less, with womankind, and if he falls out with the specific object of his adoration, he is apt presently to make his loss good in some other quarter. But ordinarily it seems not to happen so—at least not so much so—with women. Girls, as a rule, don't fall in love with the whole of mankind, but only with a single individual, and if the individual turns out to be untrue, or unsuitable, or impossible for any reason, and the engagement is broken, the mishap in the woman's case may have enduring consequences. To be sure it is not so bad to be engaged to an impossible man and break the engagement as it is to be engaged to such a person and marry him, but that is cold comfort, especially if the engagement has lasted a good while, and during its continuance has greatly modified the natural interest which the woman would have taken in the rest of mankind.

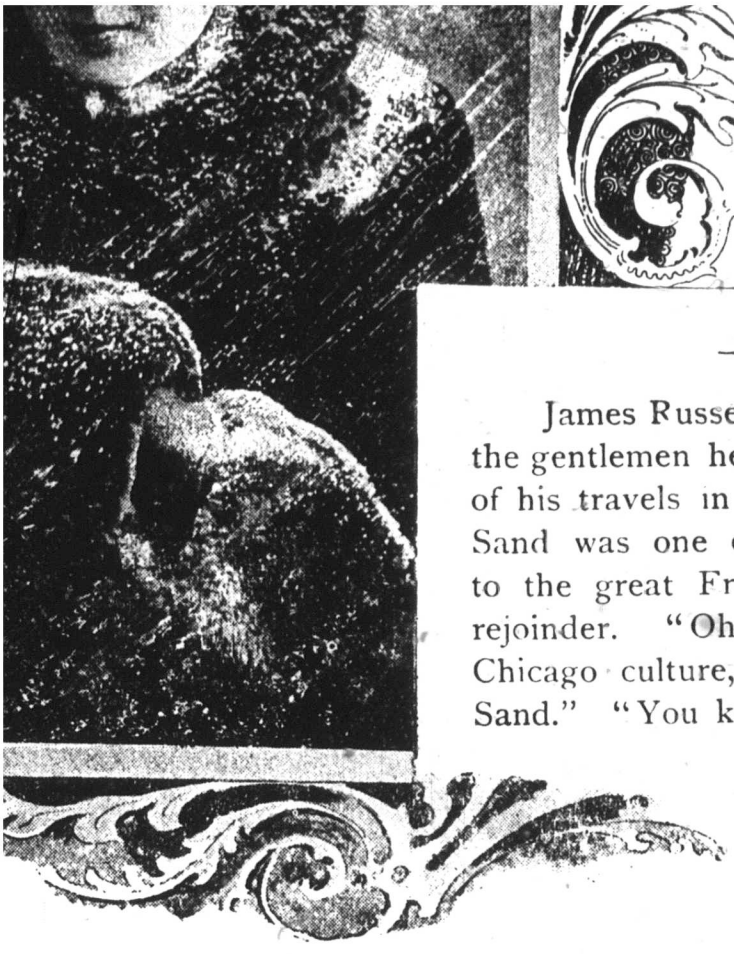
Heaven forbid that any hireling scribe should set himself to invent reasons why young persons should not fall in love. That is what they are there for. That is what the Creator intended. Being honestly and heartily in love is, perhaps, the best fun for the money that life offers. No one but parents and guardians and misanthropes and prudes and pelicans object to it. And shall not young persons who fall in love become engaged? Not necessarily. If they can see their way to getting married some time, let them become engaged and announce it, but if not, they had better just keep on loving one another informally. That is a good thing in itself. It warms the heart, keeps one thin and comfortable, and helps support the post-office. Judicious persons will probably agree, however, that when the current of affection proves steady, and a formal engagement is desired, it is justifiable on remoter prospects where the associates are both young than when they are older. A girl of twenty who entangles herself in an engagement which promises to last five years is much less open to criticism than if she were ten years older. The man may deteriorate on her hands in five years—there is that risk certainly—but if he means well, and she is married at twenty-five, what is there to complain of?

The extreme impatience with long engagements that one finds in certain persons seems to indicate an exaggerated distrust in human nature. There

are folks, like my good Aunt Jane, who seem to keep in a state of chronic uneasiness about lovers until she has been to church with them and seen them stand up before the priest. There is no satisfying Aunt Jane by anything less than a wedding. If she suspects that lovers have a private understanding and are deferring their engagement until they get ready to announce it, she is always for poulticing the situation and bringing it promptly to a head. She is sure, in such a case, that the man has no real intentions, that it is a mere pastime with him, and that presently he will make his bow and pass out and on, leaving more or less blight behind him. If an engagement is announced and promises to be of liberal continuance, she likes that scarcely any better. In that case she expects the man to give his whole attention to getting married just as soon as possible. She expects him to rise early, work hard, and live frugally. He is not to spend his money on clubs or flowers or dinners or fine raiment or pleasures of any sort, but to hoard it. She has no patience at all with grown-up men who monopolize idly the attention of girls who ought to be pairing off and settling down. When an exclusive intimacy between marriageable persons becomes conspicuously chronic, and makes no claim to be anything more than a mere platonic friendship, it gets no standing at all in Aunt Jane's estimation. She is down on all that.

Still, folks seem to regulate their entanglements without much regard for Aunt Jane's feelings about them. Uncle Thomas has averred that the long engagement between young Tadpole and Herminia Scrapple was a serious expense to him, because of the extra ice he had to take in during those years on Aunt Jane's account. Yet Herminia and Tadpole finally paired off, and Aunt Jane cooled down and went to the wedding, and they are now living in a Harlem flat—and happily, so far as any one knows. I know of other similar cases; and Aunt Jane knows of other dissimilar cases, and if you could hear her state them, you would probably be of her opinion on this subject. But, after all, what good does her opinion and her impatience do her, and what good would they do you? Grown-up folks in this country are very apt to do as they please, both about getting married and getting engaged. The young may in some cases be steered or restrained to their profit, provided one is well placed to do it; but to meddle to advantage in the affairs of the heart calls for a great deal more sagacity than is usually avail-





of the heart calls for a great deal more sagacity than is usually available for that use, and, in the long run, folks who manage for themselves seem to prosper at least as well as folks whose plans are made for them. E. S. MARTIN.

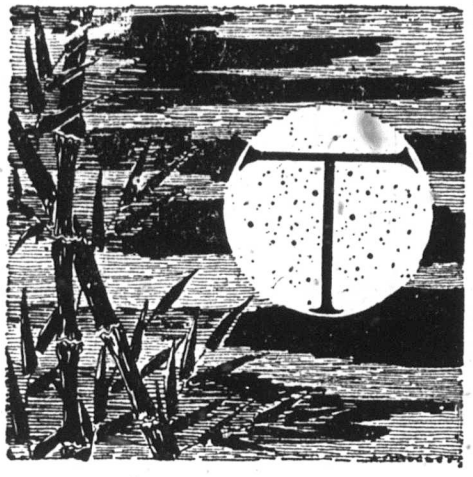
James Russell Lowell used to tell the story that one of the gentlemen he met in Chicago had a great deal to say of his travels in Europe. Lowell remarked that Georges Sand was one of his favorite authors. This reference to the great Frenchwoman called forth a characteristic rejoinder. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the representative of Chicago culture, "I have had many a happy hour with Sand." "You knew Georges Sand, then?" asked Lowell, with an expression of surprise. "Knew him? Well, I should rather say I did," cried the Chicago man, and then he added, as a clincher: "I roomed with him in Paris."

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Of Long Engagements.



THEY say there is no marrying in heaven, so if we can imagine that an engagement might occur there we are at liberty to invent for it an indefinite continuance. There is an exclusiveness about an engagement which somehow does not consort with the prevalent notion of the advantages of that place, but if it could exist there at all it might go on forever, and be a pleasure all the time. It is not altogether so here on the earth, where clearly enough public sentiment is against permanency in engagements, and only tolerates them as a temporary condition. Of course the very young like to be engaged. The very young who have healthy tastes like everything. They are usually delighted to become engaged, glad to be married if possible, and if being married is not immediately practicable they are glad to keep on being engaged. If youth was a continuous state the chief objection to long engagements would disappear. The trouble is that youth is a skittish and fugitive thing, here before you fully realize it, and gone before you know it. It is particularly so in girls. A man is marriageable up to the time when he loses his courage, and even then his case is not hopeless, for his powers of evasion and resistance may wane in the same degree as his daring, and even when his will has grown too feeble to carry him through a courtship he may still be chosen and landed by some woman who knows her mind and sees in him the making of a desirable husband. A bachelor of fifty, with nothing against him but his age, will do to marry at a pinch or in times of scarcity, and of course a widower of that age in good standing may be an excellent match. But with a spinster of fifty it is different. While she may be a charming person, an ornament to society and an adorable companion, there is no doubt that in ordinary estimation she will be felt to have passed the marrying age. There would be no serious objection to an engagement of an indefinite duration, provided the parties to it were over fifty; but for marrying, the earlier years of life, especially of a woman's life, are better, and society





woman's life, are better, and society has sound reasons to be jealous of the expenditure of too many of those years in mere betrothal.

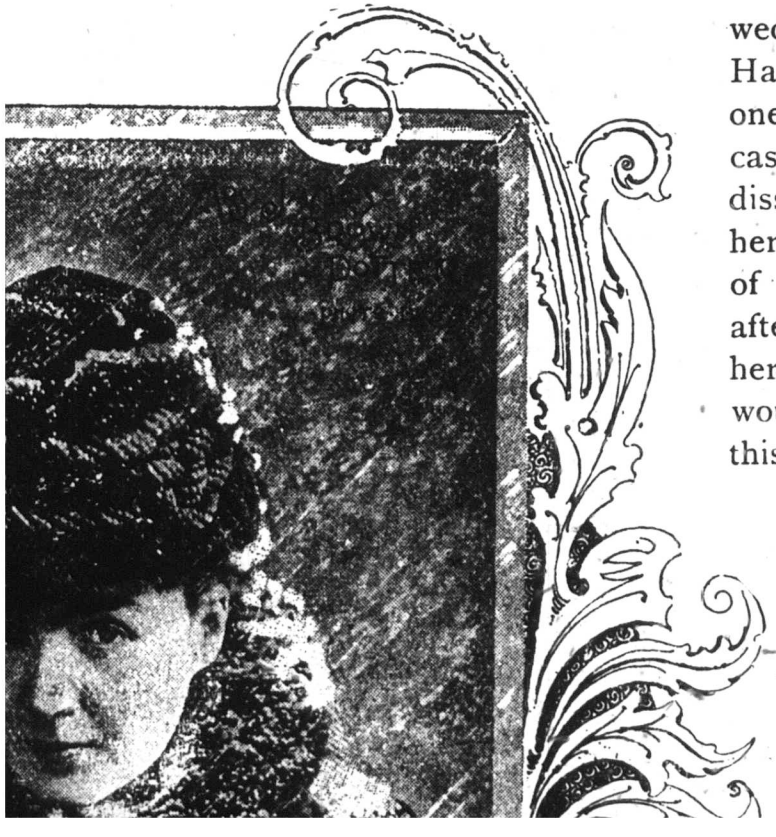
There is a sentiment, too, that an engagement that comes to nothing, while bad for both the parties to it, is worse for the girl than for the man. It is apt to happen that a man who falls in love, falls in love, more or less, with womankind, and if he falls out with the specific object of his adoration, he is apt presently to make his loss good in some other quarter. But ordinarily it seems not to happen so—at least not so much so—with women. Girls, as a rule, don't fall in love with the whole of mankind, but only with a single individual, and if the individual turns out to be untrue, or unsuitable, or impossible for any reason, and the engagement is broken, the mishap in the woman's case may have enduring consequences. To be sure it is not so bad to be engaged to an impossible man and break the engagement as it is to be engaged to such a person and marry him, but that is cold comfort, especially if the engagement has lasted a good while, and during its continuance has greatly modified the natural interest which the woman would have taken in the rest of mankind.

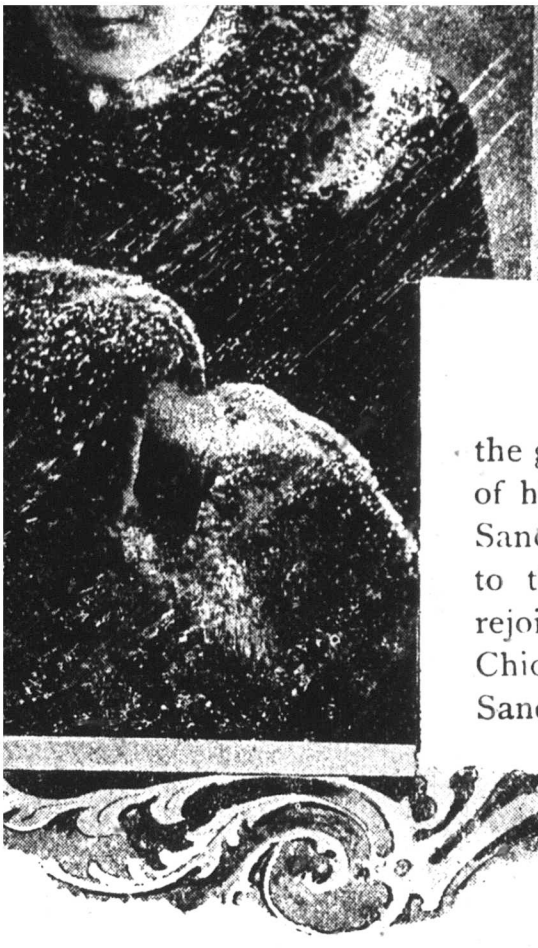
Heaven forbid that any hireling scribe should set himself to invent reasons why young persons should not fall in love. That is what they are there for. That is what the Creator intended. Being honestly and heartily in love is, perhaps, the best fun for the money that life offers. No one but parents and guardians and misanthropes and prudes and pelicans object to it. And shall not young persons who fall in love become engaged? Not necessarily. If they can see their way to getting married some time, let them become engaged and announce it, but if not, they had better just keep on loving one another informally. That is a good thing in itself. It warms the heart, keeps one thin and comfortable, and helps support the post-office. Judicious persons will probably agree, however, that when the current of affection proves steady, and a formal engagement is desired, it is justifiable on remoter prospects where the associates are both young than when they are older. A girl of twenty who entangles herself in an engagement which promises to last five years is much less open to criticism than if she were ten years older. The man may deteriorate on her hands in five years—there is that risk certainly—but if he means well, and she is married at twenty-five, what is there to complain of?

The extreme impatience with long engagements that one finds in certain persons seems to indicate an exaggerated distrust in human nature. There

are folks, like my good Aunt Jane, who seem to keep in a state of chronic uneasiness about lovers until she has been to church with them and seen them stand up before the priest. There is no satisfying Aunt Jane by anything less than a wedding. If she suspects that lovers have a private understanding and are deferring their engagement until they get ready to announce it, she is always for poulticing the situation and bringing it promptly to a head. She is sure, in such a case, that the man has no real intentions, that it is a mere pastime with him, and that presently he will make his bow and pass out and on, leaving more or less blight behind him. If an engagement is announced and promises to be of liberal continuance, she likes that scarcely any better. In that case she expects the man to give his whole attention to getting married just as soon as possible. She expects him to rise early, work hard, and live frugally. He is not to spend his money on clubs or flowers or dinners or fine raiment or pleasures of any sort, but to hoard it. She has no patience at all with grown-up men who monopolize idly the attention of girls who ought to be pairing off and settling down. When an exclusive intimacy between marriageable persons becomes conspicuously chronic, and makes no claim to be anything more than a mere platonic friendship, it gets no standing at all in Aunt Jane's estimation. She is down on all that.

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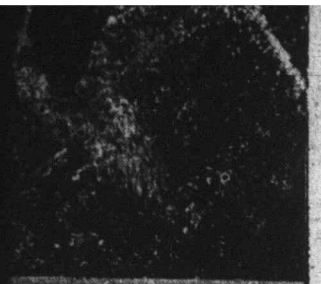
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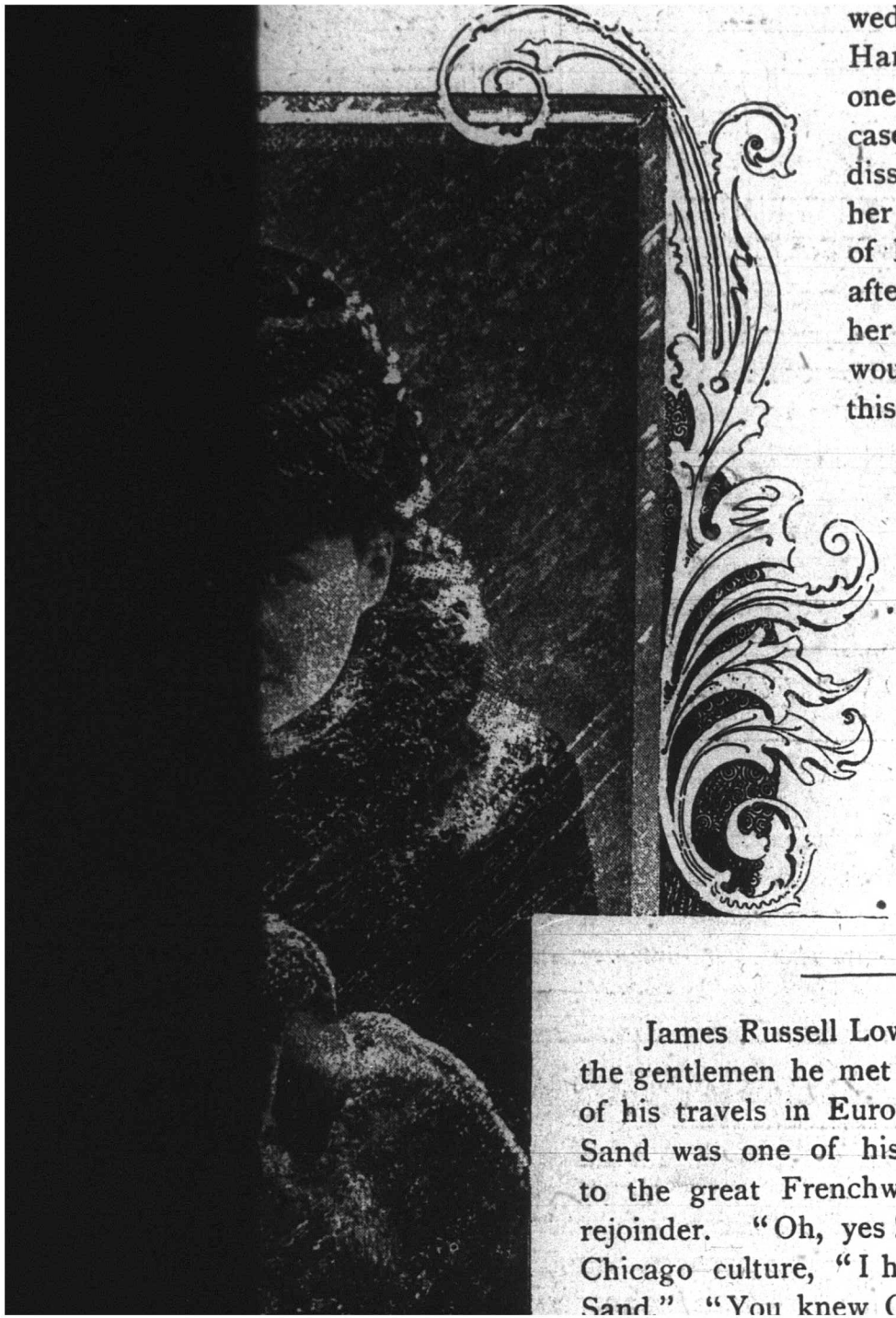


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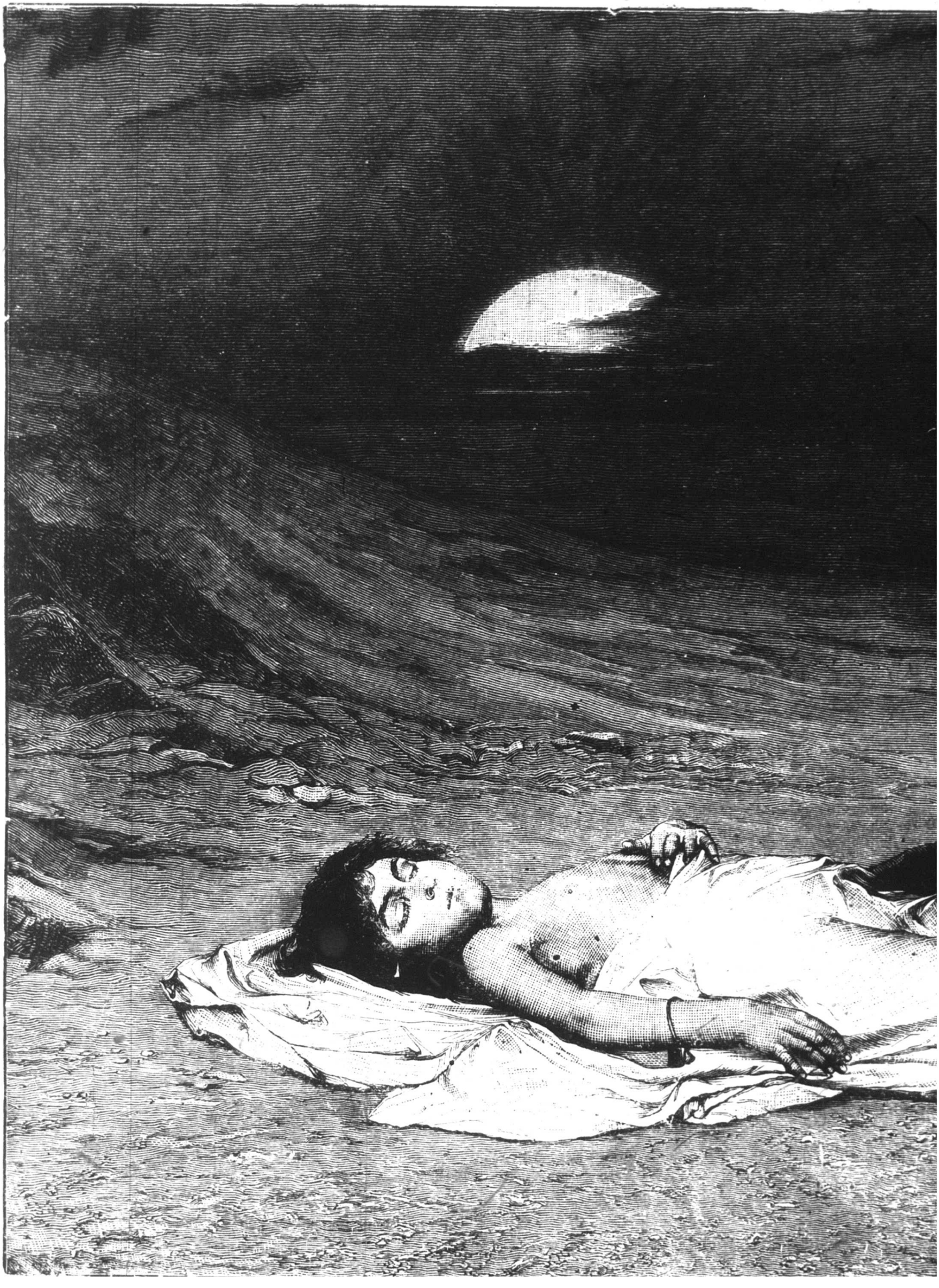
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HAGAR AND ISMAEL



GOLD IN CANADA.

That Canada is coming rapidly to the front in the production of gold is well known, but it may prove interesting to give some of the facts that illustrate this. The production from 1891 to 1897, inclusive, was as follows:

1891	$930,614	1894	$1,128,688
1892	907,601	1895	1,911,676
1893	976,603	1896	2,780,086
	1897	$6,027,016	

During this seven years' period the production of gold in Ontario increased from $2,000 in 1891 to $189,294 in 1897; North-West Territories, including the Yukon, increased from $45,500 to $2,550,000; British Columbia from $429,811 to $2,724,657. These have been the marked increases. The gold production of Nova Scotia increased from $451,503 to $562,165, while Quebec fell off from $1,800 to $900. From 1862 to 1897 Canada has had a gold out-put of $73,264,820. When the accurate Government returns are in, showing the out-put for 1898 and 1899, it will be found that a tremendous advance has been made. The Yukon country is a new gold field; British Columbia is producing gold in greater quantities than she did in the great boom back in the 'sixties; Ontario is doubling her out-put, and more, each year.

Here are some interesting figures for the year 1896 showing which nations possess the world's gold mines:

GOLD MINED IN 1896.

British Empire	$100,737,786
All other countries	102,188,100

Included in the others countries is the United States, which produced $53,088,000, so that we may look at it this way:

Anglo-Saxon Nations	$153,825,786
All other nations	49,100,100

NATIONAL DEBTS PER CAPITA.

Here is a table showing some countries that have national debts that are higher per head of population than Canada's:

Canada	$50 43	New Zealand	$302 33
United Kingdom	78 30	Austria-Hungary	74 68
Natal	65 48	Belgium	68 21
Cape of Good Hope	73 19	France	157 57
Newfoundland	62 96	Greece	73 39
New South Wales	217 08	Italy	76 71
Victoria	194 21	Netherlands	92 61
South Australia	308 94	Portugal	142 19
Western Australia	166 65	Spain	65 85

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South Australia	308 94	Portugal	142 19
Western Australia	166 65	Spain	65 85
Queensland	328 52	Egypt	74 70
Tasmania	228 01	Argentine Republic	96 36
		Uruguay	$143 70

CANADA'S SHIPPING.

The statement is often made that Canada stands near the top among nations in the registered tonnage of her shipping. While this is true, it must not be forgotten that it is our shipping on the lakes that counts up, while our shipping on the sea-board is not what it might be. Of the vessels carrying trade to and from Canada on the high seas only about 16 per cent. were Canadian. But when we include, as we have a perfect right to do, our inland lake shipping, our position in the registered tonnage of the principal nations is fifth, as follows :

	TOTAL VESSELS.	
	NUMBER.	TONNAGE.
Great Britain	20,796	9,020,286
United States	22,633	4,769,020
Norway	7,192	1,566,558
German Empire	3,592	1,502,044
Canada	6,684	731,754

Following Canada come France, Italy, Russia, Spain, Australia, the Netherlands, etc.

POPULATION TO THE SQUARE MILE IN CANADA.

Prince Edward Island	54.5	Quebec	6.5
Nova Scotia	22.0	Manitoba	2.4
New Brunswick	11.4	British Columbia	0.3
Ontario	10.0	Provisional Districts	0.2
		Canada	1.5

INSANE.

The number of insane in Canada in 1891 as obtained by the census was 13,355, of which 7,162 were males and 6,193 females.

In every 10,000 males there were 29·1 insane, and in every 10,000 females there were 26·1 insane.

The insane, classified according to civil condition, were : single, 9,506 ; married, 2,815 ; widowed, 721 ; unknown, 313.

Of the single, 5,441 were males and 4,065 females ; of the married, males were 1,239 and females 1,576 ; of the widowed, 218 were males and 503 females, and of the unknown, 206 were males and 107 females.

THE CANALS OF CANADA.

The following statement gives the amount expended on canal works and maintenance (chargeable to capital) to 30th June, 1897 :

Lachine Canal	$10,408,025
Beauharnois	1,611,690
Soulanges Canal (under construction)	2,639,034
Williamsburg Canal	4,696,694
Cornwall Canal	6,392,150
St. Lawrence River Canals, surveys, etc	1,159,480
Murray Canal	1,247,470
Welland Canal	23,771,636
Sault Ste. Marie Canal	3,657,574
Ste. Anne's Canal	1,170,216
Carillon and Grenville Canal	4,031,697
Culbute Canal	379,494
Rideau Canal (including Perth Branch)	4,571,172
Trent Canal	2,025,356
St. Ours Lock	121,538
Chambly Canal	637,207
St. Peter's Canal	648,756
Lake St. Louis	127,963
Total	$69,297,152

In addition to the above there have been expended from income :

Renewals	2,453,498
Repairs	5,282,173
Staff and maintenance	6,764,673
Making the total expenditure	$83,797,496

LARGEST CEMETERY IN THE WORLD.

At Rookwood, Australia, there is a cemetery comprising 1,400 acres. It was originally 2,000 acres, but was reduced, owing to 600 acres of it being handed over to a large benevolent asylum. About 200 acres are already occupied with the bodies of 100,000 persons of all nationalities. A railway runs through the cemetery, having two mortuary stations, at which the friends alight and follow the remains to their last resting-place. The greatest city of the dead in the world is at Rome, viz, the Catacombs, in which no fewer than 6,000,000 human beings have been buried. These Catacombs are underground galleries, which extend for miles in all directions, and it has been calculated that if the galleries of the largest could be extended in a straight line, they

that if the galleries of the largest could be extended in a straight line, they would reach more than 200 miles.

HIRSUTE STATISTICS.

Blonde hair is finer than that of any other color. By actual count it has been ascertained that 400 hairs to the square inch grow upon the head of a blonde beauty. The brown comes next with 350, then come the black with 325, and the red with 250 or 260. After counting the hairs growing on an inch square it has been estimated that on the head of a blonde there will be about 149,000 hairs, while a brown suit of tresses will have 109,000, a black 102,000 and a red 90,000.

WHAT A HORSE CAN DO.

A horse will travel 400 yards in four and one-half minutes at a walk, 400 yards in two minutes at a trot, 400 yards in one minute at a gallop. The usual work of a horse is taken at 22,500 pounds raised one foot per minute for eight hours per day. A horse will carry 250 pounds twenty-five miles per day of eight hours. An average draught horse will draw 1,600 pounds twenty-three miles per day on a level road, weight of wagon included. The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds, and his strength is equivalent to that of five men.

THE COALFIELDS OF THE WORLD.

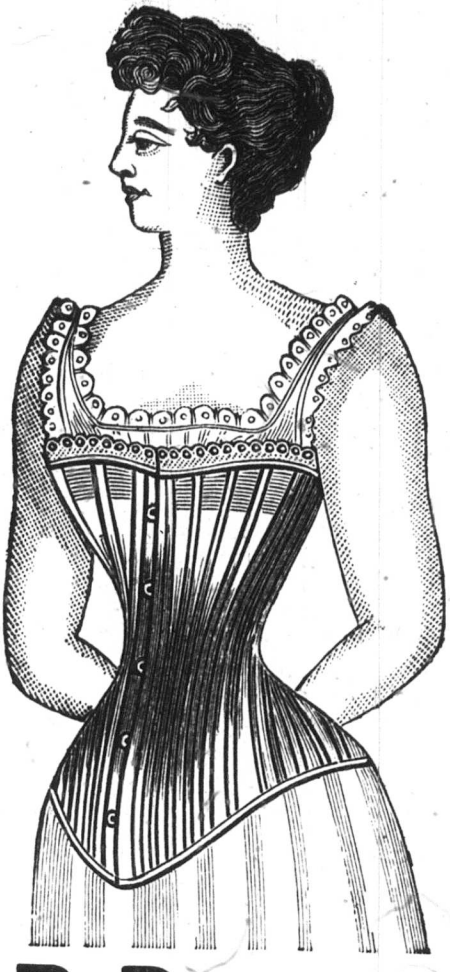
It appears from the estimates of the most reliable authorities that the coalfields of the world cover an area of about a million and a quarter square miles. The United States, China, Australia, and India are the countries in which the area of coalfields is greatest, but the output of the United Kingdom is far larger than that of any other country On an average every inhabitant of Great Britain uses 74 cwt. of coal annually, and in this respect leads the world. The Belgians come next with an average annual consumption of 44 cwt. per inhabitant.

TO PREVENT TIRING THE EYES.

People who complain that their eyes get tired while engaged in some close pursuit, such as writing or sewing, might try the ingenious invention of a ournalist, and placed on the market by a Glasgow company. Finding that his eyes became so tired that he could write only with great difficulty, he hit upon the plan of having some strips of colored papers pasted on his desk close to the inkstand, so that every time he wanted a dip of ink his eyes fell upon these colored strips. The result was surprising, and the inventor claims that, by this simple device he not only avoided the use of glasses, but also improved his sight.

P.D.CORSETS







P. D. No. 170.

The celebrated **P. D.** Corsets have again been awarded

THE HIGHEST PRIZE

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This proves again that the style, finish and lasting qualities of this renowned corset are superior to any other.

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We will send FREE one beautiful thermometer to each of the first Five hundred customers, who send us One Dollar in cash for our BIG $ collection or who order not less than One Dollar's worth of goods from our catalogue.

Do not fail to send QUICK. You cannot afford to miss this chance. Just think of it.

Our "Reliable" Collection of Vegetable and Flower Seeds.

29 Grand Varieties of Vegetable seeds. 6 packages of Flower seeds, ½ pint Sweet Corn, ½ pint Wax Beans, ½ pint Garden Peas.

$2.00—Worth Vegetable and Flower Seeds—for $1.00.

1 Pkt. Beet Turnip.
1 " Cabbage, Express, early
1 " " Brunswick S. Stem
1 " Carrot, Long Red Coreless
1 " Cauliflower, Extra Early Paris
1 " Cucumber, Pearce's Imp. Long Green
1 " " Pickling
1 " Celery, Giant Golden Heart
1 " Lettuce, Imp. Hanson
1 " Musk Melon, mixed varieties
1 " Water Melon, mixed varieties
1 " Vine Peach
1 " Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
1 " " Large Red Wethersfield
1 " Parsnip, Imp. Hollow Crowned
1 " Pepper, mixed varieties
1 " Pumpkin, Calhoun
1 " Parsley, Taber's Exquisite
1 " Radish, Scarlet Turnip
1 Pkt. Radish, Long Scarlet
1 " Salsify or Vegetable Oyster
1 " Spinach, Giant Thick-leaved
1 " Squash, Essex Hybrid
1 " " Mixed Summer varieties
1 " Tomato, Pearce's Paramount
1 " Turnip, Red Top Globe
1 " each Summer Savory, Sage, Thyme
½ Pint Corn, Mammoth White Cory Sweet
½ " Beans, Kenny's Rustless
½ " Peas, Premium Gem.

FLOWER SEEDS

1 Pkt. Balsam, Best Double Mixed
1 " Aster, all varieties
1 " Mignonette, Large Flowering
1 " Stock, Dwarf German Ten-Week mixed
1 " Phlox, Grandiflora, mixed
1 " Nest-Egg Gourds

Above collection contains 29 pkts. Vegetable Seeds, 6 pkts Flower Seeds, ½ pt. Sweet Corn, ½ pt. Wa Beans, ½ pt. Garden Peas ; sent to any address, post-paid.

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- FOR YULETIDE PRESENTS -



JAEGER

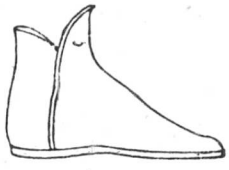
Comfort Necessaries

Every garment in underwear for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children.

Fleece Dressing Gowns and Jackets
Smoking Jackets
Camelhair Blankets
Steamer Rugs
Bath Rubber Straps and Gloves
Golf Hose and Sweaters
Belts for Warmth and Support
Fleece Slippers

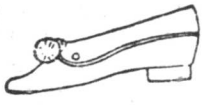
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GENTLEMEN,—For the past seven years I have worn one of your Trusses. I have found it in every way most satisfactory, comfortable, and a complete protection. An American surgeon who recently examined it said to me that he thought it one of the most perfect trusses he had ever seen. C. R. B.

AUTHORS & COX

Truss Manufacturers

135 Church Street - - - Toronto

CALENDAR R

JANUARY

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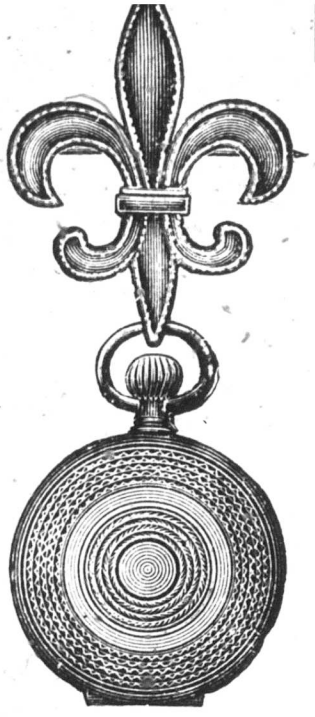
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TO YOUNG LADIES ONLY

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FREE

This beautiful little ladies' solid gold plated chatelaine charm watch for distributing a few books free among your friends and selling only eight boxes of Madame Allen's Beauty Soap, at twenty-five cents each. This soap is a positive cure for chapped hands, salt rheum, and is unequaled for babies and all who have sensitive and delicate skins.

We pay express charges on soap and books. The 3,000 young ladies who delivered the last lot of books will be welcome to do so this time.

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Our TRUSS holds as if "YOU HAD YOUR FINGERS THERE." Don't worry along with an old fashioned obsolete truss, when you can get one from us that will give you Perfect comfort and safety. We do not simply sell you a truss, but a GUARANTEED FIT. This means to you COMFORT, SECURITY and a means of RADICAL CURE. Delays are andgerous, attend to it now.

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Hundreds of similar testimonials on file. Call in and see them, or send for copies. Our booklet free.

Dorenwend Truss Co.,

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DAR FOR 1901.

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Farmers in Canada

Can have their wild mustard killed without damage to the crops. Can spray their fruit trees and row crops, can paint their barns, fences, and whitewash the stables and pens, can increase the production of milk from their stock by the use of the **SPRAMOTOR.**

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This is to certify that at the contest of Spraying Apparatus, held at Grimsby, under the auspices of the Board of Control of the Fruit Experimental Stations of Ontario, in which there were eleven Contestants, the Spramotor, made by the Spramotor Co. of London, Ont., was awarded First Place.

H. L. Hutt

Judges.

JAMES MILLS, M. A., LL.D. PRESIDENT.
H. L. HUTT, B. S. A. PROFESSOR

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.
Ontario Agricultural College,

The Spramotor Co.,

GUELPH, CANADA, Aug. 24th, 1899

London, Ont.

Dear Sirs,-

I can with pleasure say a good word in behalf of your Spramotor outfits. I have noted with interest the improvements made in them from time to time, and I think you deserve credit for the enterprise you have shown in making them strictly first class.

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We mail free our

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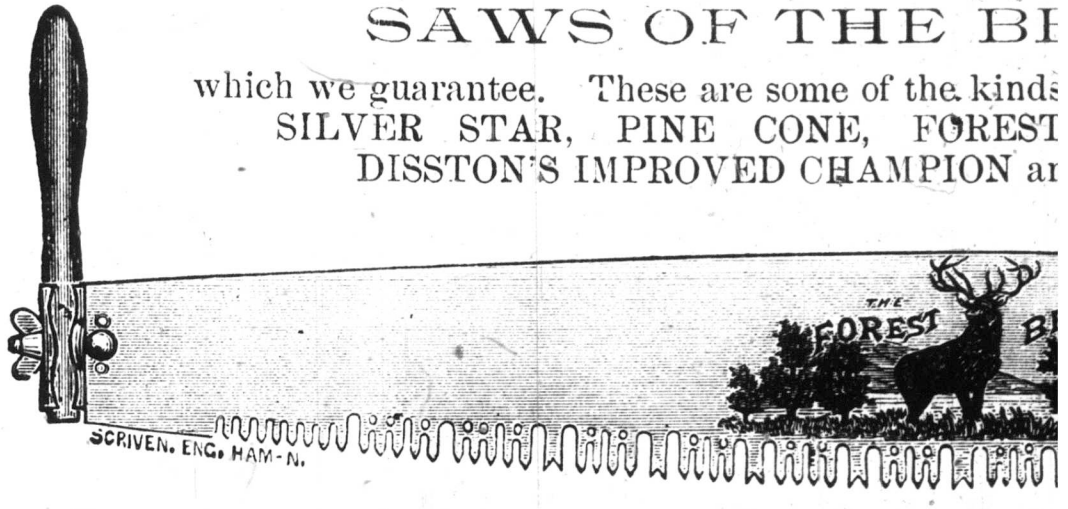
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SILVER STAR, PINE CONE, FOREST
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THEY SAVE BABIES LIVES.

Mr. McBride, Manager Haines & Lockett's Shoe Store, says: "Three doctors sa
We have hundreds such references. 25 cents per package; 5 for $1.00, post pai

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Get Your Money's Worth

The Napanee Express, and
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A LARGE SUBJECT.



When a hat gets somewhat rusty or permanently dusty and lops about the brim or gets the crown caved in, why that's a sign to heed and shows at once you need to come our way without delay and buy one of those new nobby hats, just in. Once a purchaser of Clothing, Shirts, Collars or Ties from our stock, we are sure to have the pleasure of selling you again.

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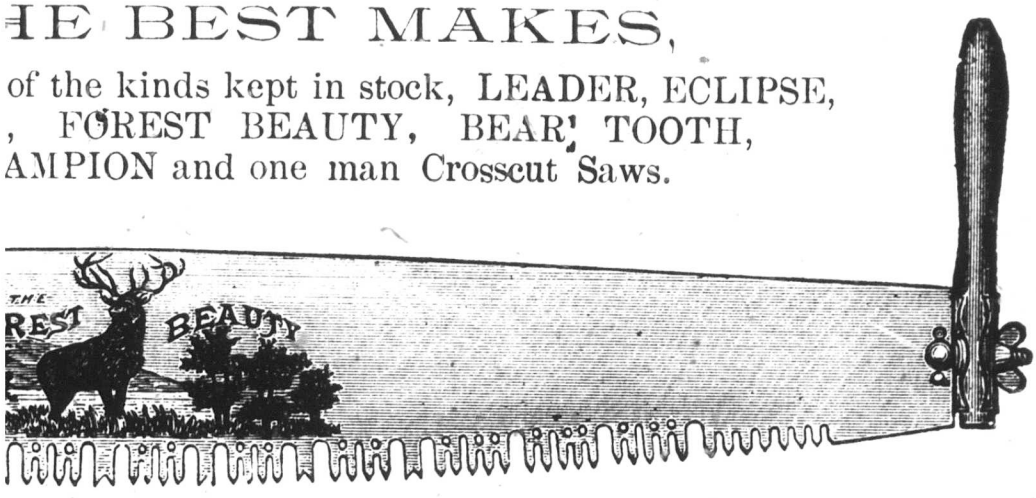
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HE BEST MAKES,

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Highest prices paid for second-hand goods.

All goods sold at reasonable prices for cash.

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HIGH-CLASS DRESS GOODS!

Dress Goods of exclusive styles and high quality will always be found on our counters.

Just now we are showing special values in **Cheviot Suitings, Broadcloth Suitings, = Golf Skirt Goods, = Plaid Skirt Goods, Plaid Waist Goods** and a special bargain line of Burmah Twill Two-tone Suitings at 35c. This is an all-wool line, and value for 60c.

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This is a big Depa
us. Night Gowns, 50c
Skirts, 50c, 65c, 70c
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Corset Covers, 20c,
Children's Night R
and Drawers—all size
Ladies' Sateen
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Ladies' Dress Sk
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The Aapanee Agricultural Works

To our Farmer Friends,

The 20th century is just to dawn. The century that is about to end has been no common century, and the reaper, steamboat and railroad are witnesses of the greater progress which has been accomplished in the sciences.

The reaper not only lessened human toil but increased the value of every tillable acre. It led in the grand march of progress. We can earnestly look forward to a century of great possibilities, and of great enterprises. The great business of farming will, as in the past, profit substantially.

We take this opportunity at this season to wish you all success and enjoyment of the fruits of your labors and a continued share in the general prosperity.

Trusting you may have a "Merry Xmas" aud a Happy New Year, we remain

Yours very truly,

JOHN HERRING & SONS,

MAKERS OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

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Knitted Underwear Corsets, Kid Gloves and Hosiery

We invite you to visit our store whenever you wish. Price, examine, compare. **No one urged to buy.** Everything marked in plain figures. One price for child or adult. Sales for cash only, and your money back if you want it.

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Dressmakers, Ask for the SNAP HOOK and EYE.

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C. W. Conway, having purchased the Bakery and Confectionery shop from Mr. W. A. Embury, wishes to inform the people of Napanee and vicinity that he will be able to supply the public with the very best quality of

BREAD, QUAKER AND COTTAGE

a specialty. He will also keep on hand a very choice line of Confectionery, including the celebrated Newport Chocolates, this being the only place in town where they can be purchased. Fresh roasted Peanuts and all other kinds constantly on hand. Also a full line of Oranges, Lemons Bananas, etc., at the lowest prices. Lunches at all hours. Oysters served in any style. 'PHONE 96.

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The very best of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.

Good Yards and Stables for the accommodation of Farmers.

Our Dinning Room is unsurpassed in Napanee for the best of everything in season.

JOHN CONGER, - Proprietor.

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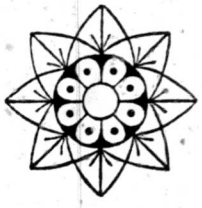
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LLARD CO'Y,

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THE ROBINSON

Dry Goods, Millinery, Mantles,
Clothing and Gents'

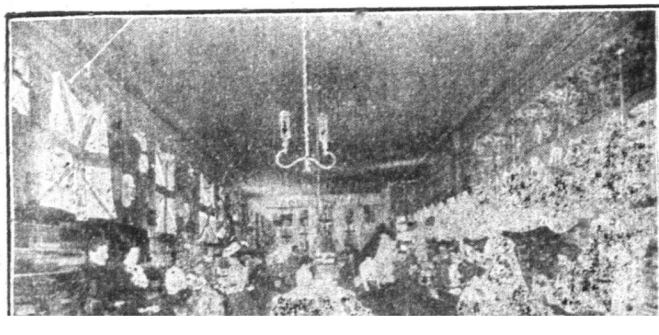
This firm offers extra inducements to
their two large stores and examine their stock an

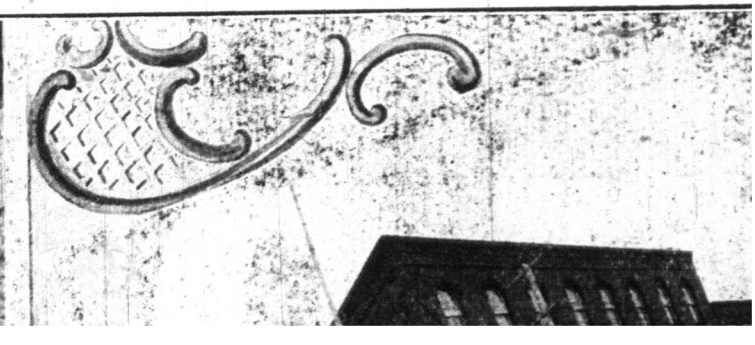
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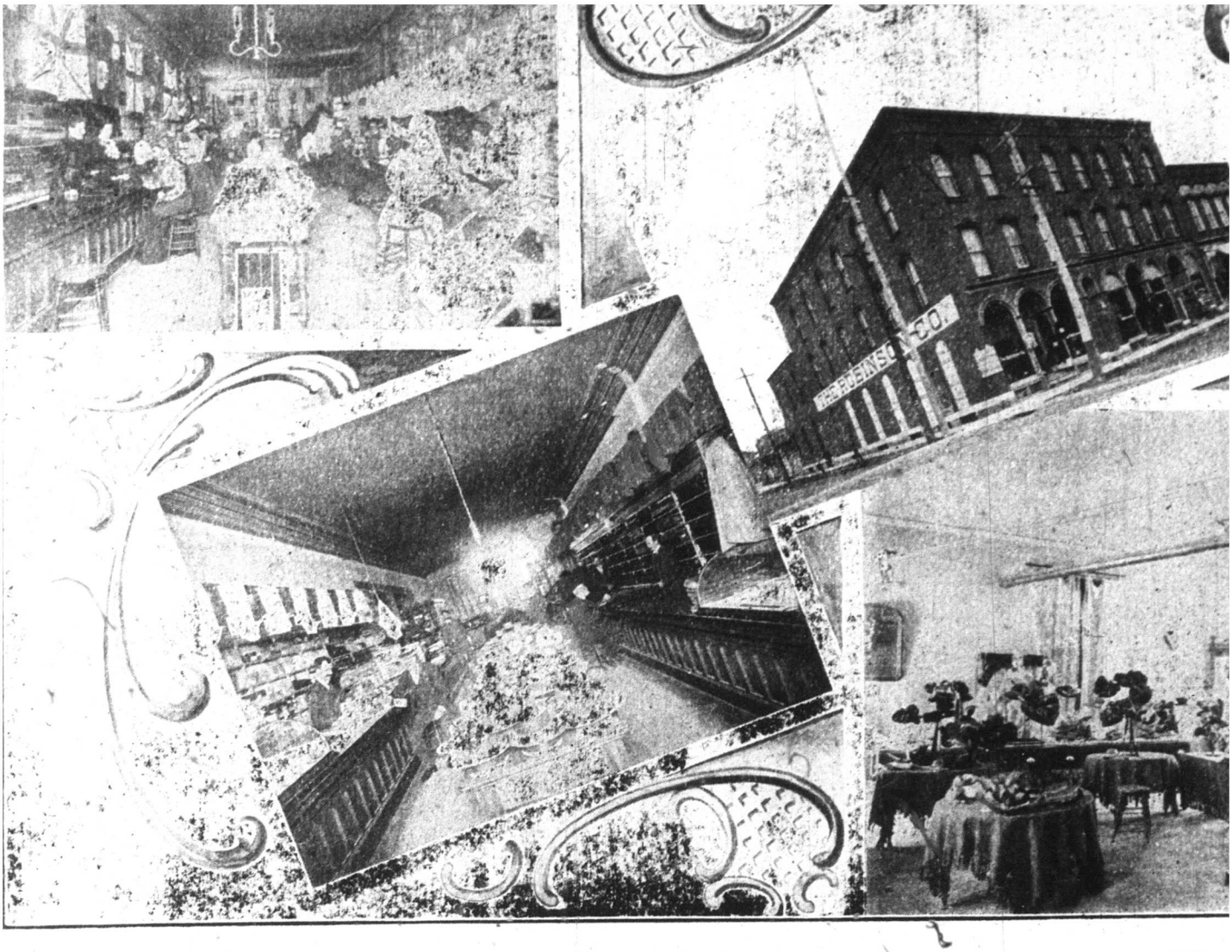
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store at all times

INDUCEMENT NO. 3—The largest and
select from.

INDUCEMENT NO. 4—Trustworthy qua
our business.







THE ROBINSON CO'S STORES, NAPANEE, ONT.

It Stands t

The store that buys the most merchand
that does the biggest business works at the lo
store can afford to sell at the lowest prices.
the people what they want, the best and lat
most reasonable of prices.

SON COMPANY.

lantles, Furs, Carpets, Curtains,
Gents' Furnishings.

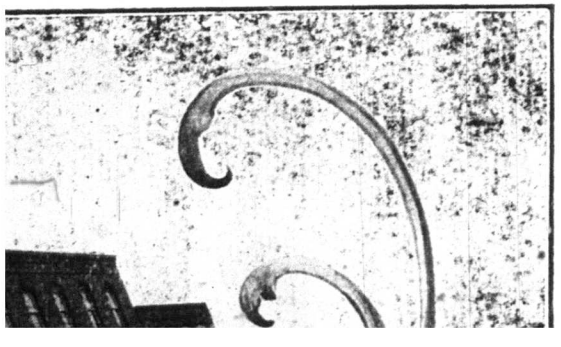
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ck and do their purchasing.

hing we are aiming at is to deserve the implicit
of our customers.

purpose to sell you goods cheaper than any other
times.

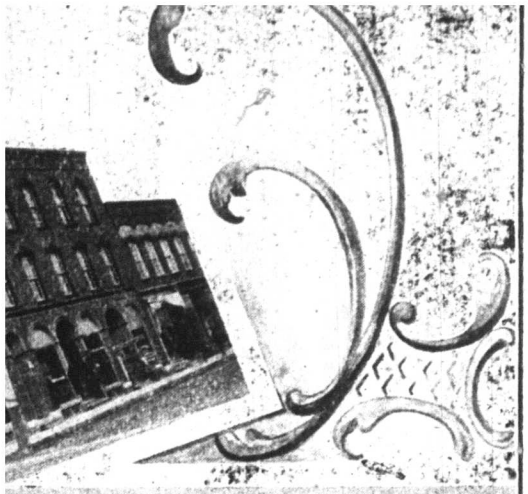
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Our = = Guarantee !

For any article bought from us if





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Guarantee!

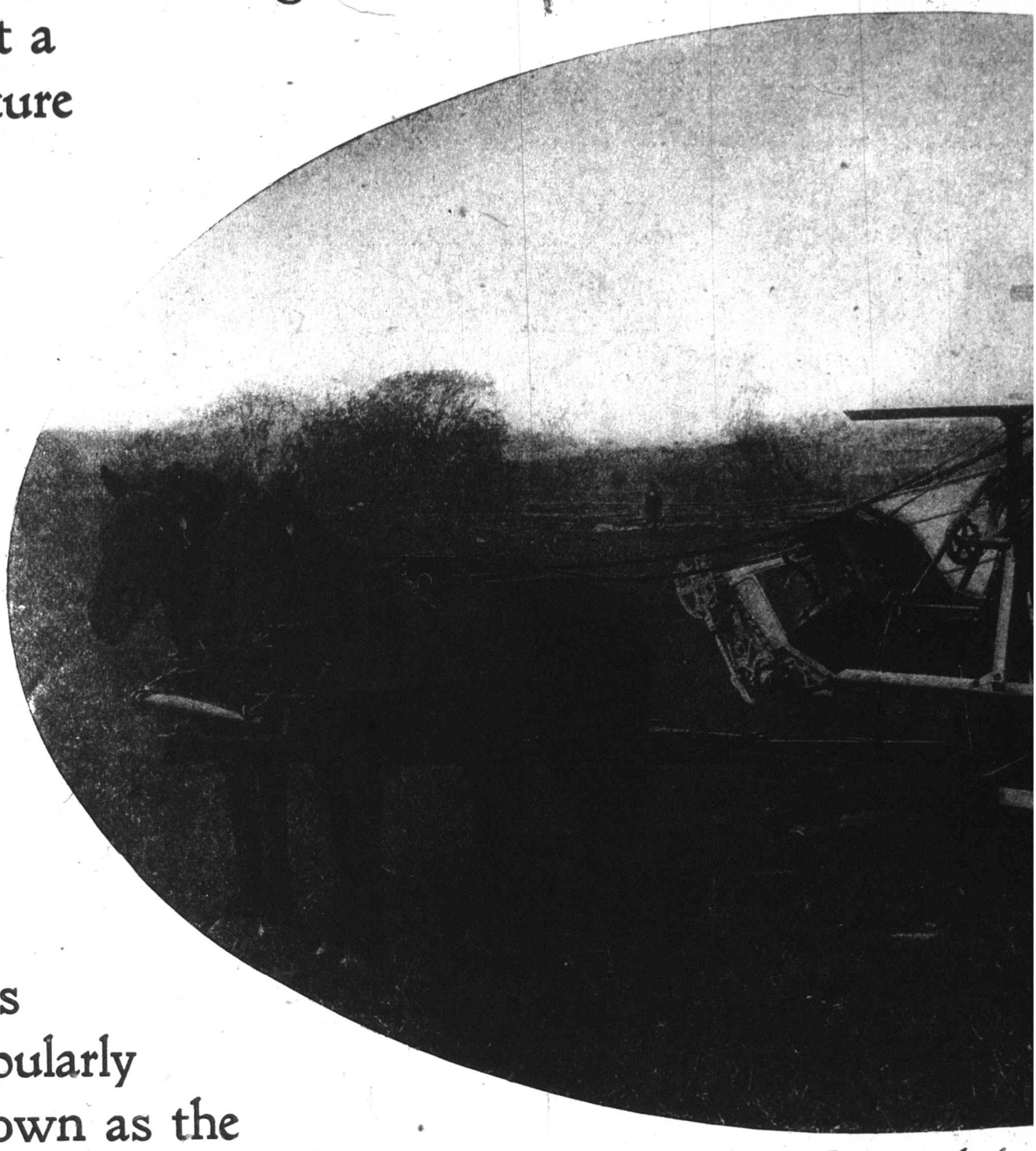
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It is popularly known as the "F. & W. No. 2"

It is made by

We would like every Farmer to see our *Samples* and get our *Prices*, before placing their orders for 1901.

It will Pay You to do so.

THE Frost & Wood LIMI

NOTE: The ponies in the picture stand 11 hands, weigh 425 lbs. e

NOTE: The ponies in the picture stand 11 hands, weigh 425 lbs. ea



WHY NOT A Gram-o-Phone FOR CHRISTMAS?

A MOST ACCEPTABLE PRESENT

The Berliner Gramophone affords an endless source of amusement and pastime, both entertaining and instructive, a most agreeable and effective instrument in the household for it can be heard by the entire family at one time.

WHAT DOES IT DO? It sings every kind of song, sentimental, comic, sacred, popular or "Coon" songs.

WHAT ELSE CAN IT DO? It reproduces full bands, Sousa's, Godfrey's and others. It reproduces every musical instrument with faithful accuracy, it repeats funny stories, or says prayers, it reproduces Negro Minstrels, Auctioneers, etc. The records are not wax, they are **hard, flat discs** that are not affected by heat, cold or dampness. They occupy one-tenth the space of wax records and will last ten times as long. They are indestructible and can be handled freely by a child without fear of injury. The Berliner Gram-o-phone was awarded the only medal at the Toronto Exhibition, 1900. The Franklin Institute (Philadelphia) medal was awarded to Mr. E. Berliner for the invention of the Gram-o-phone.

REV. FRANCIS L. FRENCH,
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"I received the Gram-o-pho ne in good con dition. **It is excellent.**"

AYLWIN BROS.,
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"The Gramphoone has proved **highly satisfactory.**"

Price of the

Berliner Gram-o-phone

Complete with 3 Records

$7.50 and $15.00

Additional Records

$5 per dozen.

A child five years old can operate the Gram-o-phone successfully. It is loud enough to fill the largest hall or church, or it can be subdued to suit the smallest room.

Write for illustrated catalogue and list of records free.

Beware of **counterfeit** Gram-o-phones and records. Every genuine Berliner Gram-o-phone sold in Canada i made in Montreal and is guaranteed for five years.

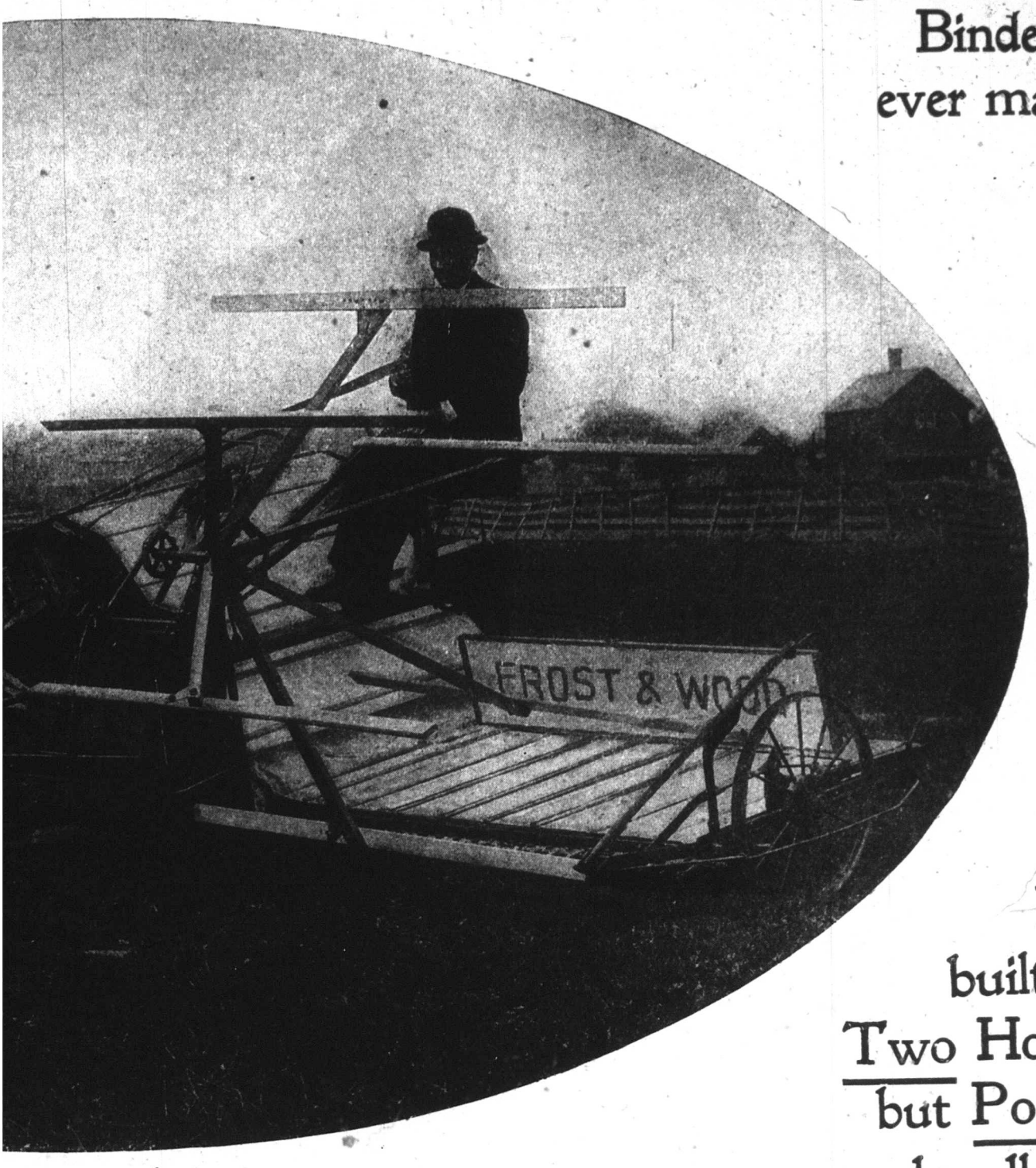
Factory—367-371 Aqueduct Street, Montreal.

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E. BERLINER,
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The Lightest Draft Binder ever made.



It is built for Two Horses but Ponies can handle it.

It is made by

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LIMITED.

WESTERN BRANCHES:
TORONTO, LONDON, HARRISTON

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s, weigh 425 lbs. each, and on level ground can cut and bind with ease.

weigh 425 lbs. each, and on level ground can cut and bind with ease.



RAMSAY'S PAINTS

Are generally recognized as the best paint value obtainable in Canada. They are prepared on scientific principles and are the most durable, most economical, purest, handsomest, *best* products of the best of Canadian paint mills.

Ramsay's Paints are made for every purpose. A paint for houses, another for floors, another for barns, still another for furniture and decorative work. A paint for your buggies, your farm implements, each exactly suited for the purpose intended and nothing else. They keep their gloss and hold their color and give double the service that ordinary paints would give. Your dealer sells them.

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ESTABLISHED 1842 **MONTREAL** **PAINT MAKERS**

BAIN WAGONS were chosen by Army in South



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The Bain Wagon Co., Limited, make a splendid line of Wagons and Sleighs, Coal Carts,

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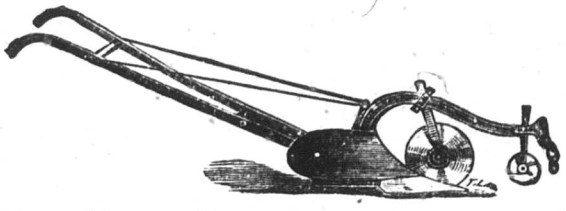
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VERITY PLOWS AND SCU

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AT THE PARIS EXPOSI



No. 14 V
Plow



VERITY PLOW CO.'S winnings at Plow Matches for month of June, 190

VERITY PLOW CO., Limited, Brantford.

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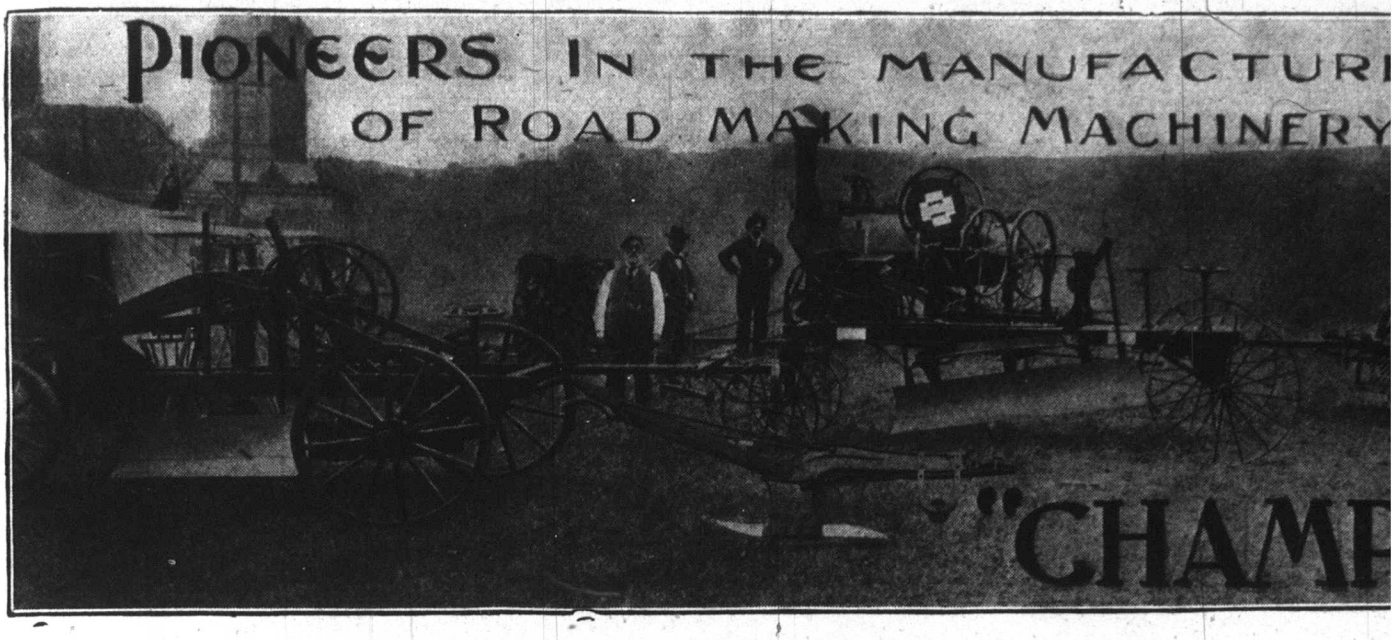
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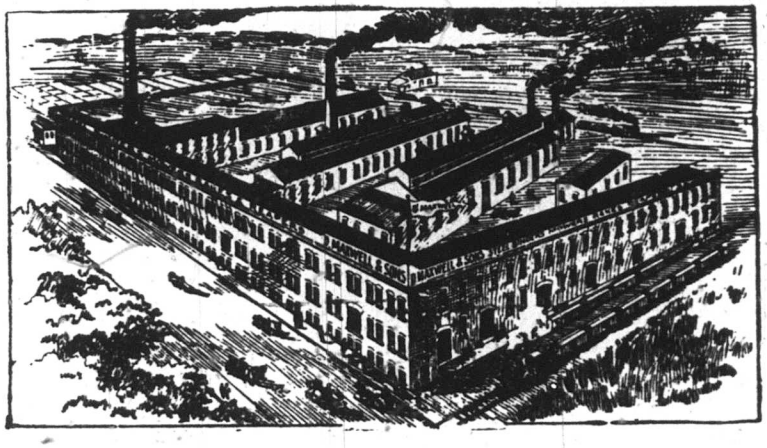
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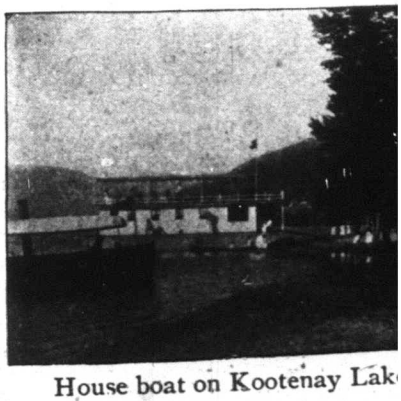
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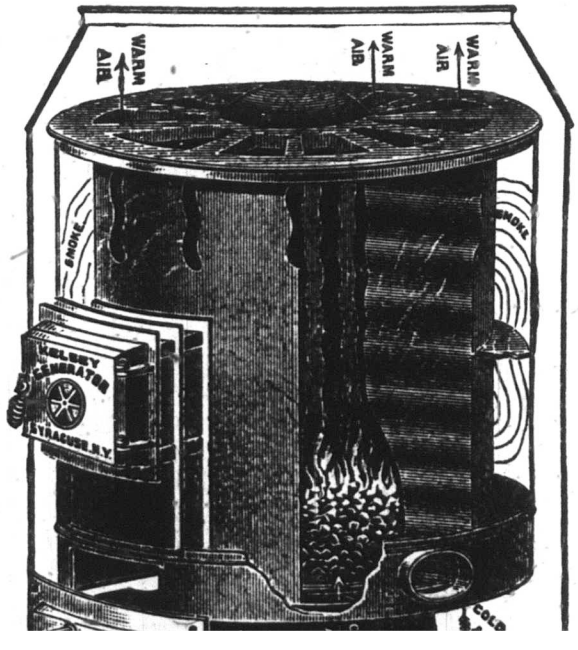
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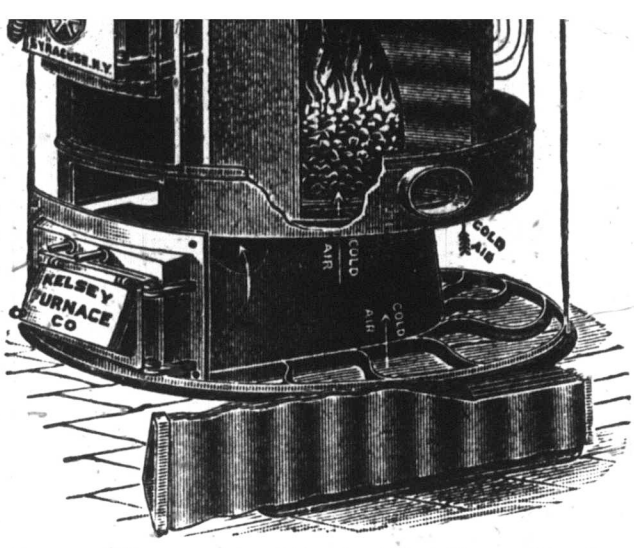
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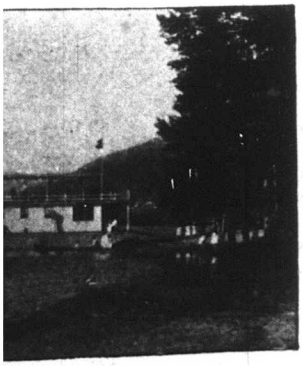
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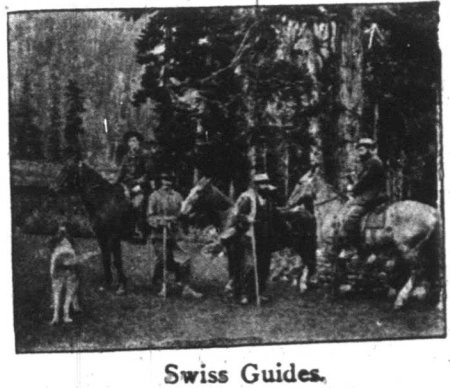
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